

## REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**SCORE**

**BATMAN**

JOE RATS PUG

X	X	X			
X	X	X			
X	X	X			
X	X	X			
X		X			
X		X			

**ROBIN**

JOE RATS PUG

X	X	X			
X	X	X			
	X	X			
	X	X			
	X				
	X				





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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

## Books for Your Christmas List

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading

of the Child Study Association of America



Here are some fine new books you will enjoy reading. Put them on your Christmas list:

### For Boys and Girls Under Twelve

CHICO OF THE ANDES. By Christine Von Hagen

An orphaned boy and his pet bear risk storms and mountain dangers to journey through the rugged country of Ecuador and unravel the mystery of Chico's parentage.

GREEN WAGONS. By Oskar Seidlin and Senta Rypins

Accused of theft, a traveling troupe of players in Switzerland face eviction until the children of the town track down the real thief, stage a show of their own, and save the day.

TRAMP, THE SHEEP DOG. By Don Lang

A stray dog, unwanted and unwelcome on a sheep farm, wins a place for himself by his heroic rescue of a baby lamb in a blinding snowstorm.

OLD BLUE, THE COW PONY. By Sanford Tousey

The thrilling exploits of a fine, intelligent ranch horse and his young master.

### For Older Boys and Girls

SWING SHIFT. By Howard M. Brier

Mysterious and deadly sabotage in a west coast shipyard give young Dave Marshall plenty of dangerous work before the F.B.I. turns up to take a hand.

THE PLEDGE OF PIANG. By F. P. Stuart

A young Moro chieftain, rescued by two American boys from a cruel death in the jungle, joins with them to foil a savage Japanese plot to bring terror to the island.

KEYSTONE KIDS. By John R. Tunis

Everything about baseball—the game and the men who play it—is in this story of two boys who play their way from a bush team to major league ball with the Dodgers.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST. By Manning Colt

Two boys find mystery and adventure on the African Copper Coast with a strange guide who leads them two thousand years into the past.

DOG OF WAR. By Fairfax Downey

Fine story of a stray dog whose courage and intelligence won him a place with the field artillery and a special "citation" for gallantry in action.

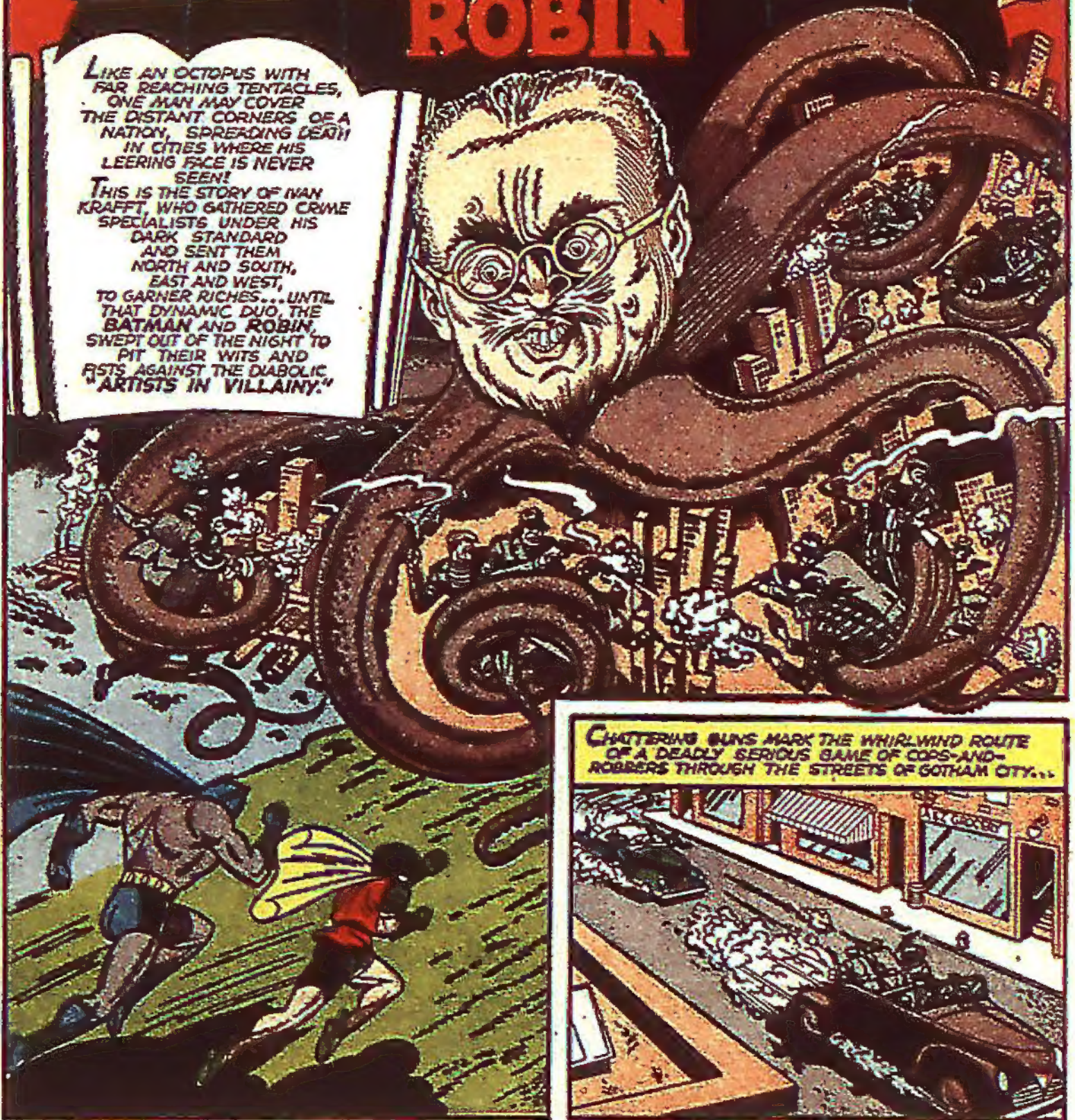


# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

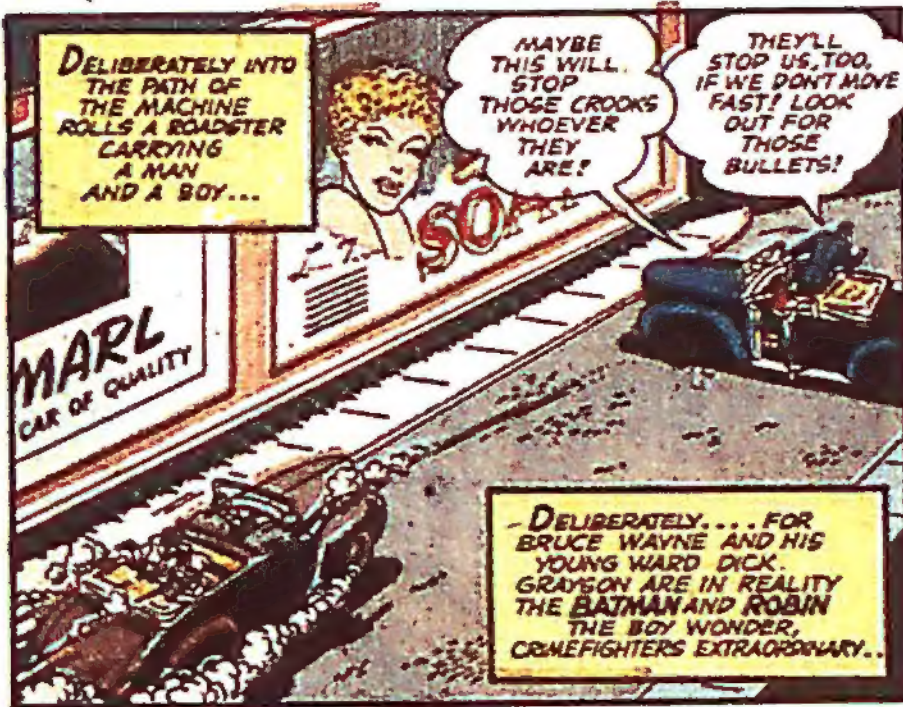
LIKE AN OCTOPUS WITH FAR REACHING TENTACLES, ONE MAN MAY COVER THE DISTANT CORNERS OF A NATION, SPREADING DEATH IN CITIES WHERE HIS LEERING FACE IS NEVER SEEN!

THIS IS THE STORY OF IVAN KRAFFT, WHO GATHERED CRIME SPECIALISTS UNDER HIS DARK STANDARD AND SENT THEM NORTH AND SOUTH, EAST AND WEST, TO GARNER RICHES...UNTIL THAT DYNAMIC DUO, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWEEPED OUT OF THE NIGHT TO PIT THEIR WITS AND FISTS AGAINST THE DIABOLIC "ARTISTS IN VILLAINY."



CHATTERING GUNS MARK THE WHIRLWIND ROUTE OF A DEADLY SERIOUS GAME OF COPS-AND-ROBBERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY...





DELIBERATELY INTO THE PATH OF THE MACHINE ROLLS A ROADSTER CARRYING A MAN AND A BOY...

MAYBE THIS WILL STOP THOSE CROOKS WHOEVER THEY ARE!

THEY'LL STOP US, TOO, IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST! LOOK OUT FOR THOSE BULLETS!

DELIBERATELY... FOR BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD DICK. GRAYSON ARE IN REALITY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, CRIMEFIGHTERS EXTRAORDINARY...



WHA--? THE DRIVER MUST HAVE LOST CONTROL!

WRONG! HE DID IT PURPOSELY... AND IT TOOK NERVE!



AND THE NEXT DEVELOPMENT IS EVEN MORE SPECTACULAR!

AN AUTOSIRO! THAT'S A NEW ONE ON ME!

CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, BRUCE?

WE CAN TRY!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WHAT HAPPENED, CAPTAIN?

THOSE BIRDS CLEANED OUT THE TOWN BANK! Gassed the customers, shot down the guards!

IT WAS LIKE THAT JOB IN ST LOUIS LAST WEEK AND THAT ONE IN NEW ORLEANS THE WEEK BEFORE!



AS THE ROADSTER STREAKS TOWARD THE WAYNE HOME...

THEY HEADED SOUTHWEST... THOSE AUTOGROS AREN'T MUCH FOR SPEED!

KILLERS, OPERATING ALL ACROSS THE NATION! WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T NARROW THEIR FIELD OF OPERATIONS DOWN TO A PRISON CELL IN MURDERER'S ROW!



LATER... A WEIRD BLACK CRAFT... THE BATPLANE... WINGS ITS WAY INTO THE SKY...

THERE THEY GO!

AND HERE WE GO... RIGHT AFTER THEM!



THE STRANGE CHASE ENDS OVER WILD, HILLY COUNTRY...

THEY'RE LANDING-- DROPPING STRAIGHT DOWN!

WE'D CRACK UP DOWN THERE! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A LEVEL FIELD AND COME BACK!

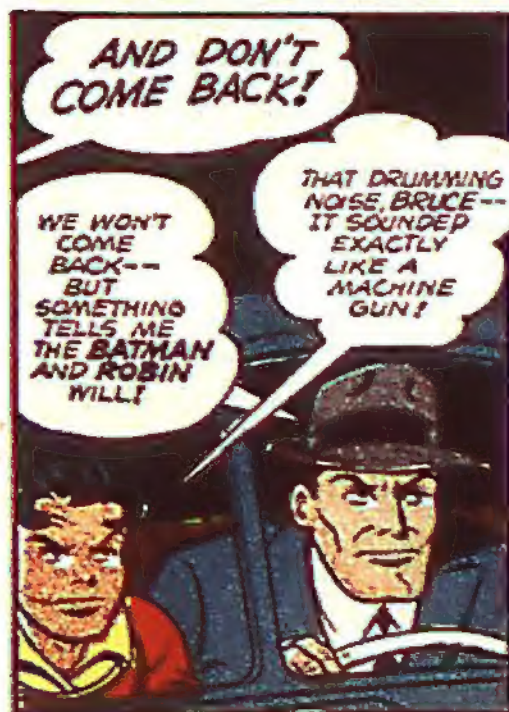
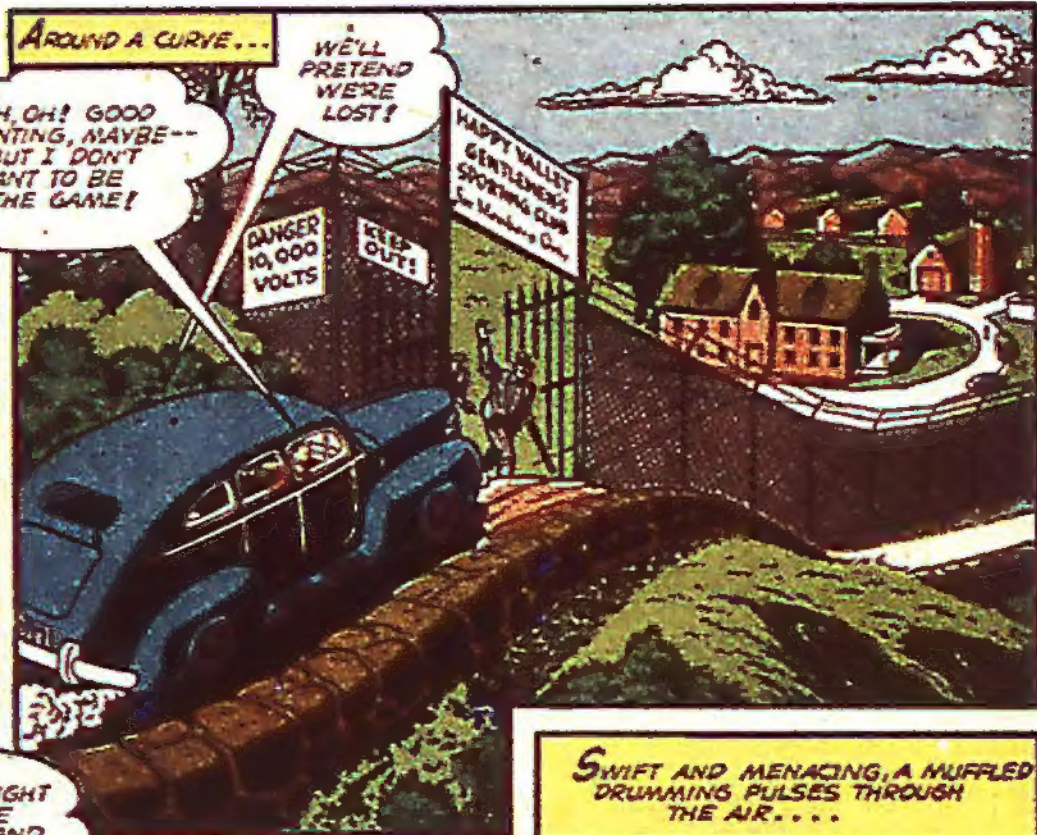


BLACK-HUED PLANE AND CLOAKED ADVENTURERS FIND HAVEN IN A DEEP VALLEY, SAFE FROM PRYING EYES...

WE'LL BE ORDINARY TOURISTS FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON!

RIGHT!



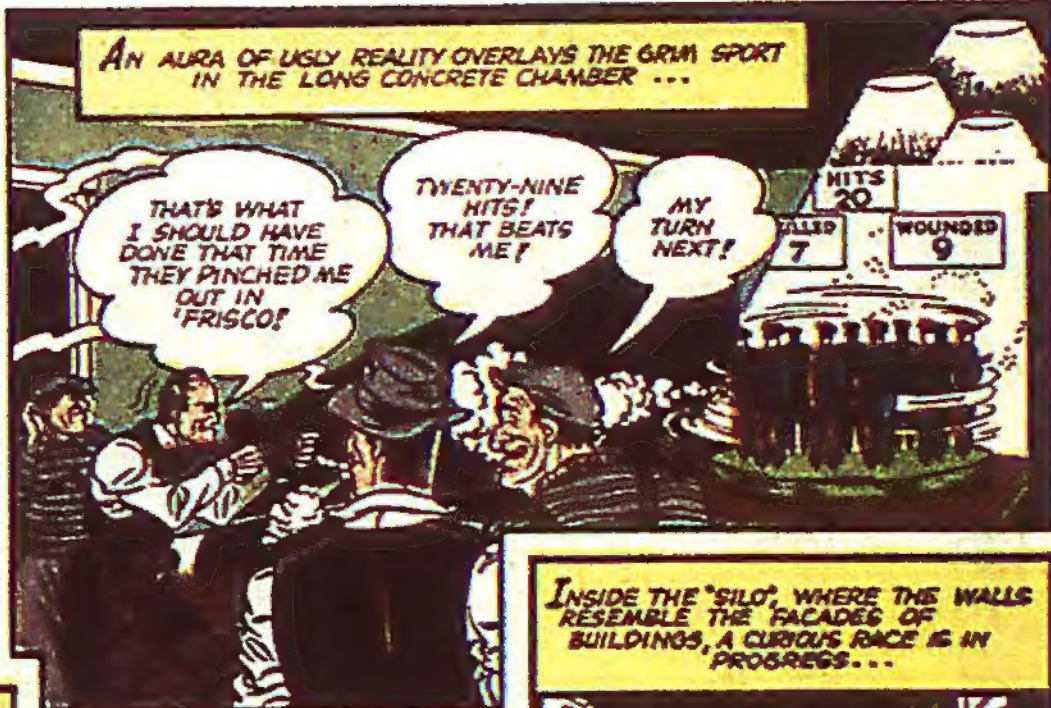






A SUBTERRANEAN SHOOTING GALLERY!

LOOK AT THE TARGETS---MOVING DUMMIES IN POLICE UNIFORMS!



AN AURA OF UGLY REALITY OVERLAYS THE GRIM SPORT IN THE LONG CONCRETE CHAMBER ...

THAT'S WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT TIME THEY PINCHED ME OUT IN 'FRISCO!

TWENTY-NINE HITS! THAT BEATS ME!

MY TURN NEXT!

HITS 20  
KILLED 7  
WOUNDED 9

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE UNDERGROUND HALL, MEN EXPERIMENT WITH VIOLENCE IN A DIFFERENT FORM.

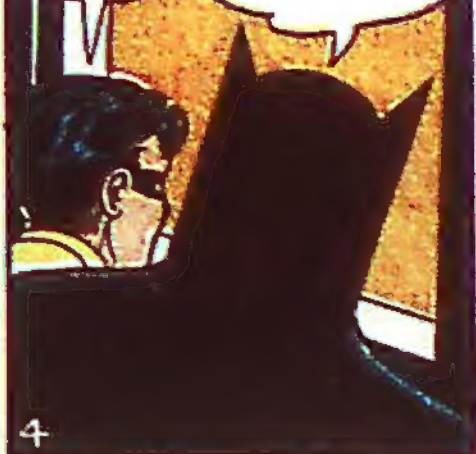
IN A MINUTE WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY HOW MUCH NITRO IT TAKES TO CRACK THIS KIND OF BOX!

THEY'RE MAKIN' 'EM TOUGHER ALL THE TIME!



THE ONE WITH THE SUCTION CUPS WINS!

HE'LL LOSE IN THE LONG RUN, LIKE EVERY OTHER CRIMINAL!



THIS IS A CROOK'S PARADISE! FUNNY THERE SHOULD BE LIGHTS IN A SILO!

IF YOU ASK ME, IT ISN'T A SILO AT ALL!

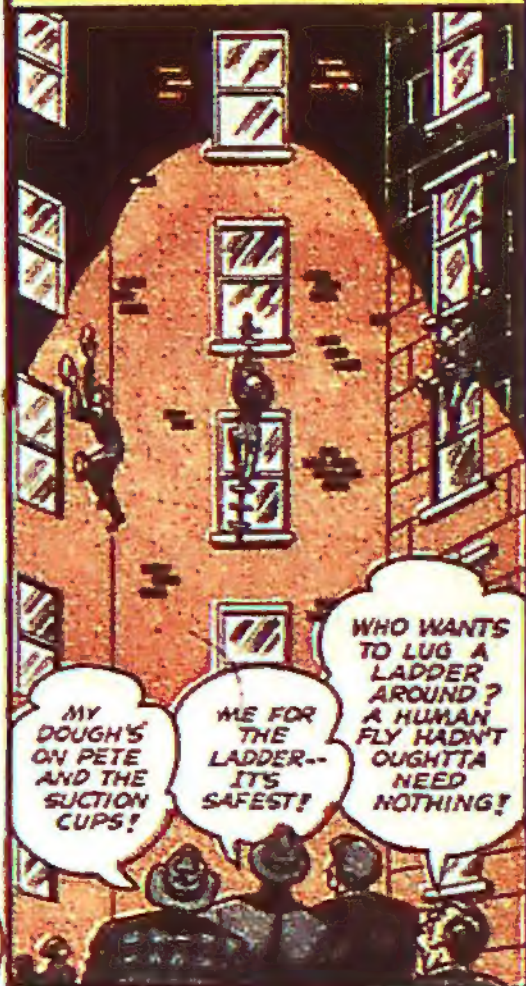
IN THE MAIN BUILDING, TWO MEN TRANSACT IMPORTANT BUSINESS...

IT'S TRIGGER STEPKE IN DETROIT. HE WANTS FOUR MEN FOR A PAYROLL TRUCK JOB!

IT WILL COST HIM \$7,000 FOR AN EXPERT DYNAMITER, \$5,000 FOR A SAFE SPECIALIST, AND \$3,000 A PIECE FOR TWO MACHINE GUN ARTISTS! TELL HIM I'LL SEND THEM RIGHT AWAY!



INSIDE THE "SILO", WHERE THE WALLS RESEMBLE THE FACADES OF BUILDINGS, A CURIOUS RACE IS IN PROGRESS...



MY DOUGH'S ON PETE AND THE SUCTION CUPS!

WE FOR THE LADDER--IT'S SAFEST!

WHO WANTS TO LUG A LADDER AROUND? A HUMAN FLY HADN'T OUGHTTA NEED NOTHING!

THAT WAS A NICE PIECE OF WORK IN GOTHAM CITY TODAY!

IVAN KRAFFT'S CRIME SPECIALISTS ARE ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL! HIRING THEM OUT IS SIMPLER THAN RISKING MY OWN LIFE... AND MUCH MORE PROFITABLE!





**KRAFFT, UNDERWORLD EMPLOYMENT AGENT, SUMMONS THE FOUR EXPERTS WHO ARE TO ROB THE PAYROLL TRUCK.**

BURCHALL WILL FLY THE AUTOGIRO! SCARFACE WILL STEAL THE GETAWAY CAR! BE SURE TO USE PLENTY OF DYNAMITE! DICER, USE THAT TOMMY GUN ON EVERY COP IN SIGHT!

COUNT ON ME, CHIEF!

**WHILE BENEATH THE OFFICE WINDOW..**

AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR CRIMINALS! WHAT WILL THEY THINK UP NEXT?

ALL I KNOW IS THEY'LL DO THEIR THINKING IN PRISON! HERE'S WHERE WE NIP THAT DETROIT SCHEME IN THE BUD!

**SUDDENLY... AS THE CRIME-FIGHTERS TURN, ROBIN TRIPS OVER A HIDDEN ALARM WIRE... GONGS CLANG AND FLOOD LIGHTS BLAZE..**

OOPS! NOW I'VE DONE IT!

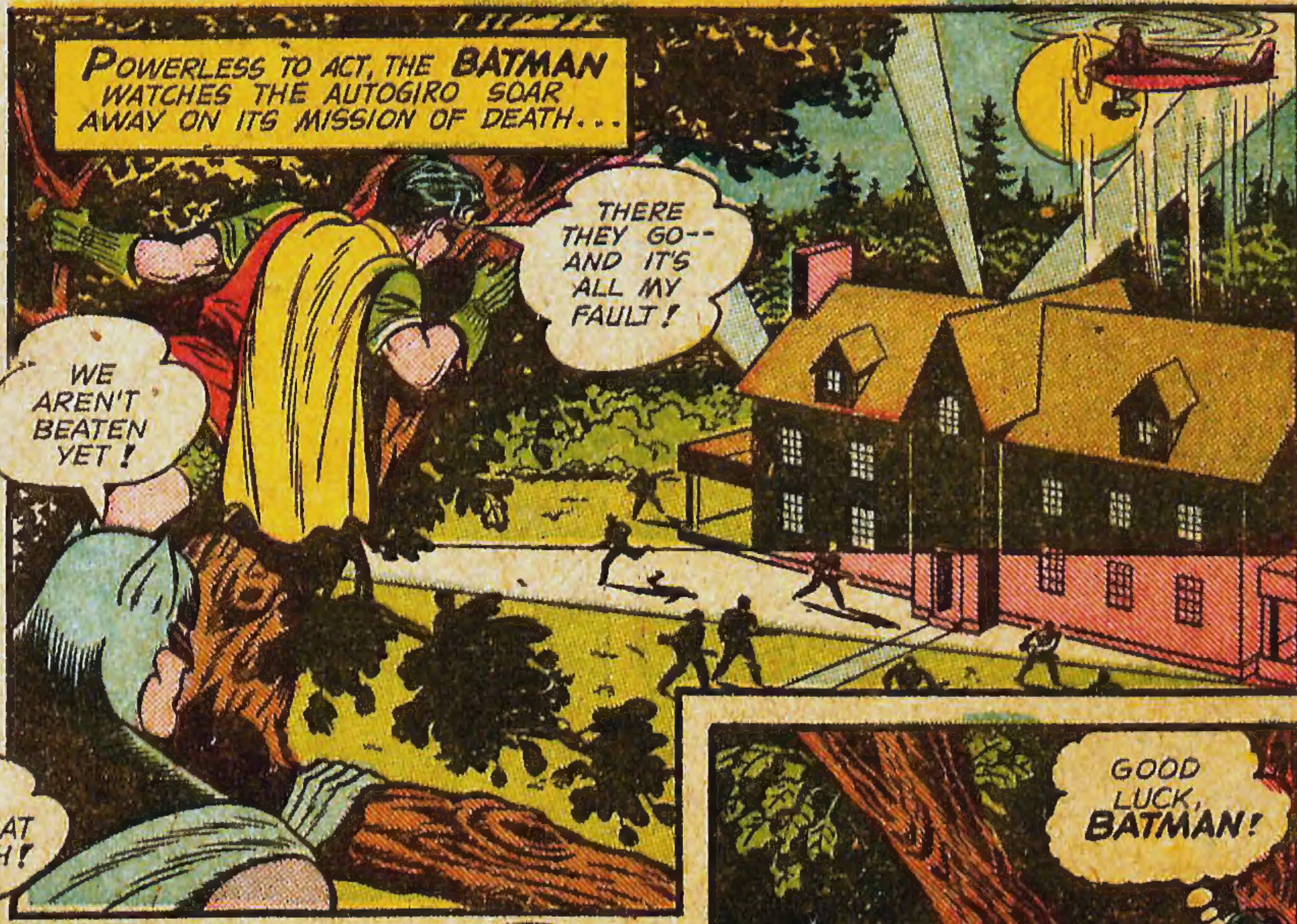
QUICK! UP IN THAT TREE BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!

TRESPASSERS! EVERYBODY OUTSIDE! SHOOT TO KILL!



FIVE THOUSAND REWARD TO THE MAN WHO GETS THEM!

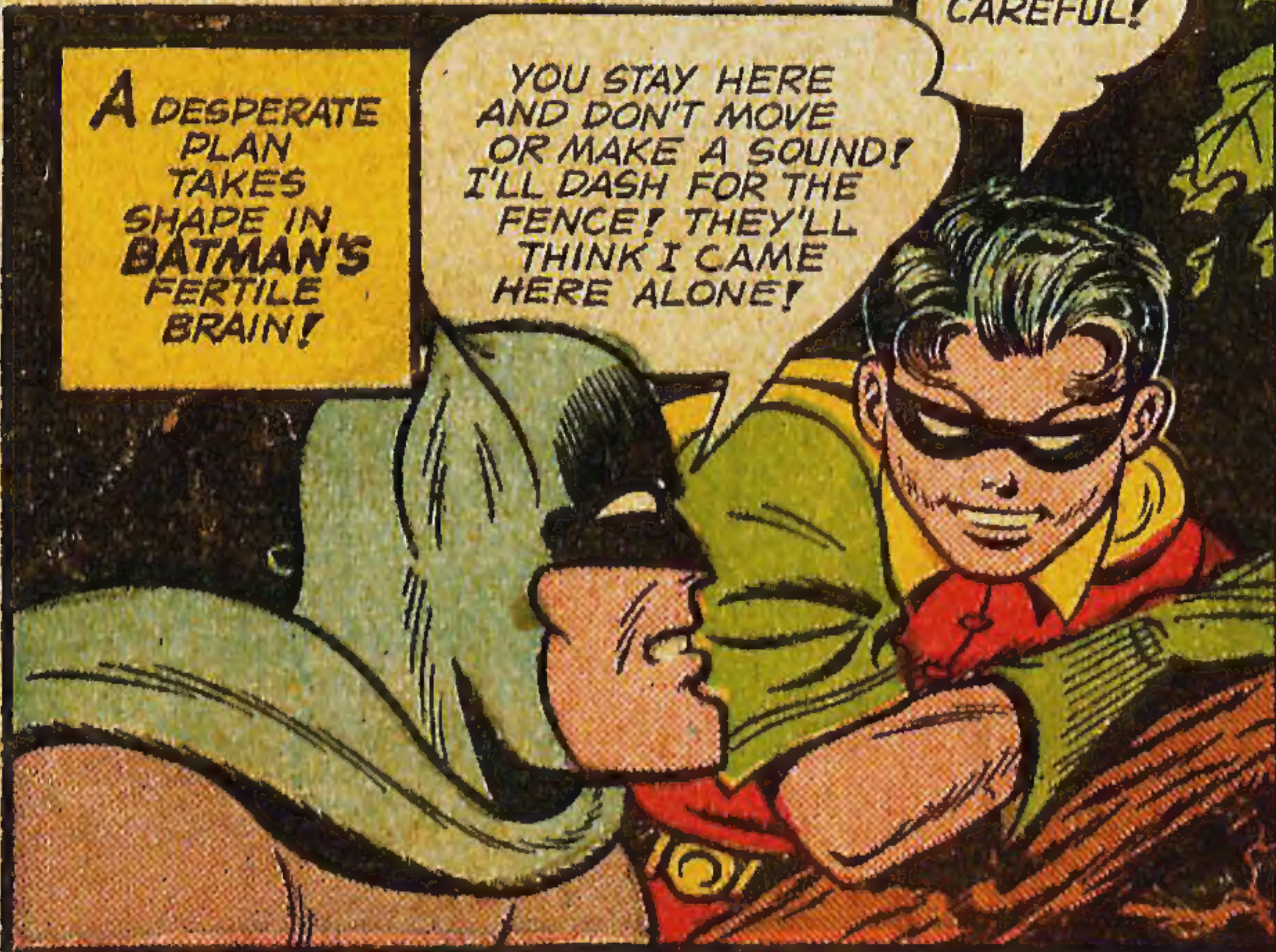
I CAN USE THAT DOUGH!



**POWERLESS TO ACT, THE BATMAN WATCHES THE AUTOGIRO SOAR AWAY ON ITS MISSION OF DEATH...**

THERE THEY GO-- AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

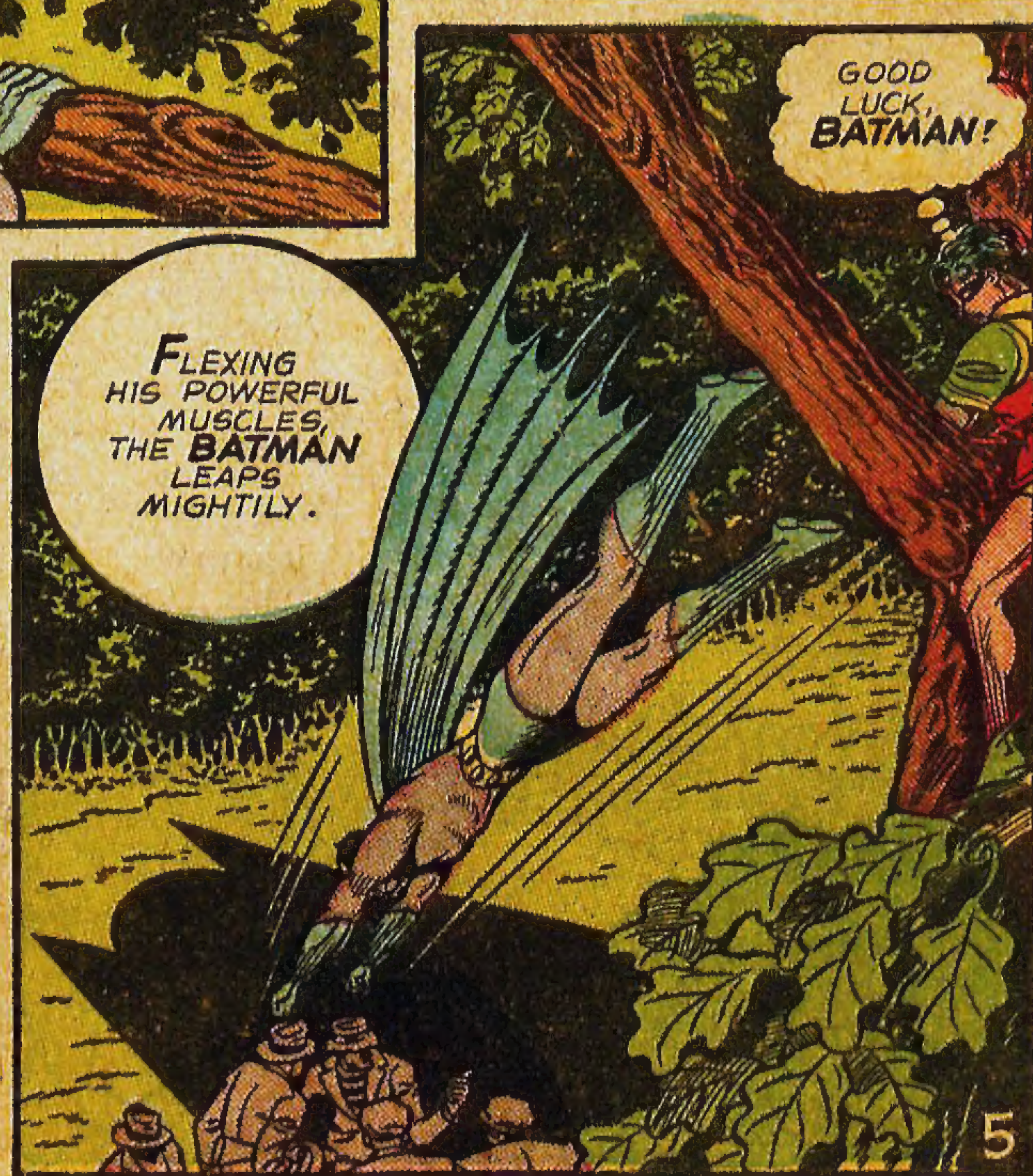
WE AREN'T BEATEN YET!



**A DESPERATE PLAN TAKES SHAPE IN BATMAN'S FERTILE BRAIN!**

YOU STAY HERE AND DON'T MOVE OR MAKE A SOUND! I'LL DASH FOR THE FENCE! THEY'LL THINK I CAME HERE ALONE!

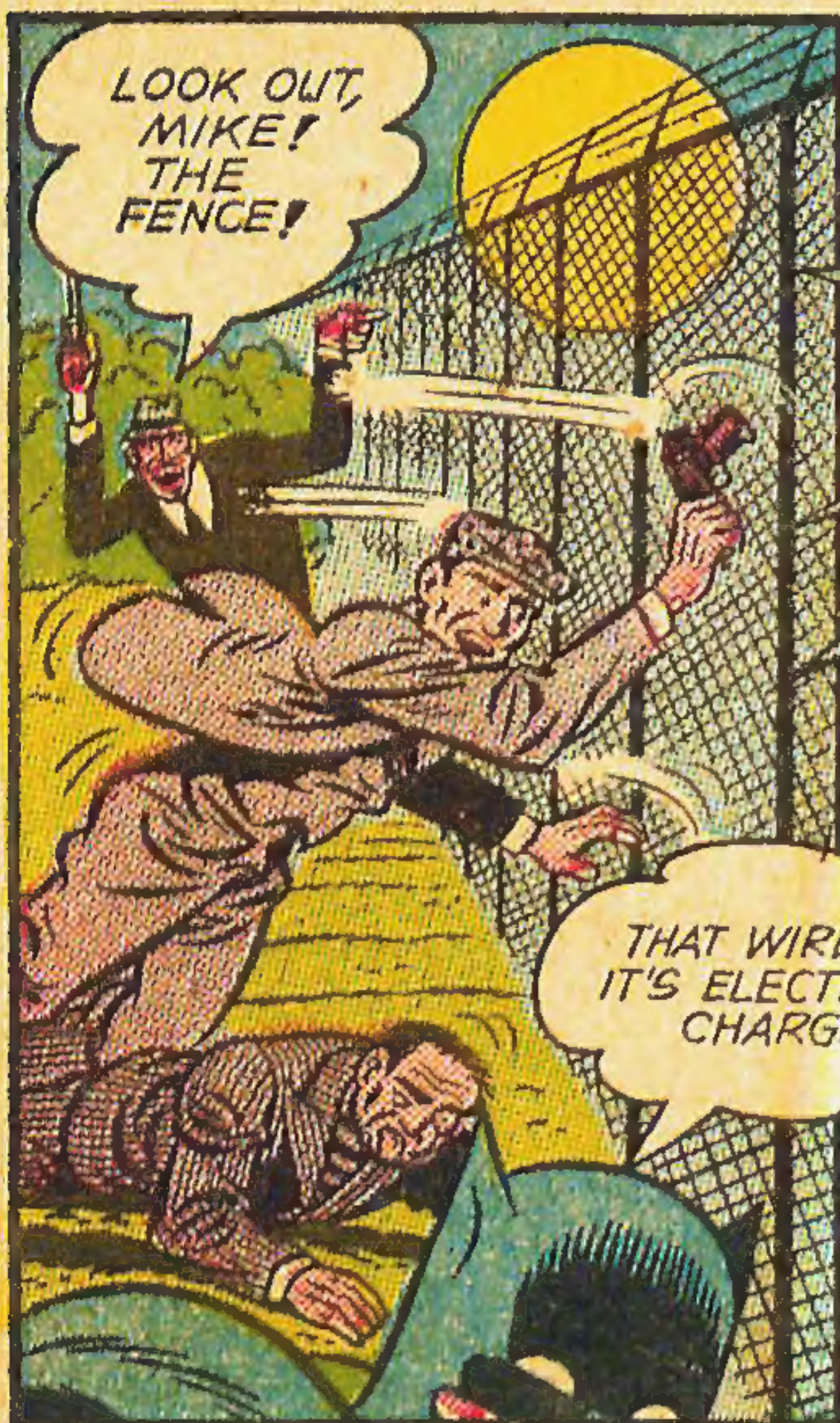
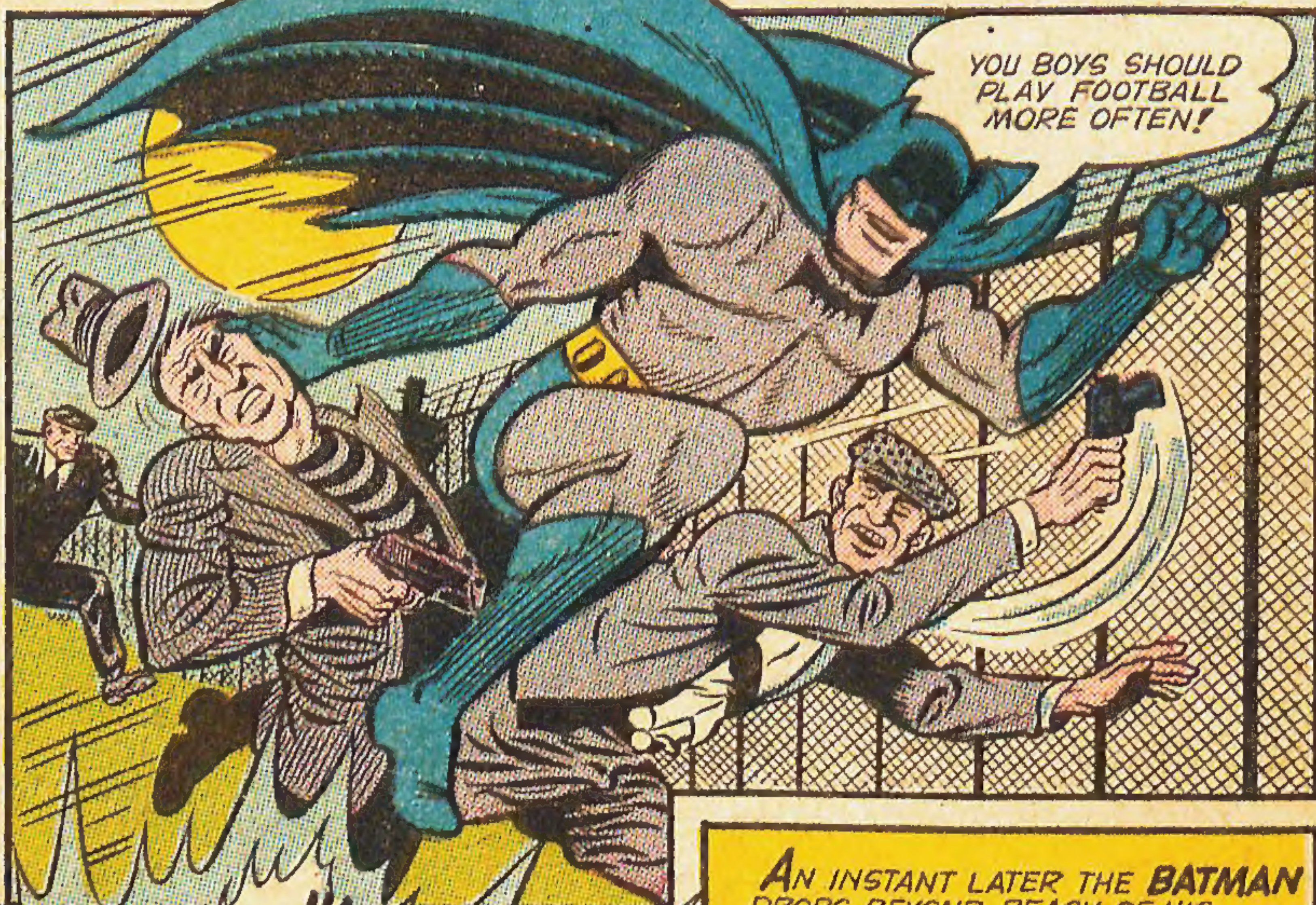
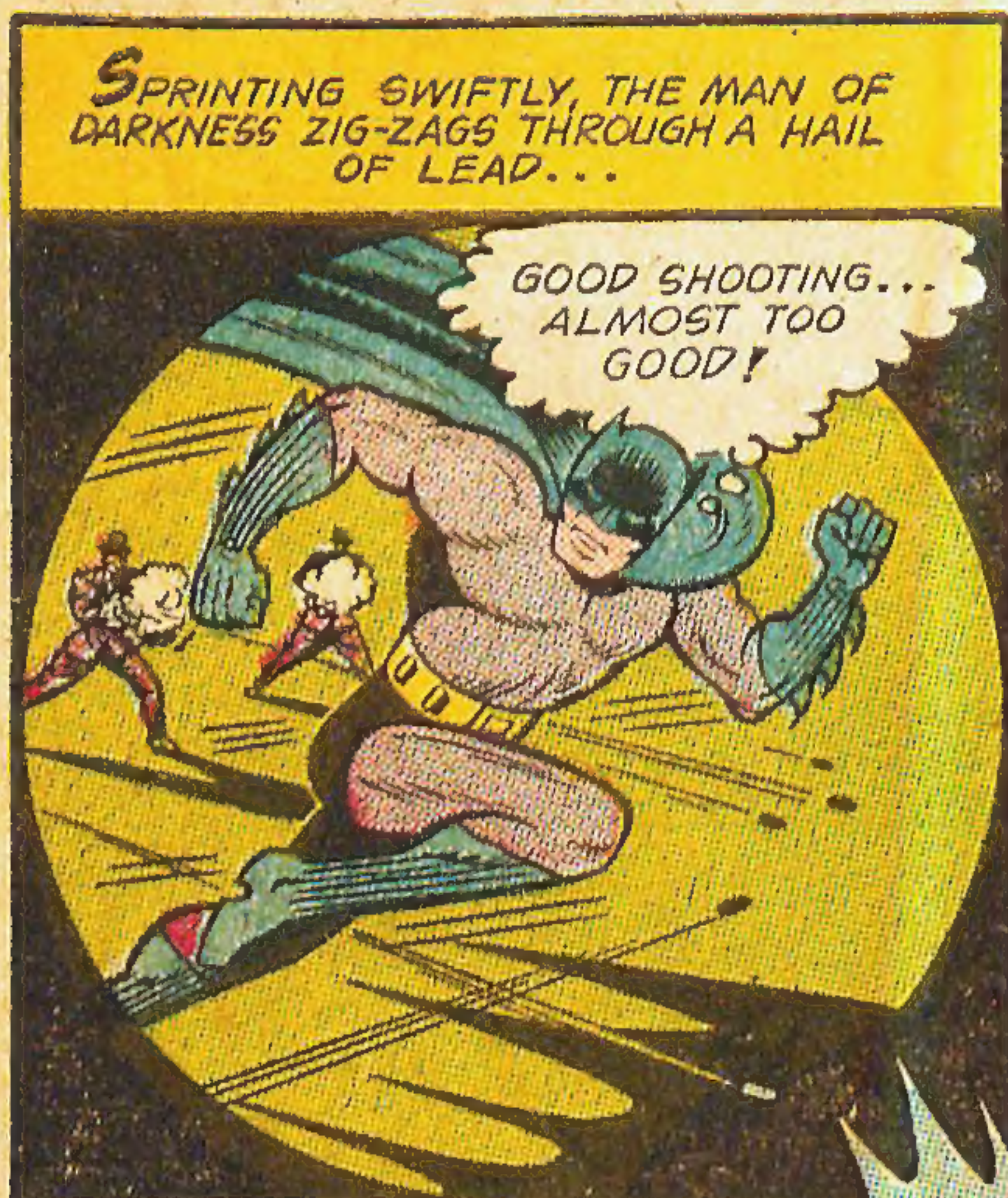
BE CAREFUL!



**FLEXING HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, THE BATMAN LEAPS MIGHTILY.**



A HUMAN METEOR PLUMMETS INTO A STARTLED CREW...



THERE IS A STACCATO CRACKLING OF HIGH-TENSION CURRENT... A BLINDING EXPLOSION OF BLUE FLAME!

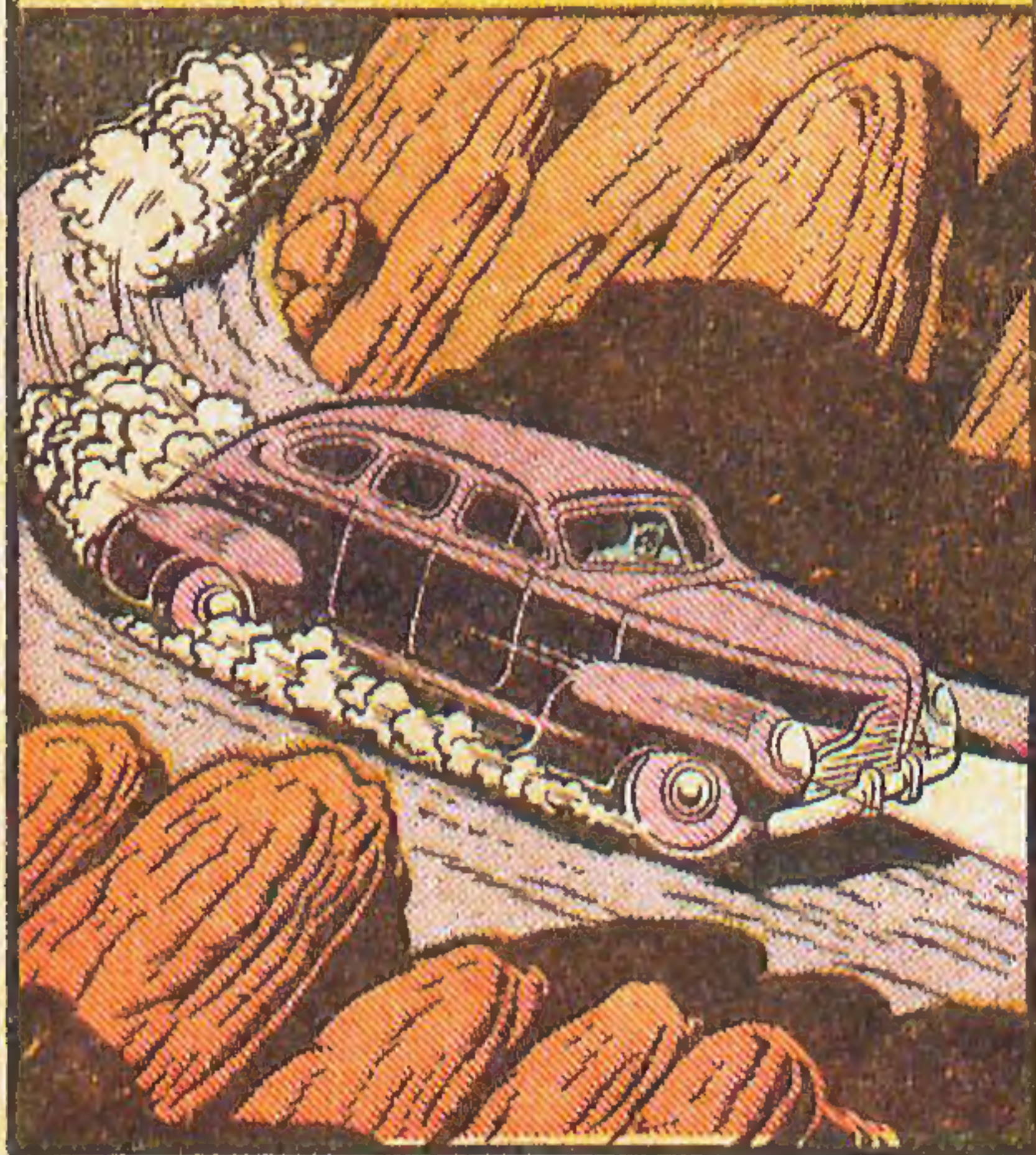


AN INSTANT LATER THE BATMAN DROPS BEYOND REACH OF HIS SINISTER FOES.....





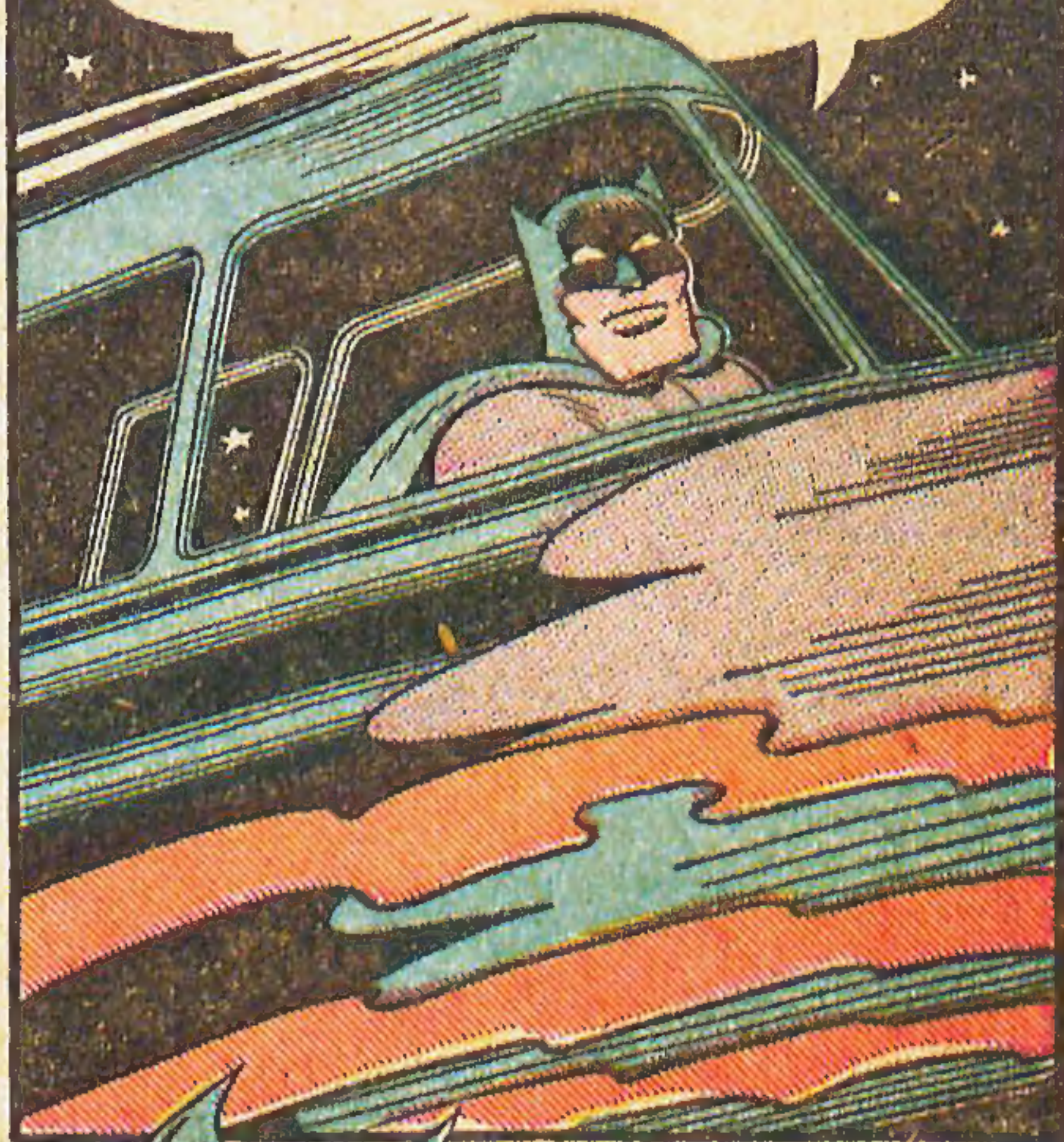
THE BORROWED SEDAN ROARS ALONG THE PERILOUS ROAD TOWARD THE VALLEY WHERE THE **BATPLANE** WAITS...



MOMENTS LATER THE SHADOW-CRAFT CROSSES THE FACE OF THE MOON LIKE A GIANT BAT...



THE KILLERS WILL HEAD DUE WEST! AT THIS SPEED I OUGHT TO CATCH UP WITH THEM IN NO TIME!



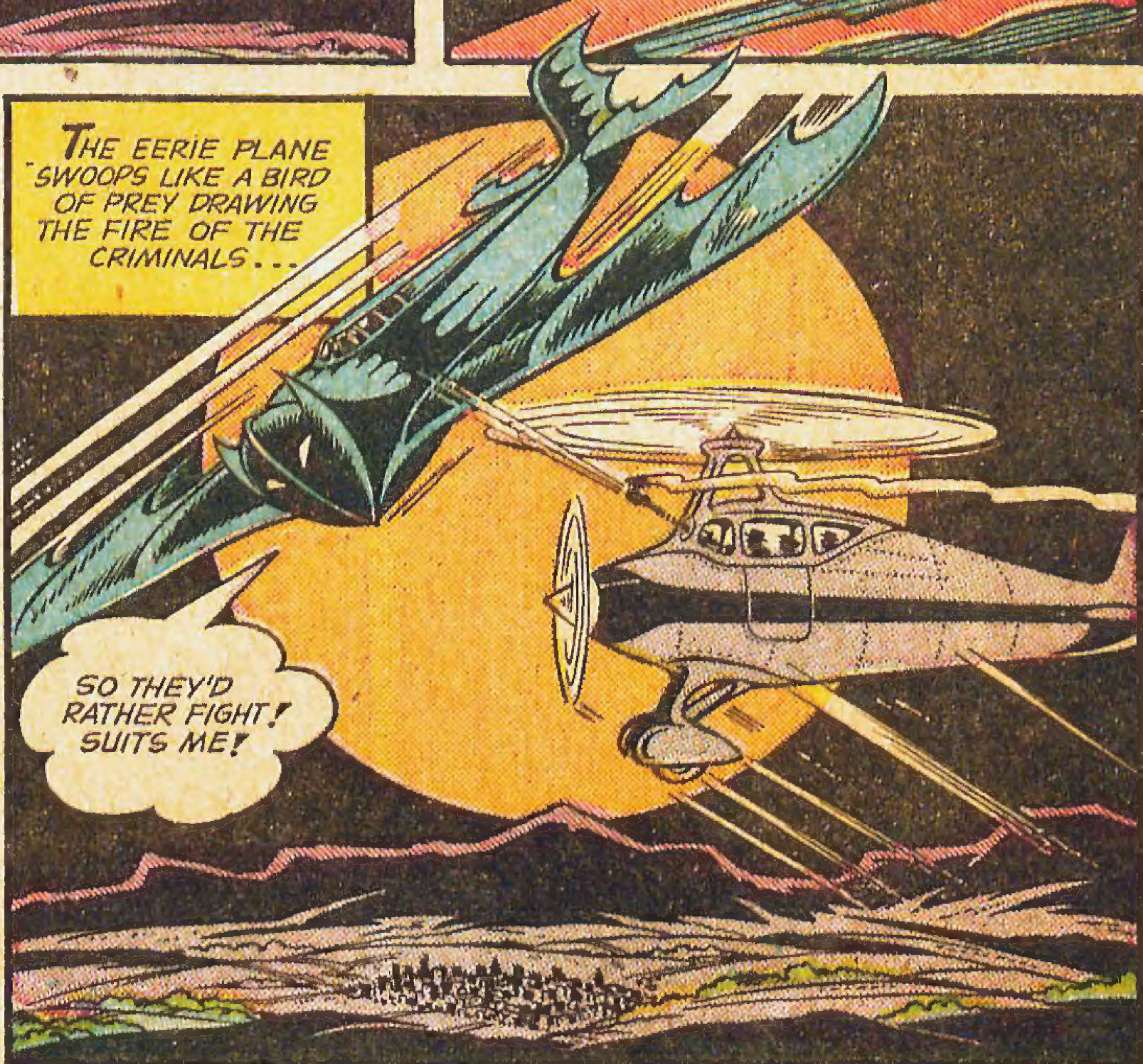
SOON THE **BATMAN** SIGHTS HIS QUARRY, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE JEWELLED LIGHTS OF A CITY...

THERE THEY ARE! MAYBE I CAN BLUFF THEM INTO LANDING!

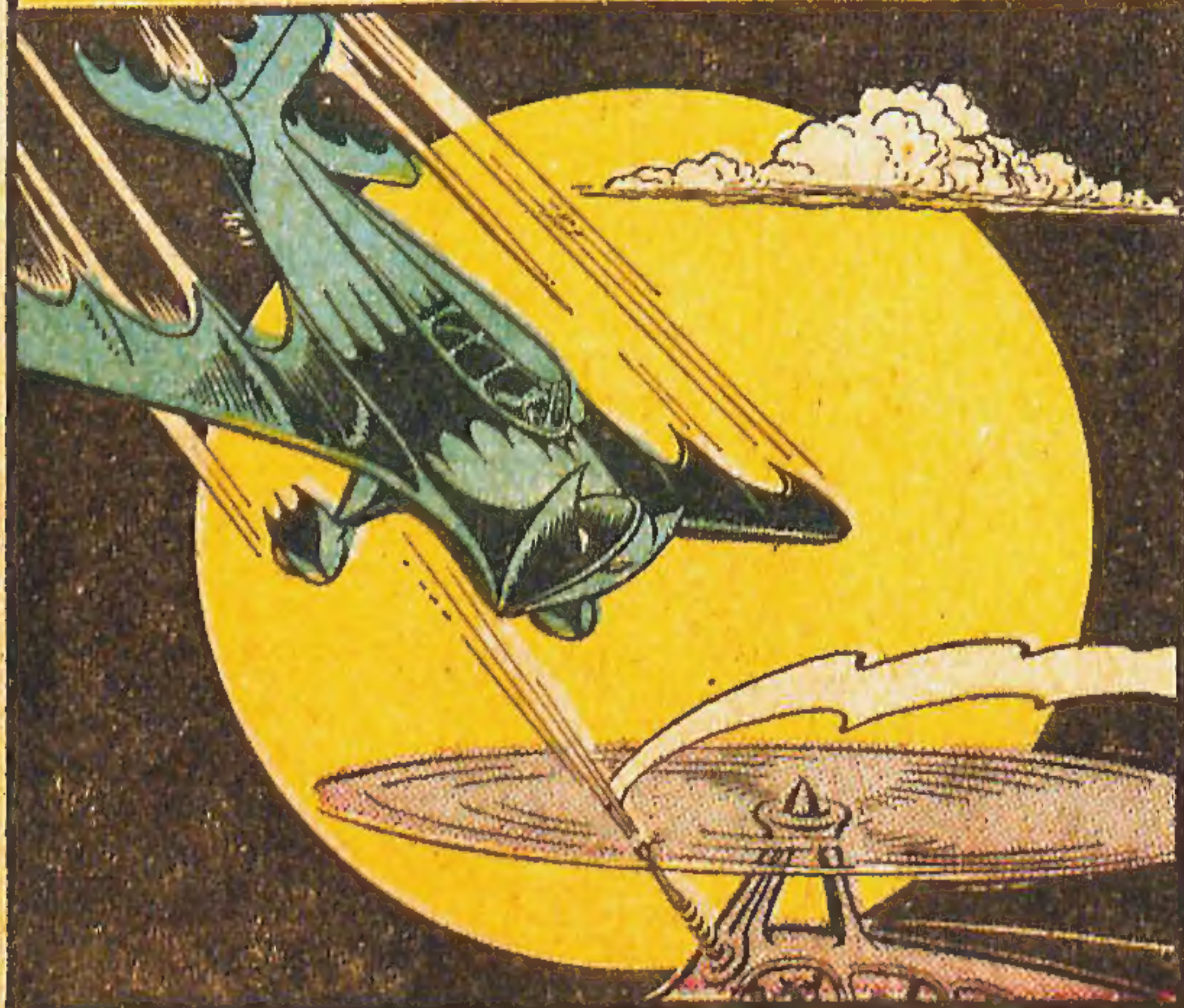


THE EERIE PLANE "SWOOPS LIKE A BIRD OF PREY DRAWING THE FIRE OF THE CRIMINALS..."

SO THEY'D RATHER FIGHT! SUITS ME!

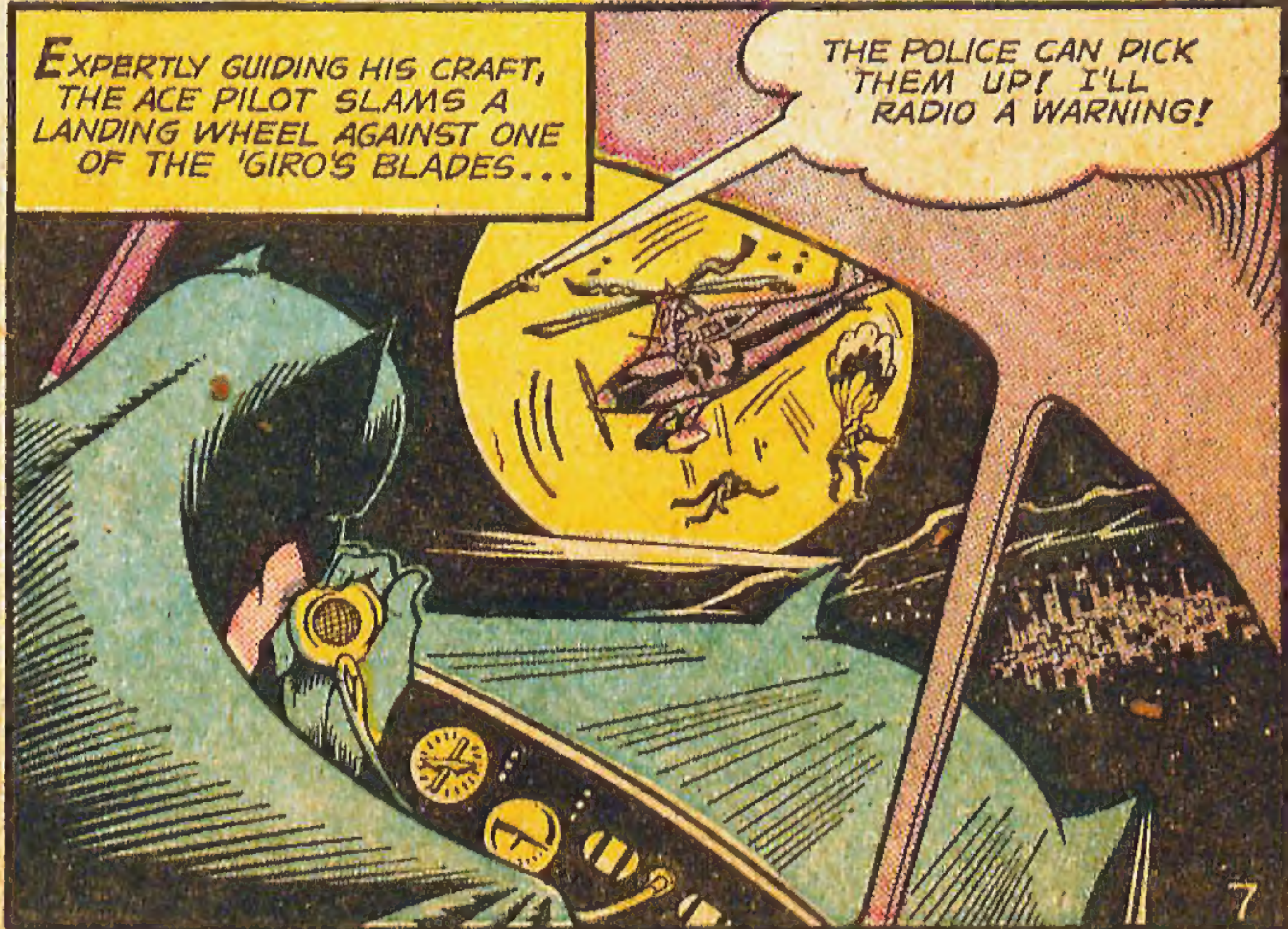


ONCE MORE, WHILE BULLETS RICOCHET FROM ITS ARMORED WINGS, THE **BATPLANE** DIVES STEEPLY WITH LANDING GEAR LOWERED...



EXPERTLY GUIDING HIS CRAFT, THE ACE PILOT SLAMS A LANDING WHEEL AGAINST ONE OF THE 'GIRO'S BLADES...

THE POLICE CAN PICK THEM UP! I'LL RADIO A WARNING!

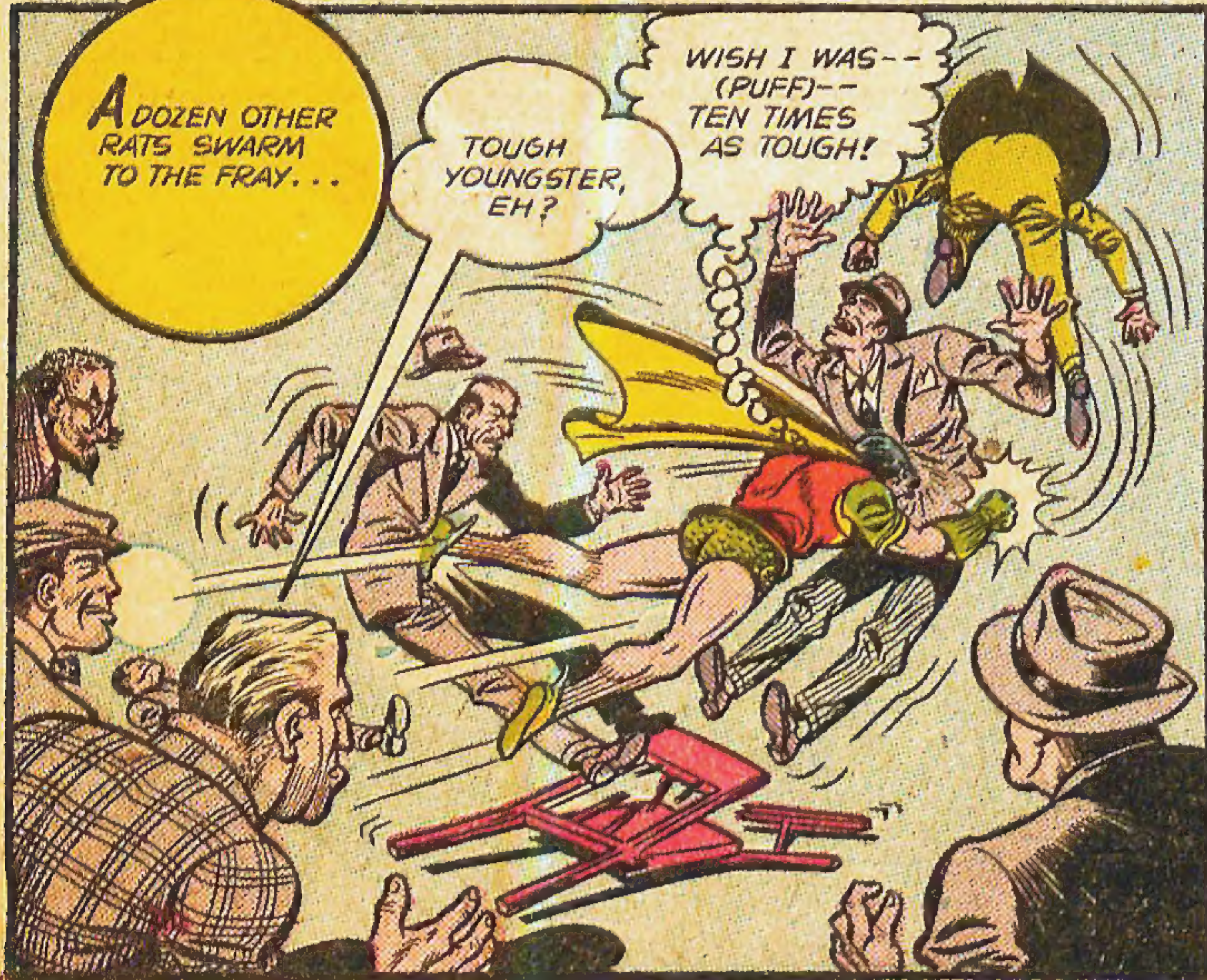
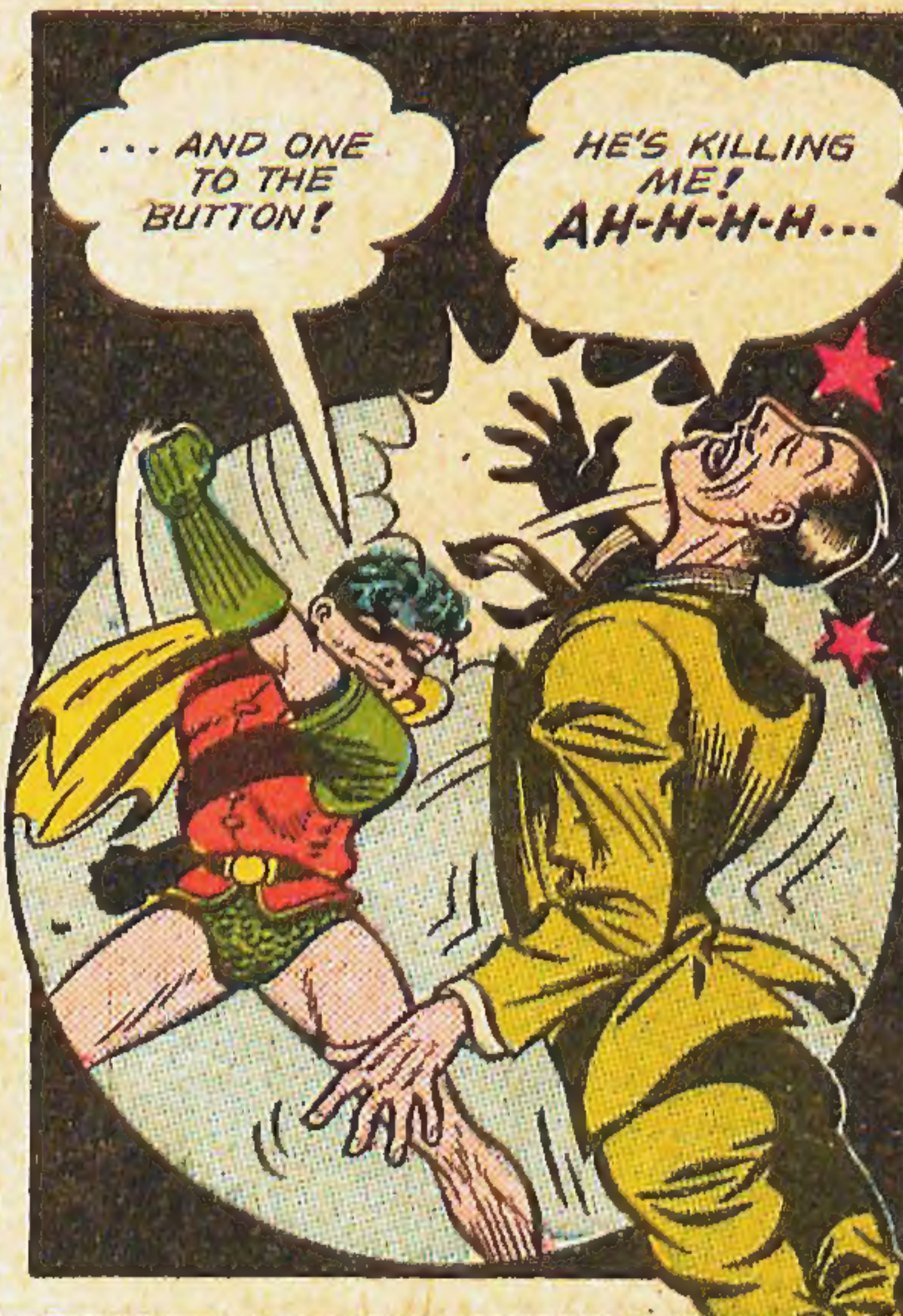
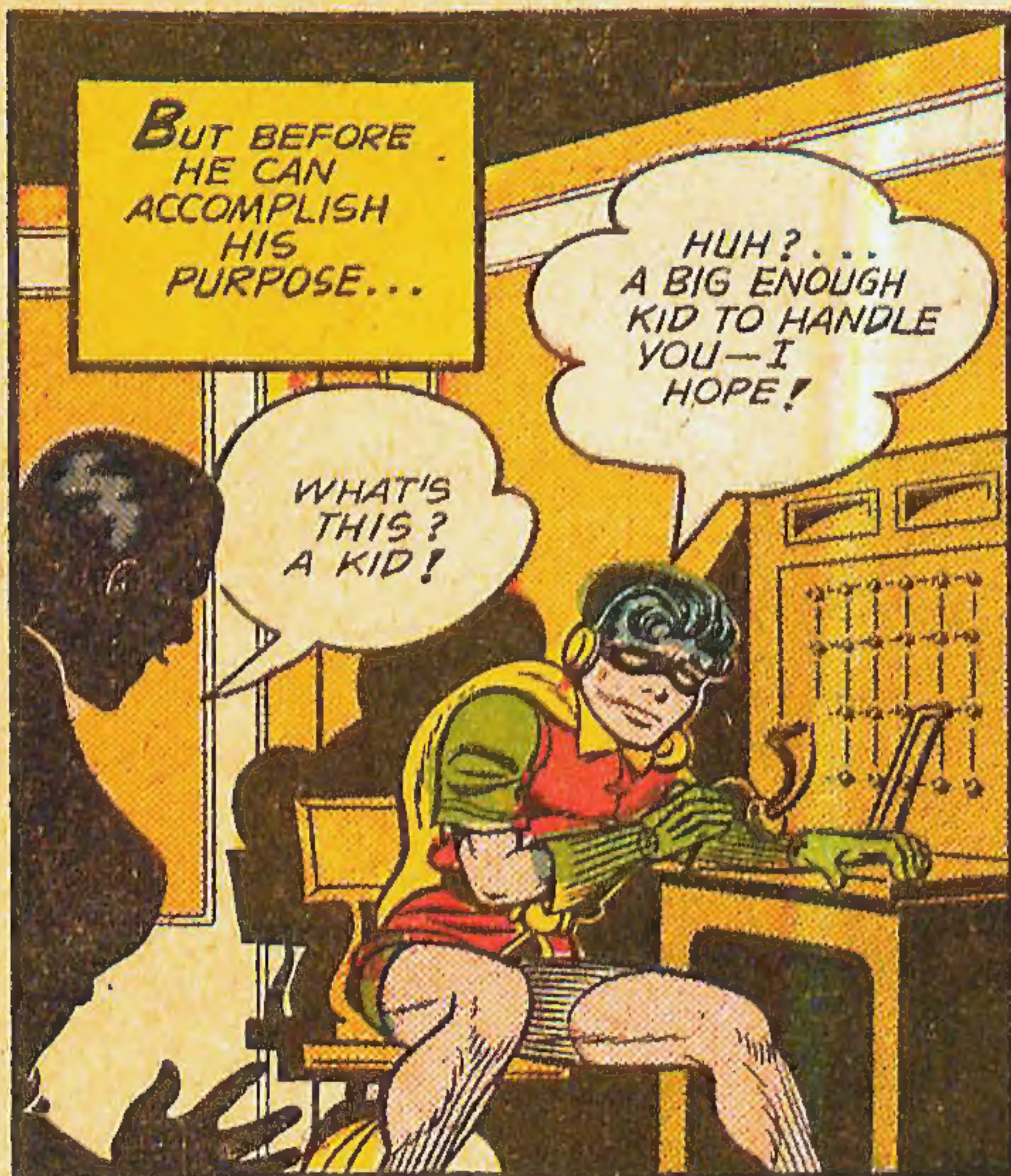
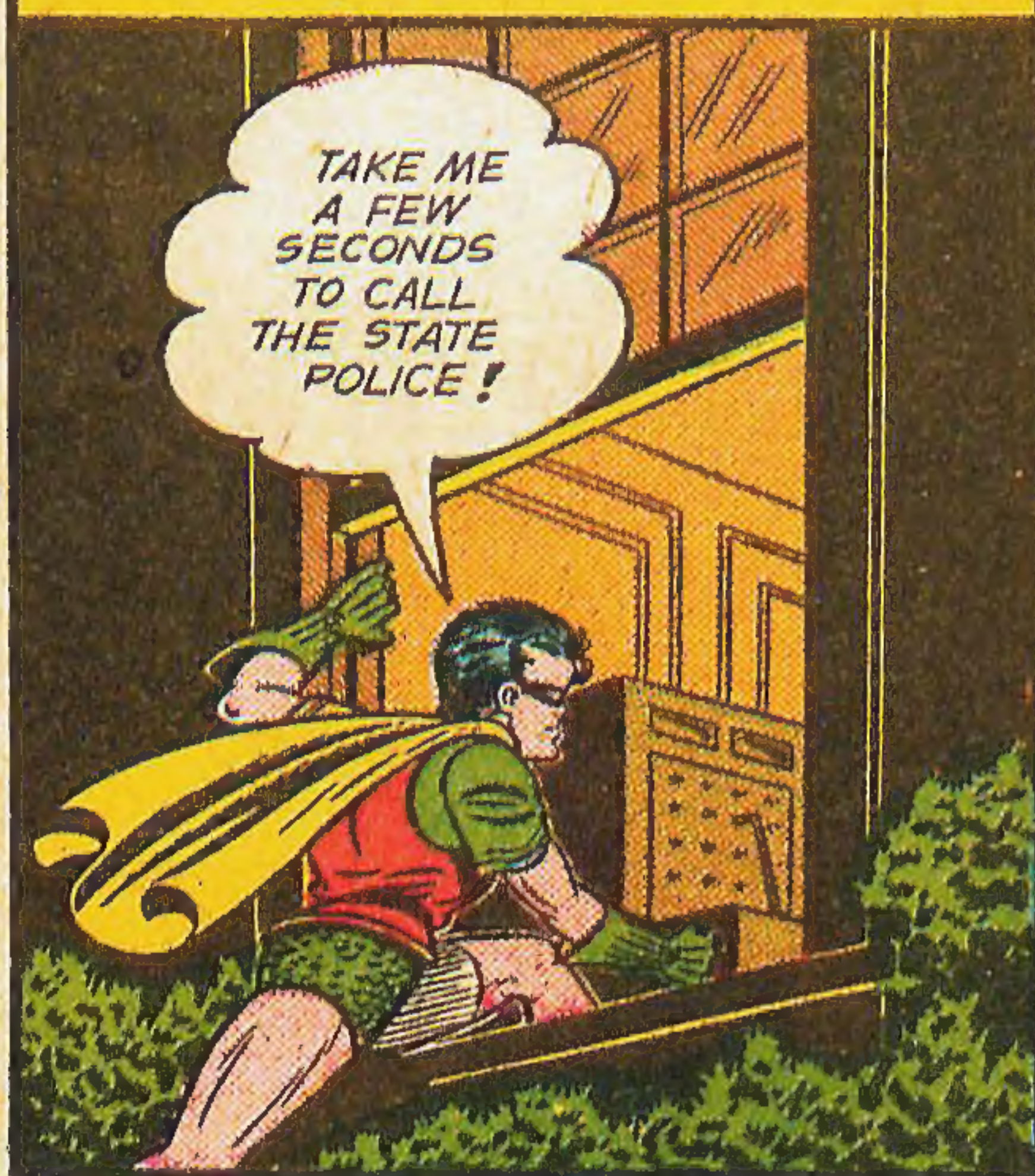




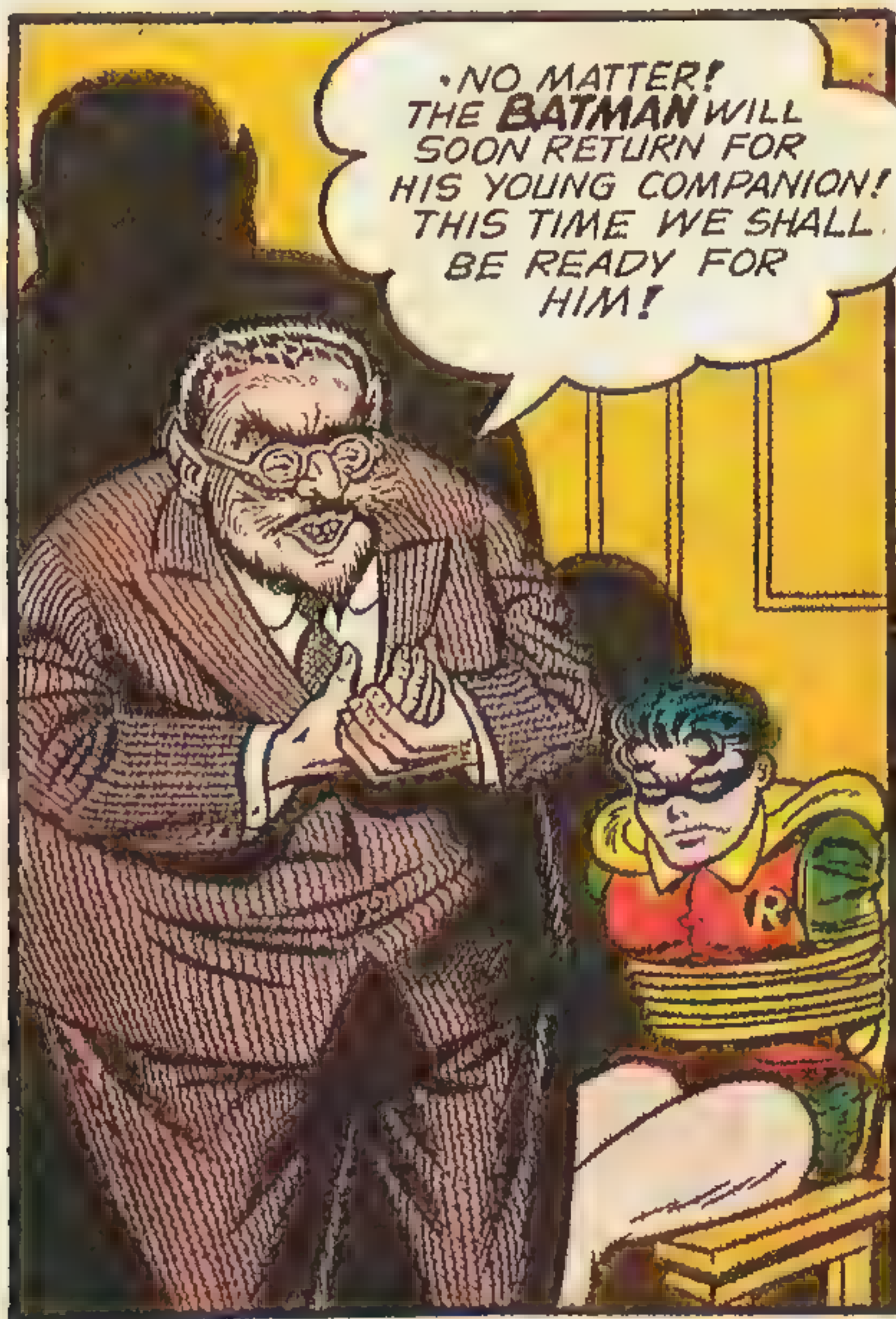
IN THE STRONGHOLD OF IVAN KRAFFT, ROBIN HAS BEEN HAVING DIFFICULTIES OF HIS OWN... BEGINNING WITH THE BATMAN'S ESCAPE...



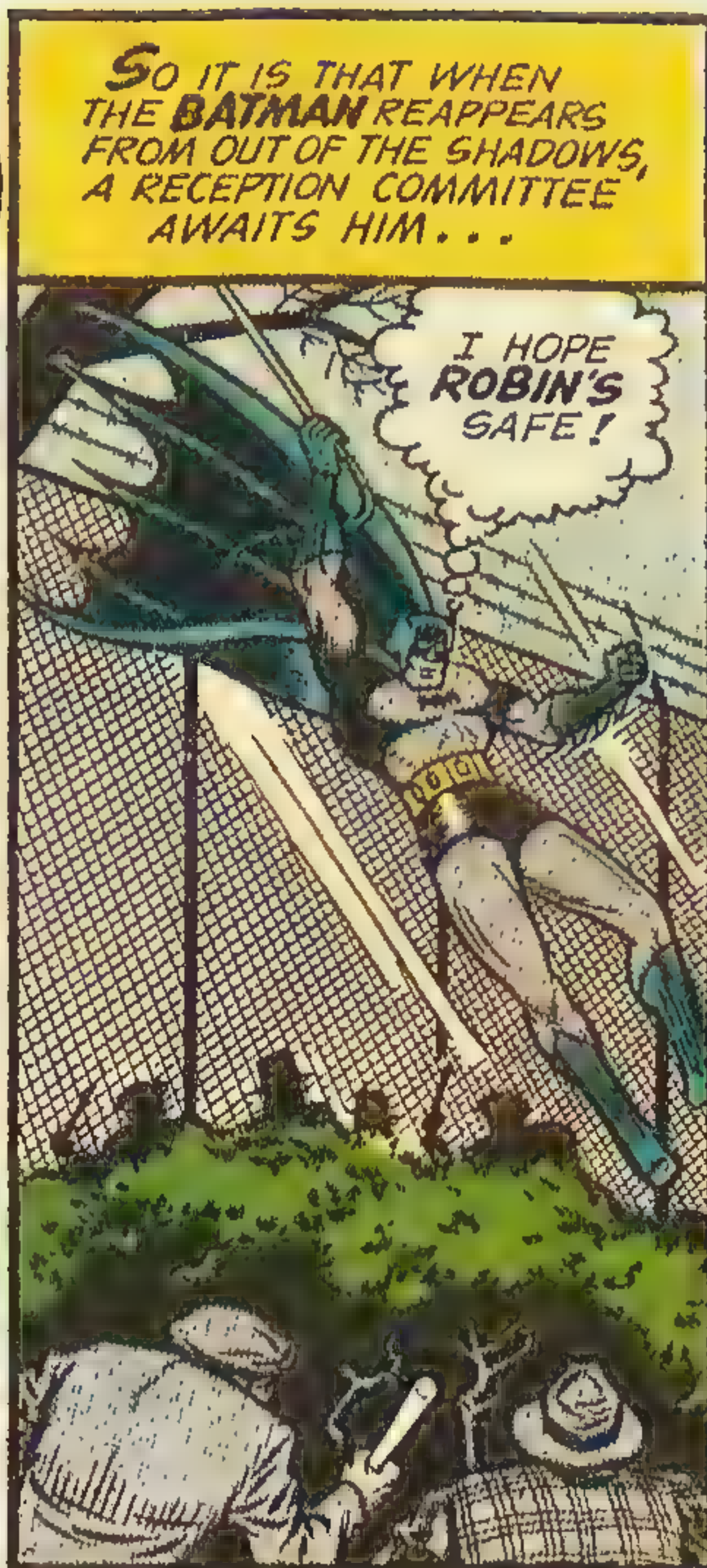
MOVING SWIFTLY, THE BOY WONDER SLIPS TO THE WINDOW...







•NO MATTER!  
THE **BATMAN** WILL  
SOON RETURN FOR  
HIS YOUNG COMPANION!  
THIS TIME WE SHALL  
BE READY FOR  
HIM!



SO IT IS THAT WHEN  
THE **BATMAN** REAPPEARS  
FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS,  
A RECEPTION COMMITTEE  
AWAITS HIM...

I HOPE  
**ROBIN'S**  
SAFE!

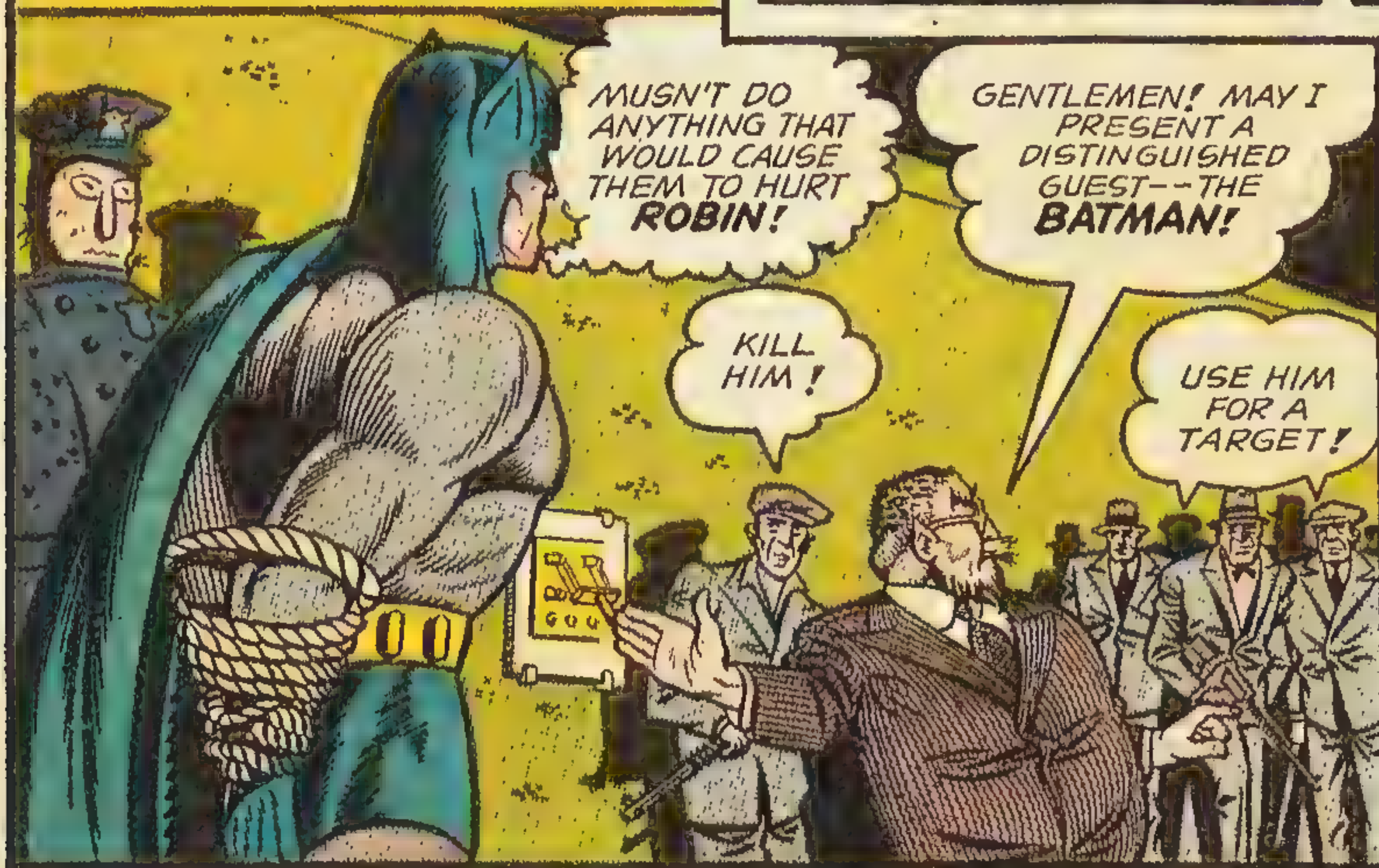


A LIGHTNING ATTACK... THE THUD OF  
BLUDGEONS AND FISTS... AND THE MIGHTY  
FIGHTER IS SUBDUED WITHOUT A CHANCE TO  
FIGHT BACK...

WE'VE GOT YOUR LITTLE  
PAL! IF YOU CARE ABOUT HIS  
HEALTH YOU WON'T TRY TO GET  
AWAY!

**ROBIN?**  
YOU'VE  
GOT  
HIM?..

HIS ARMS BOUND TIGHTLY, THE  
CAPTIVE IS LED TO THE MACHINE-GUN  
RANGE...

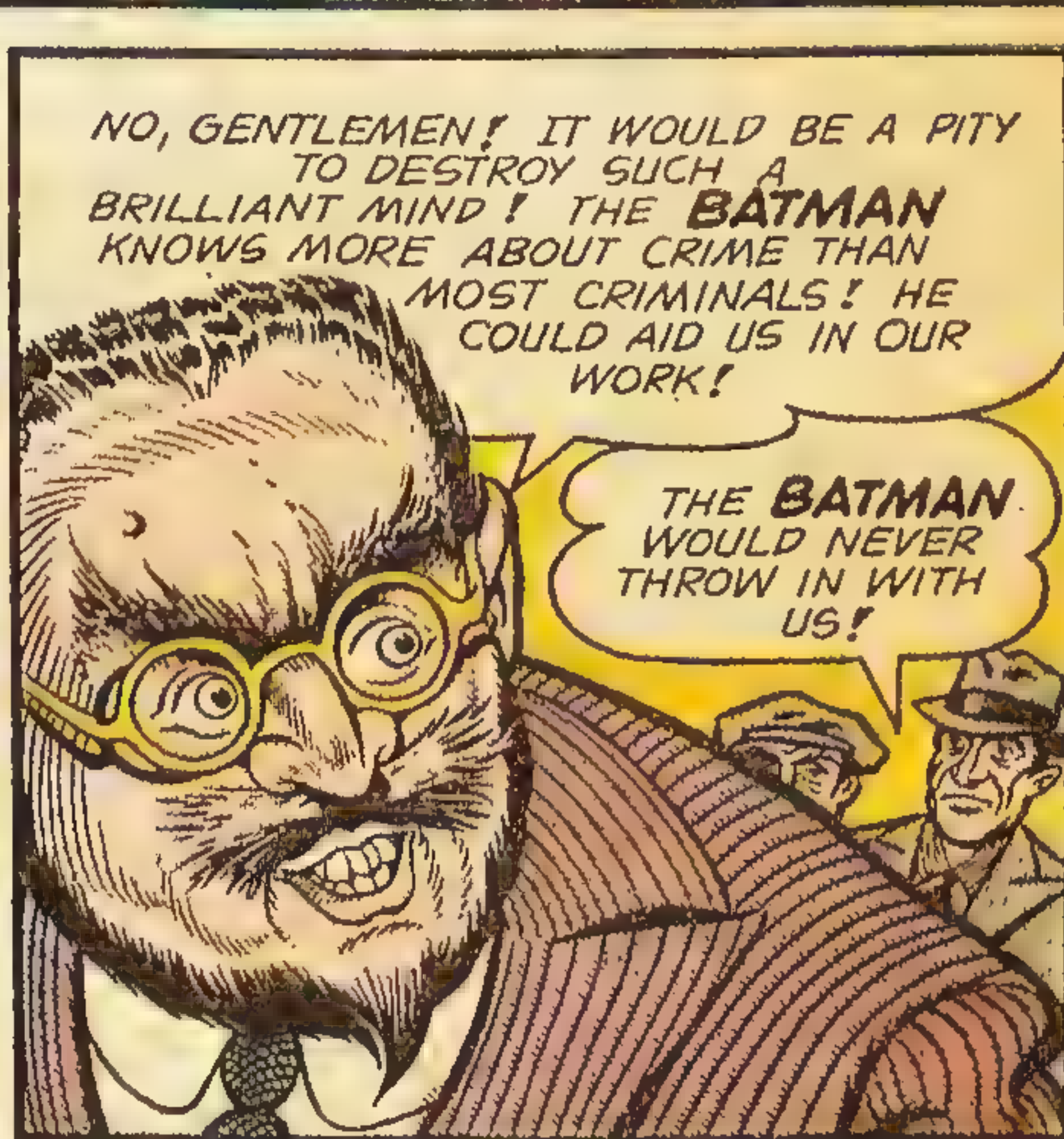


MUSN'T DO  
ANYTHING THAT  
WOULD CAUSE  
THEM TO HURT  
**ROBIN!**

GENTLEMEN! MAY I  
PRESENT A  
DISTINGUISHED  
GUEST--THE  
**BATMAN!**

KILL  
HIM!

USE HIM  
FOR A  
TARGET!



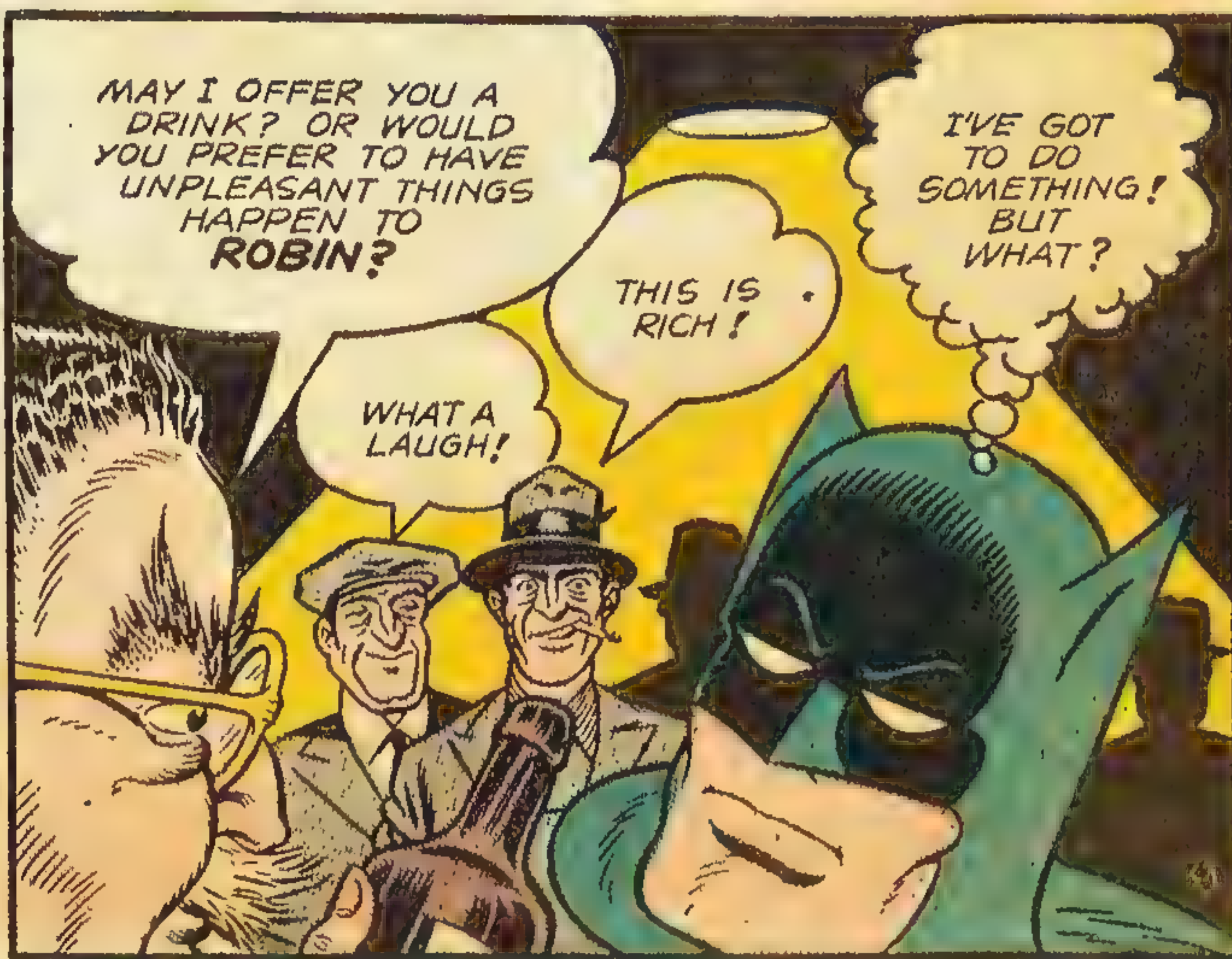
NO, GENTLEMEN! IT WOULD BE A PITY  
TO DESTROY SUCH A  
BRILLIANT MIND! THE **BATMAN**  
KNOWS MORE ABOUT CRIME THAN  
MOST CRIMINALS! HE  
COULD AID US IN OUR  
WORK!

THE **BATMAN**  
WOULD NEVER  
THROW IN WITH  
US!



YOU UNDERRATE ME!  
THIS LIQUID--A SCOPOLAMINE  
DERIVATIVE--COMPLETELY  
DESTROYS THE HUMAN WILL!  
ONCE THE **BATMAN** DRINKS  
IT, HE WILL WORK WITH US!

WHEE!...  
WHAT A  
GAG!...  
HOORAY FOR  
THE CHIEF!



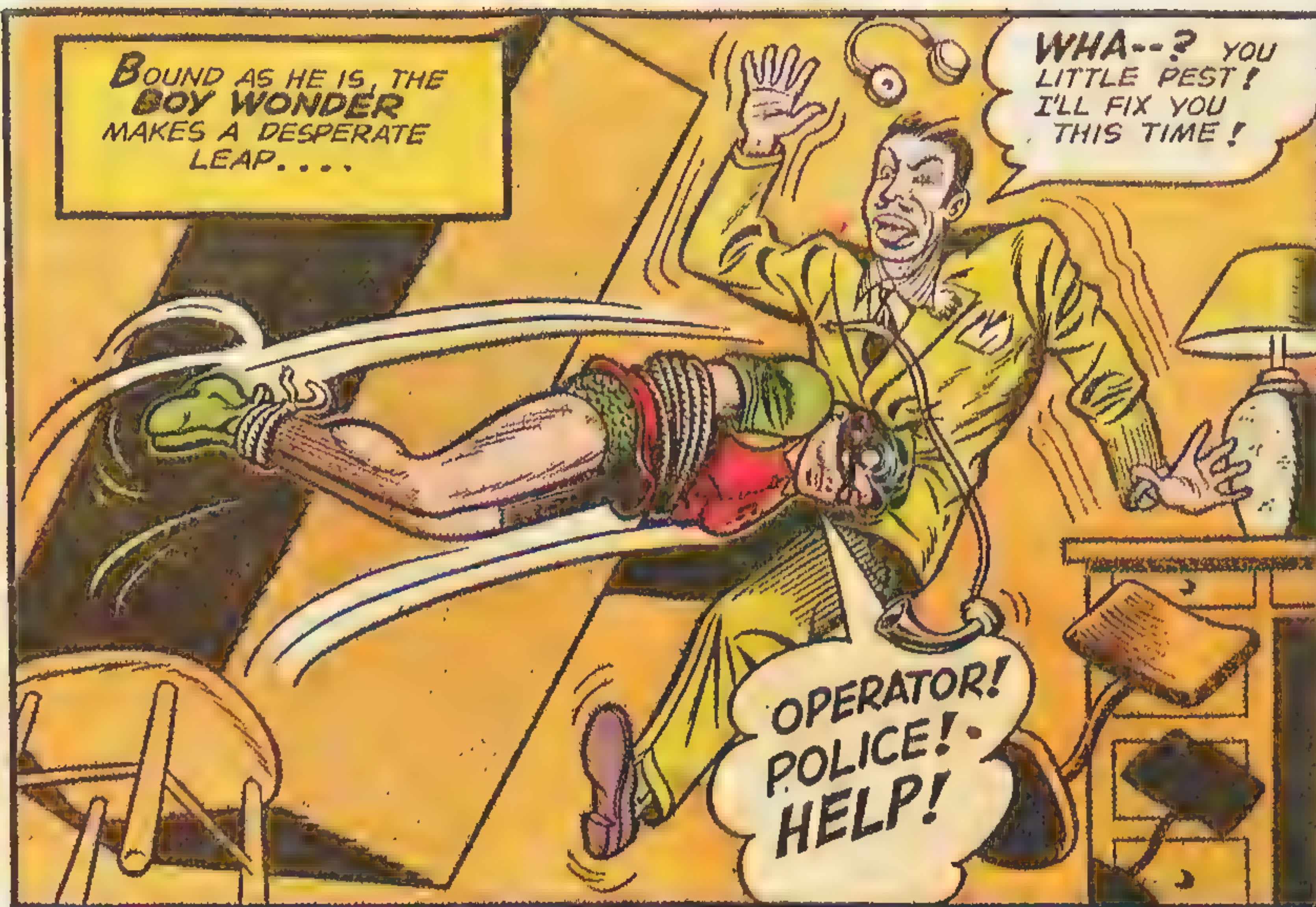
MAY I OFFER YOU A  
DRINK? OR WOULD  
YOU PREFER TO HAVE  
UNPLEASANT THINGS  
HAPPEN TO  
**ROBIN?**

WHAT A  
LAUGH!

THIS IS  
RICH!

I'VE GOT  
TO DO  
SOMETHING!  
BUT  
WHAT?

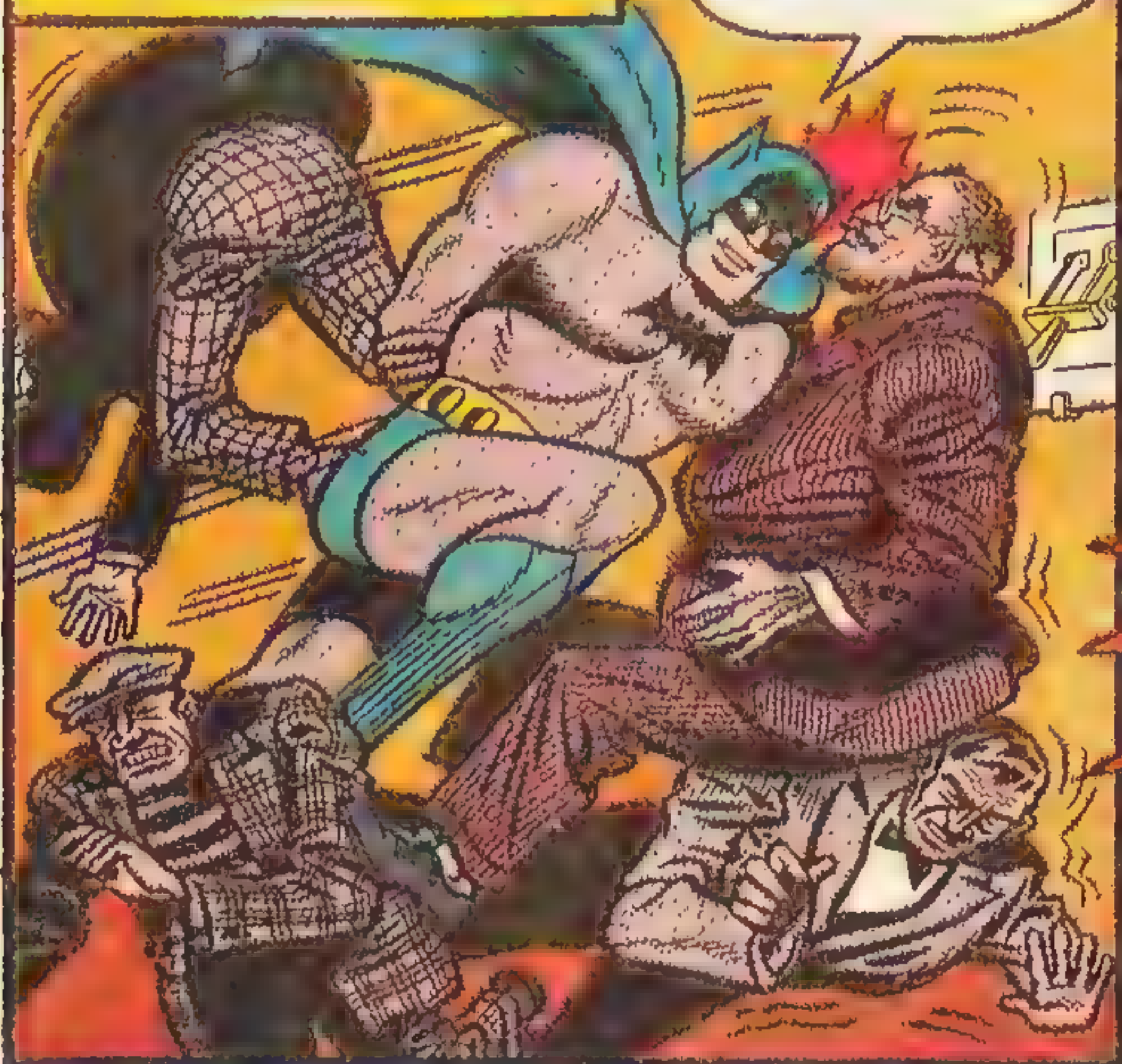






A HEAVE OF POWERFUL SHOULDERS ENDS THE BATMAN'S SUBMISSION TO HIS CAPTORS...

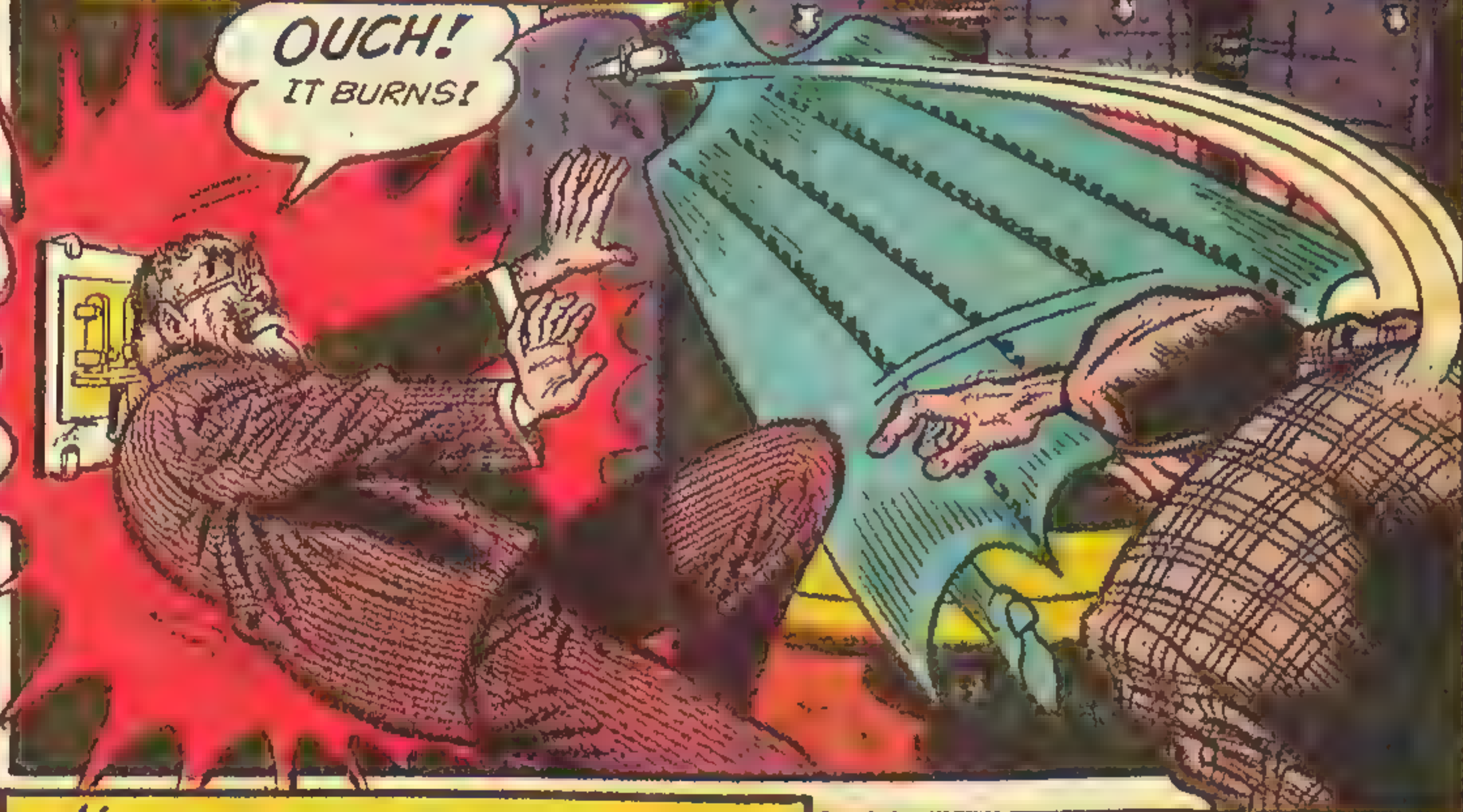
GUESS I'M NOT THIRSTY AFTER ALL!



THE MASTER CRIMINAL'S REELING BODY CRASHES AGAINST A SWITCH-BOX... THERE IS A DAZZLING FLASH AS THE MACHINERY THAT ANIMATES THE TARGETS IS SET IN MOTION...

I ALWAYS LIKED MERRY-GO-ROUNDS!

OUCH!  
IT BURNS!



AS GUNS BLAZE, A TARGET DUMMY SHIELDS THE BATMAN...

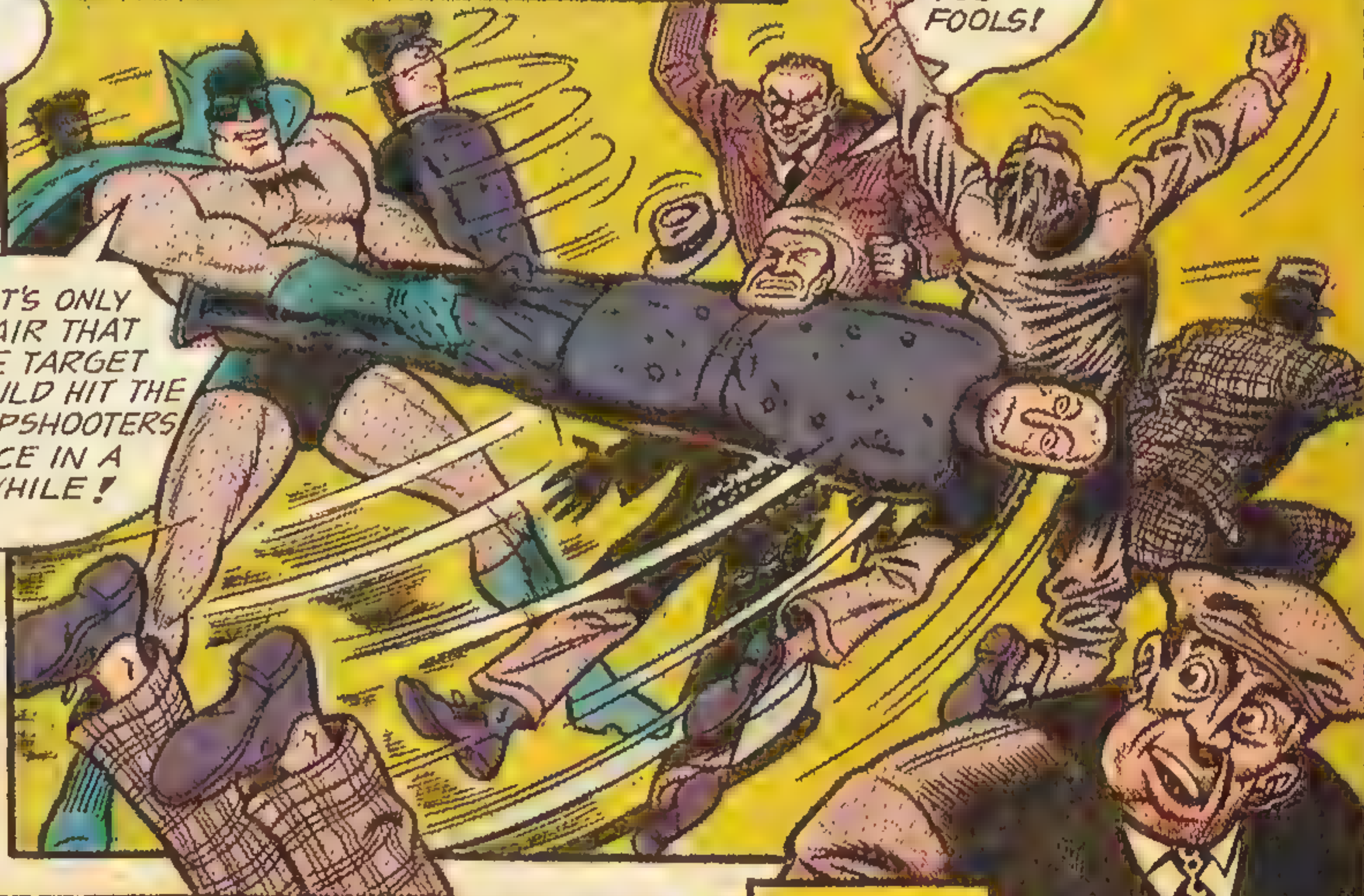
NICE OF THESE CROOKS TO PROVIDE ME WITH A KNIFE!



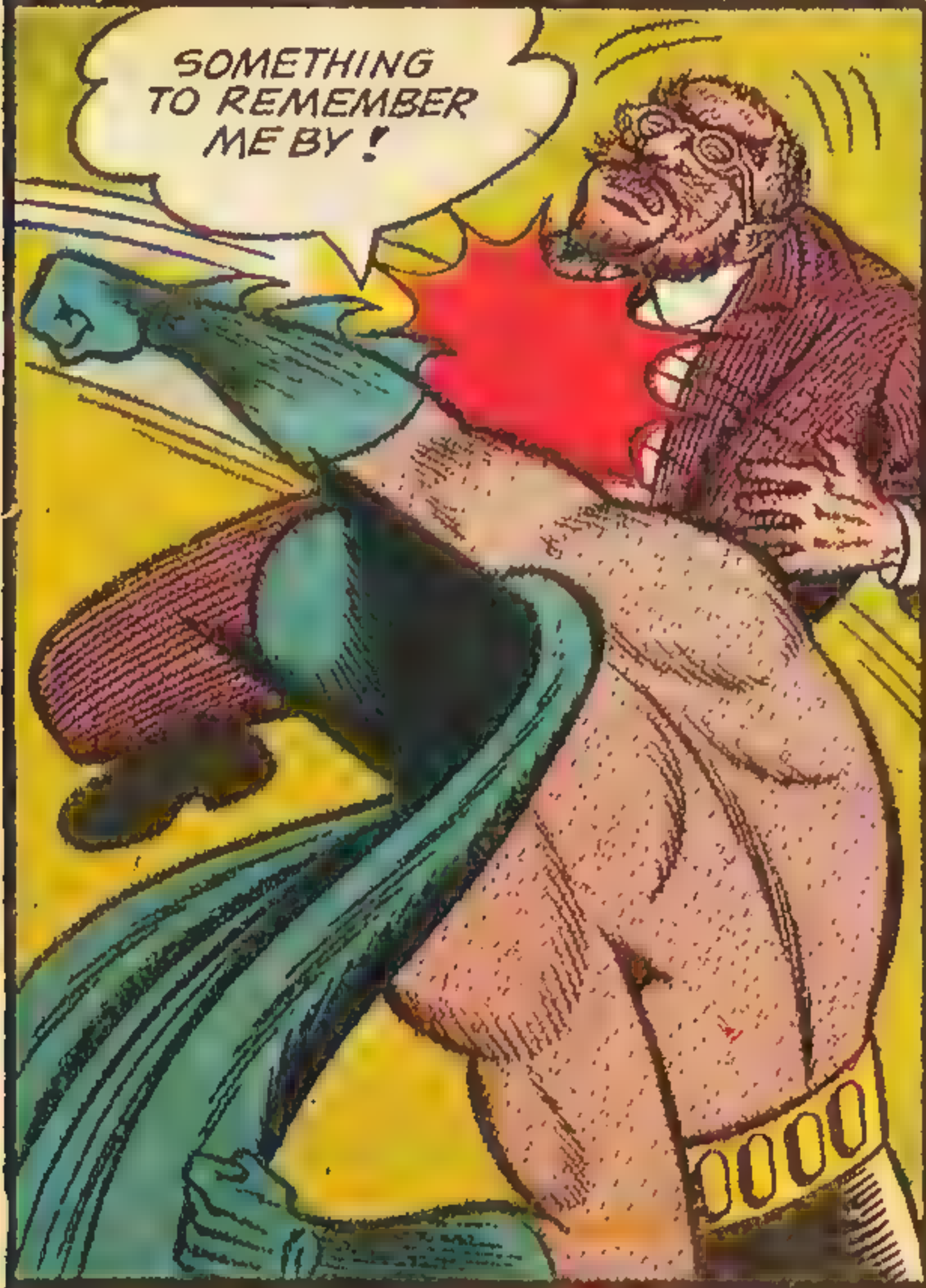
HIS BONDS FALLEN AWAY, THE BATMAN WRENCHES THE DUMMY FROM THE BOLTS THAT HOLD IT...

RUSH HIM, YOU FOOLS!

IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT THE TARGET SHOULD HIT THE SHARPSHOOTERS ONCE IN A WHILE!



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!



LITHE MUSCLES HURL THE BATMAN UPWARD, SWIFTER THAN THE GUNMEN CAN TAKE AIM...

THIS WAY OUT!

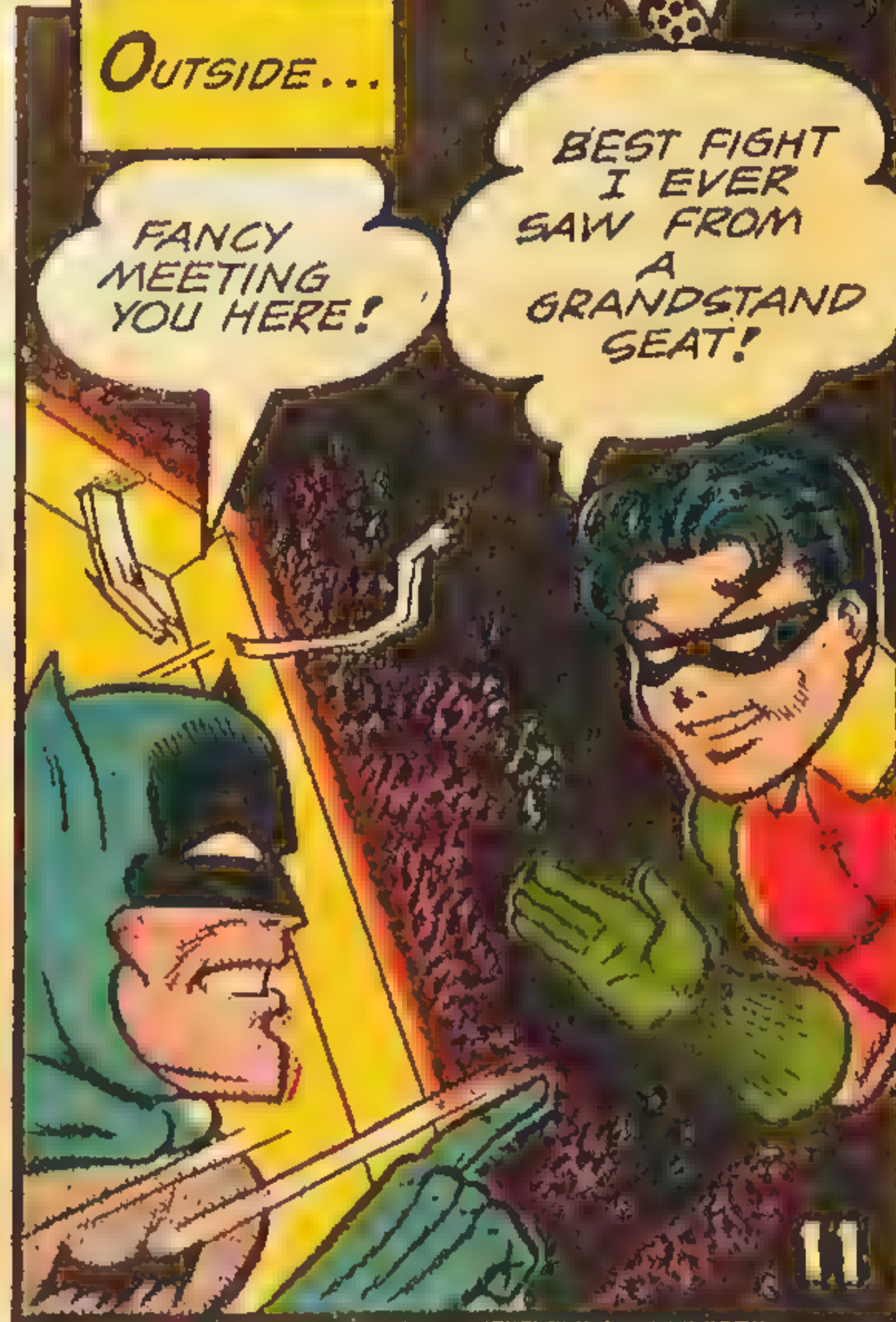
GET MOVING!  
AFTER HIM!



OUTSIDE...

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE?

BEST FIGHT I EVER SAW FROM A GRANDSTAND SEAT!





BULLETS WHIPPING ABOUT THEM,  
THE T.N. TEAM RACE FOR SHELTER..



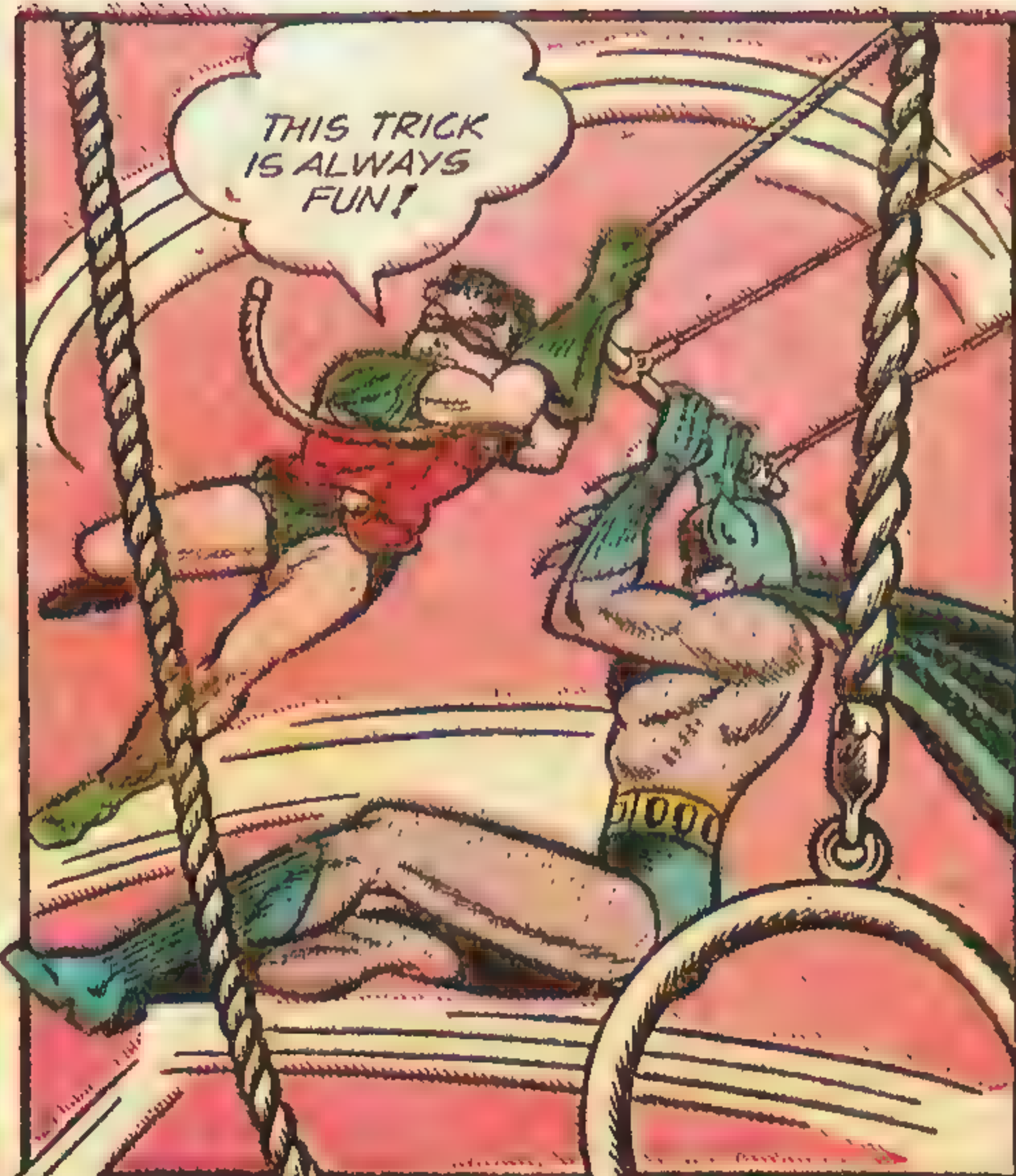
THINK  
WE CAN  
MAKE  
THE BARN?

TELL YOU  
IN A  
MINUTE!



WE  
MADE  
IT!

A GYM,  
ROBIN!  
DOES THAT  
GIVE YOU  
ANY IDEAS?

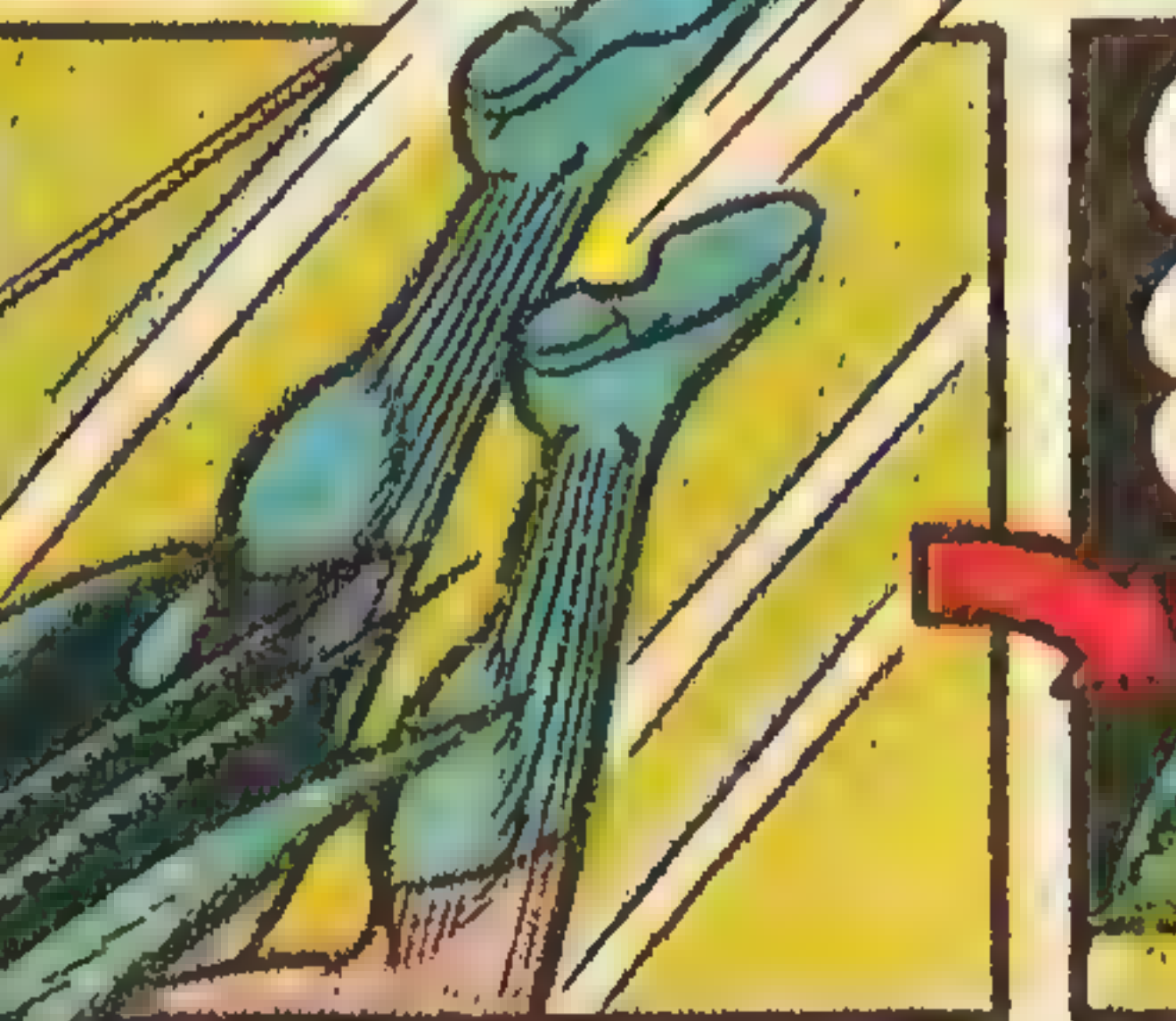


THIS TRICK  
IS ALWAYS  
FUN!



SMASHING HUMAN  
PROJECTILES MOW  
DOWN THE  
CRIMINAL  
VANGUARD

NOT SO FAST,  
IVAN!



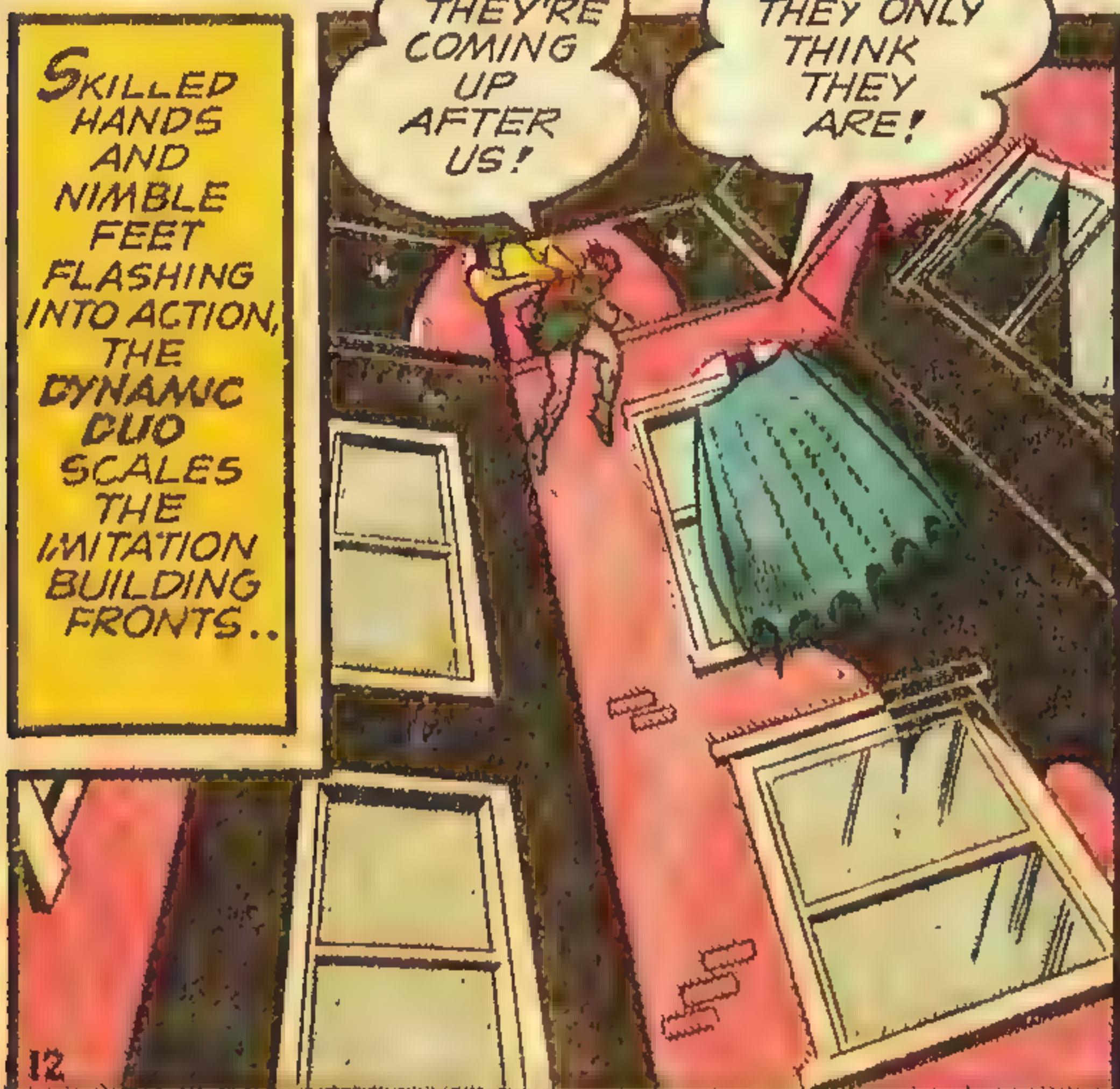
LET'S SHOW  
THEM HOW  
FLIES  
REALLY  
OPERATE!

AS SOON  
AS I  
STOCK  
UP ON  
AMMUNITION.



DUMBBELLS  
FOR  
DUMBBELLS

ANY  
DUMBBELL  
COULD THINK  
UP THAT  
ONE!



SKILLED  
HANDS  
AND  
NIMBLE  
FEET  
FLASHING  
INTO ACTION,  
THE  
DYNAMIC  
DUO  
SCALES  
THE  
IMITATION  
BUILDING  
FRONTS..

THEY'RE  
COMING  
UP  
AFTER  
US!

THEY ONLY  
THINK  
THEY  
ARE!



DRIVEN FROM THE "SILO," THE  
CRIMINALS MASS ABOUT ITS  
OUTER BASE...

DYNAMITE!  
WHAT'LL  
WE DO?

LEAVE  
IT TO  
ME!

GET  
DYNAMITE  
FROM THE  
STOREROOM!  
WE'LL BLOW  
THEM  
SKY-HIGH!

OW! LET'S  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!



TAKING TWO TINY VIALS FROM A POCKET OF HIS UTILITY BELT, THE **BATMAN** MIXES THEIR CONTENTS...

I GET IT!

AND HURLS THE VIAL CONTAINING THE MIXTURE DOWN BELOW...

IF ONLY IT HITS NEAR WHERE ALL THAT HIGH EXPLOSIVE'S STACKED!

A SECOND LATER THE SKY IS RENT BY A GEYSER OF LEAPING FLAME..

NOW TO SEE IF I CAN BLUFF THEM !!

A PERFECT SHOT!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, OR THIS NEXT ONE WILL LAND RIGHT AMONG YOU!

DON'T THROW IT, **BATMAN!** WE'LL SURRENDER!

THE POLICE! THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR MUST HAVE HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!

GOOD! IF KRAFFT ONLY KNEW THAT THIS VIAL IS EMPTY!

YOU WIN!... WE GIVE UP!...

LATER... TWO SILENT FIGURES FADE INTO THE SHADOWS FROM WHICH THEY CAME, LEAVING STATE TROOPERS IN CHARGE OF THE SULLEN PRISONERS...

THAT'S THE END OF THE HAPPY VALLEY GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING CLUB-- ONLY THE MEMBERS WEREN'T GENTLEMEN!

THE CRIME RATE SHOULD TAKE A DROP AFTER THIS! IT'S BEEN A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK IF I SHOULD SAY SO MYSELF!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN A HOUSE IN GOTHAM CITY...

AND SO ENDS THE CASE OF THE **SPECIALISTS IN CRIME!!**

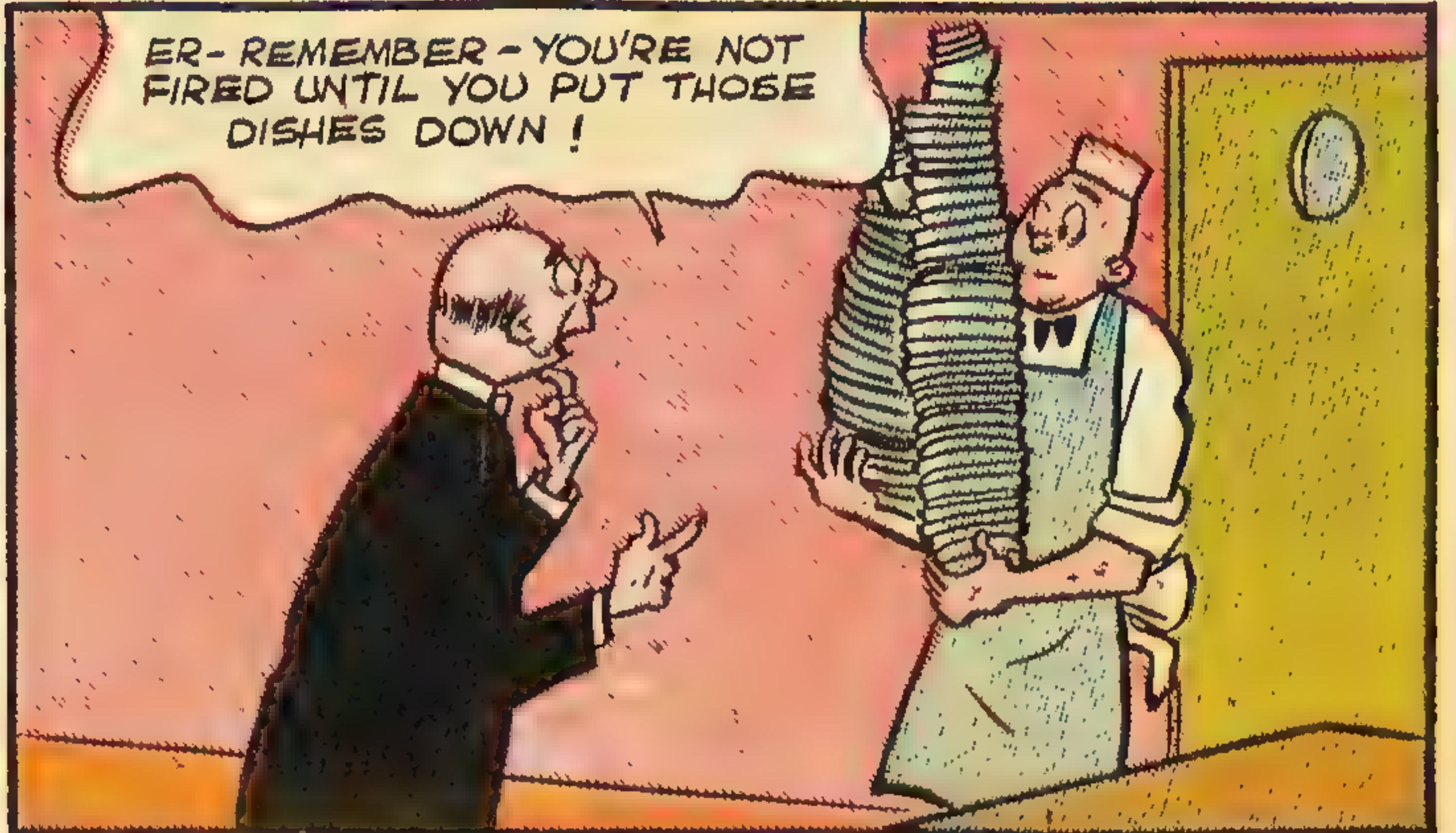
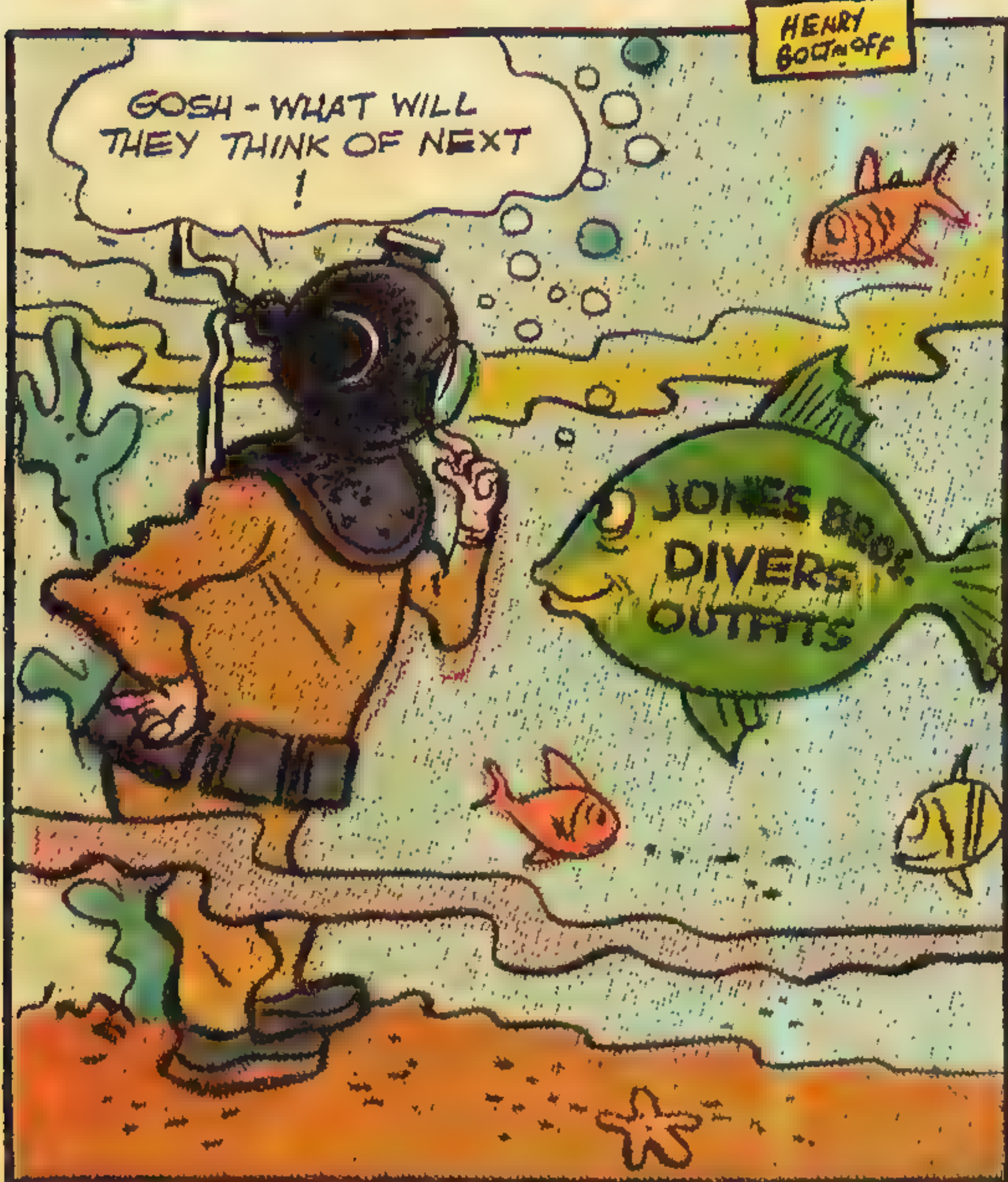
BUT THERE'S NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT THE WAY THEY ENDED UP... LIKE ALL OTHER UNDERWORLD RATS!

Gotham City Press

**BATMAN SMASHES UNDERWORLD EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!**

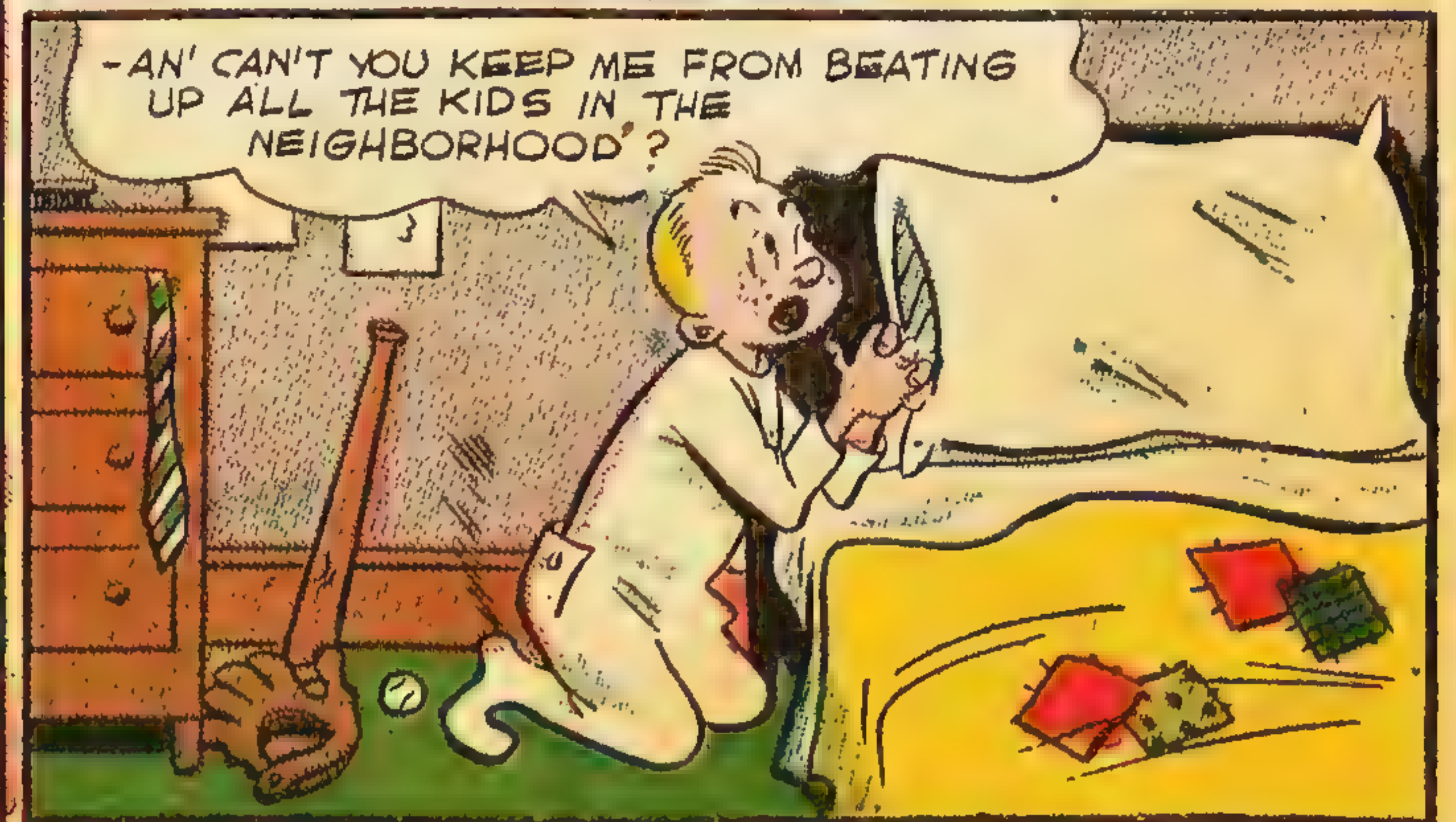
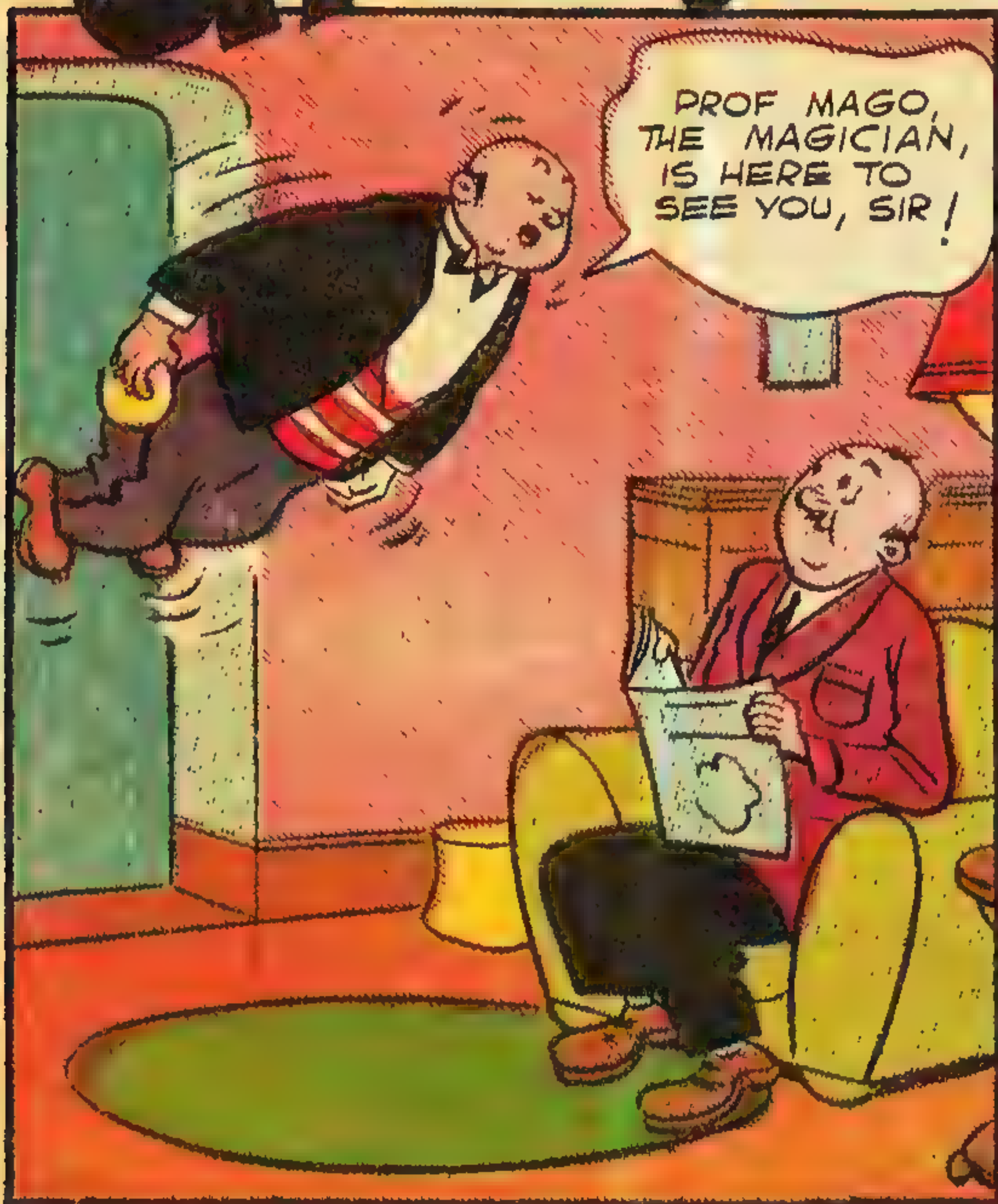


# LAFES



# GAGS

HEARY BOLTINOFF







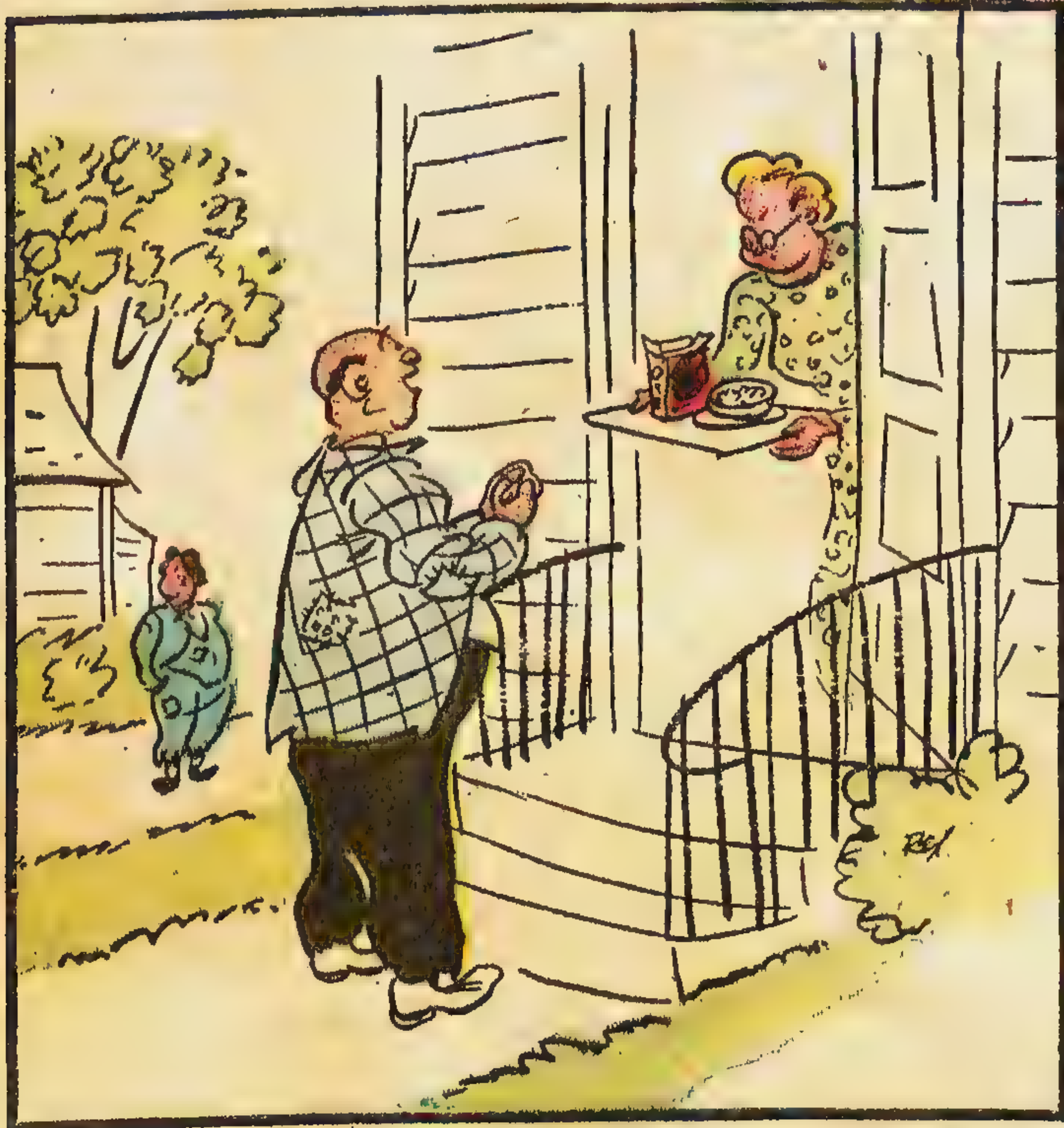
**Food-Power for You!**

Whole wheat food power! It's a training stand-by for hundreds of great athletes. It'll help you get up and go like a champion every morning. So start your breakfast right—with milk, fruit and Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions."

You'll go for Wheaties in a **BIG** way! These crisp-toasted flakes are tops for whole wheat food power—tops for flavor that makes breakfast *fun* to eat.

Get that champion start tomorrow. Put in your bid for Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

Hey, look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat—streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 448, Minneapolis 15, Minn.



"If you don't mind lady, skip the Wheaties—last time I had 'em, I worked for two whole weeks!"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.



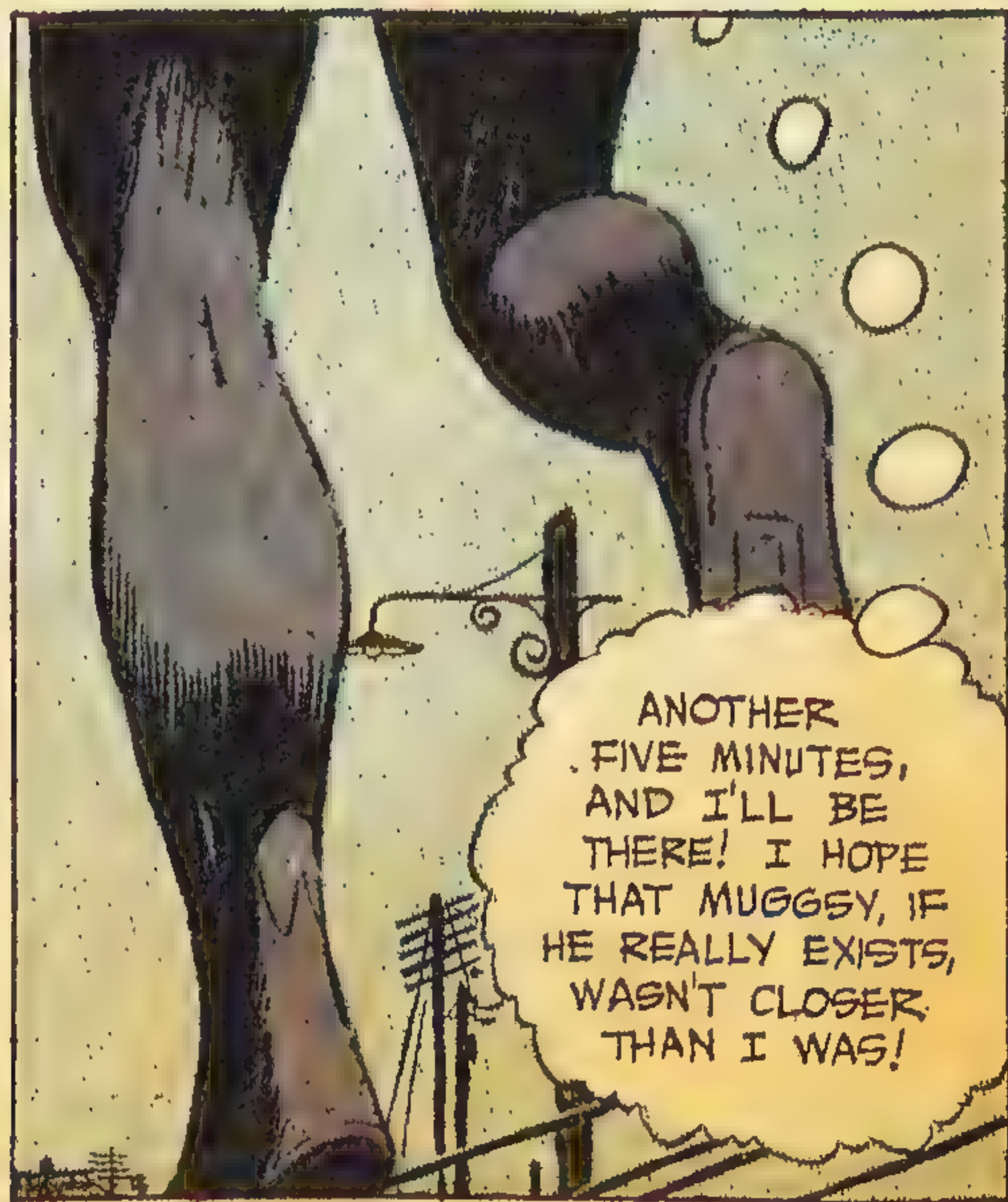
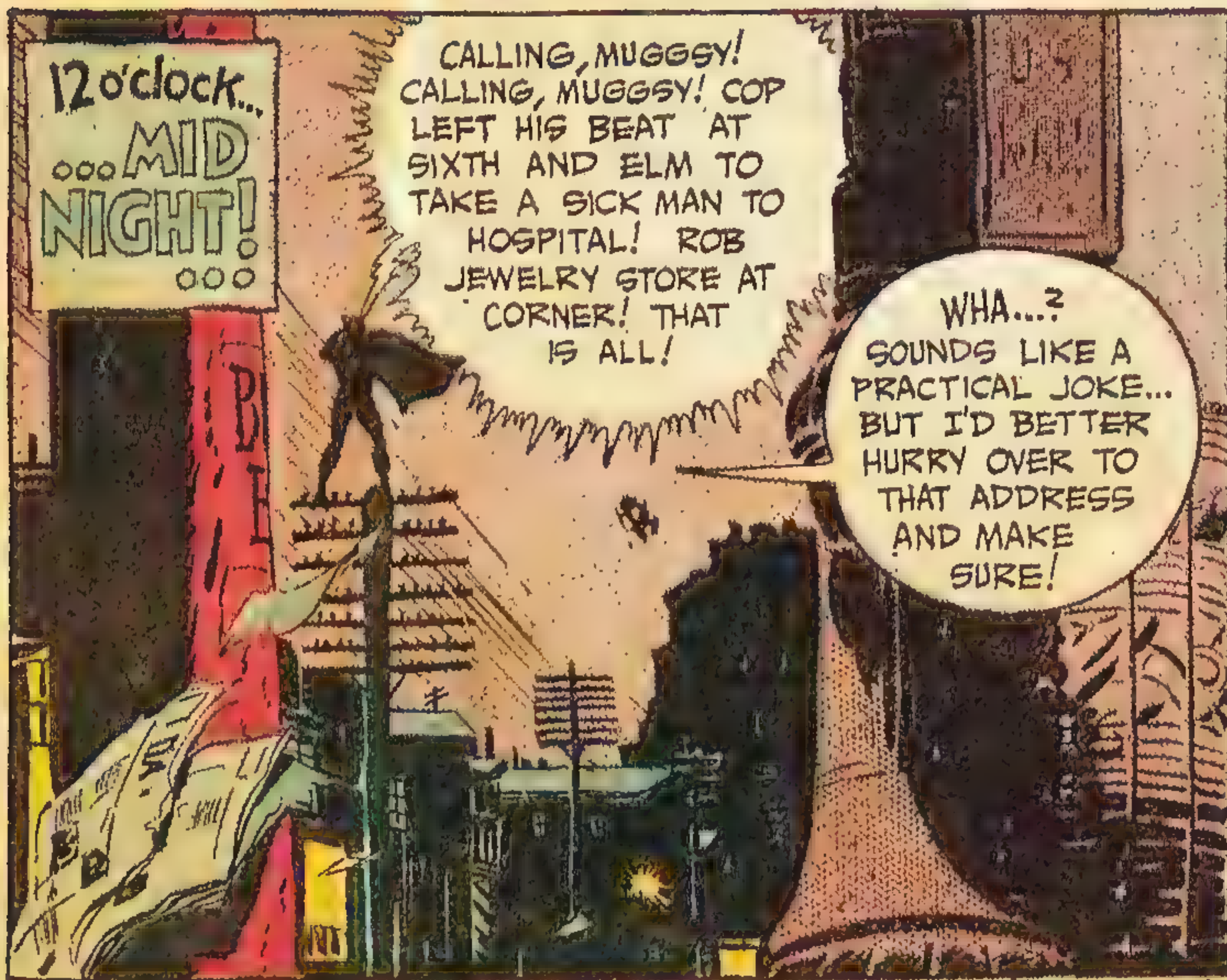
**"Breakfast  
of  
Champions"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

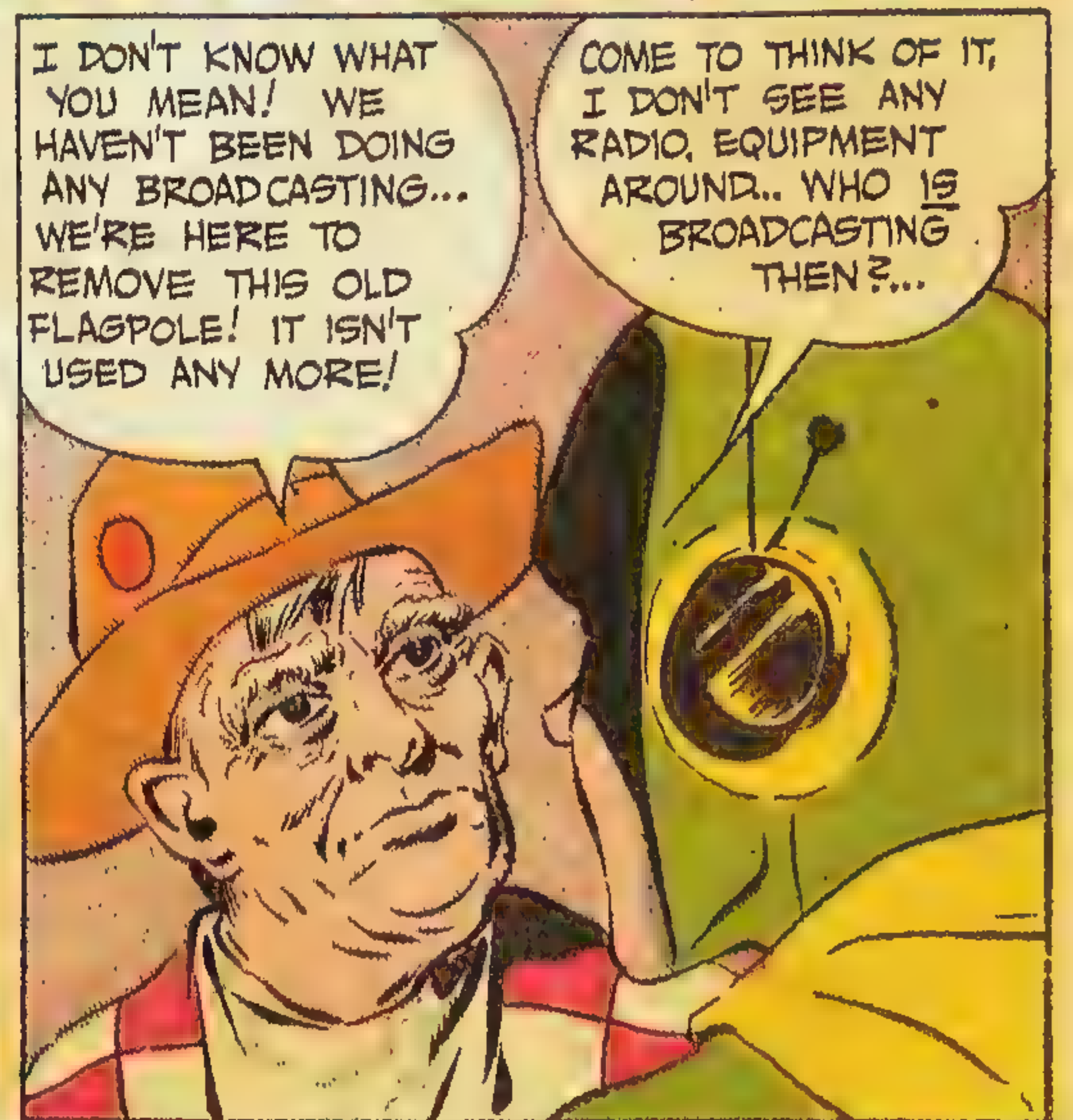
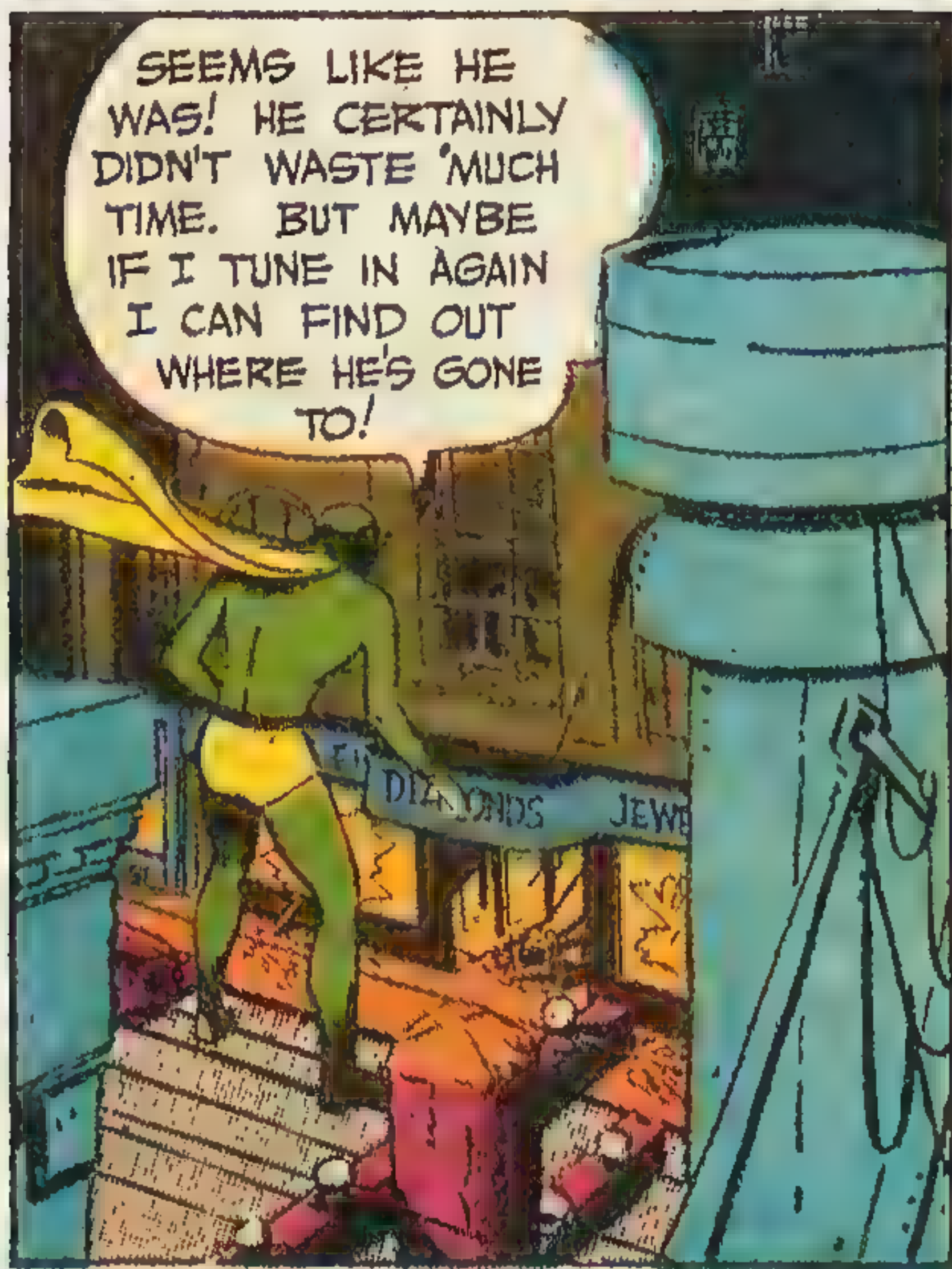


# AIR WAVE

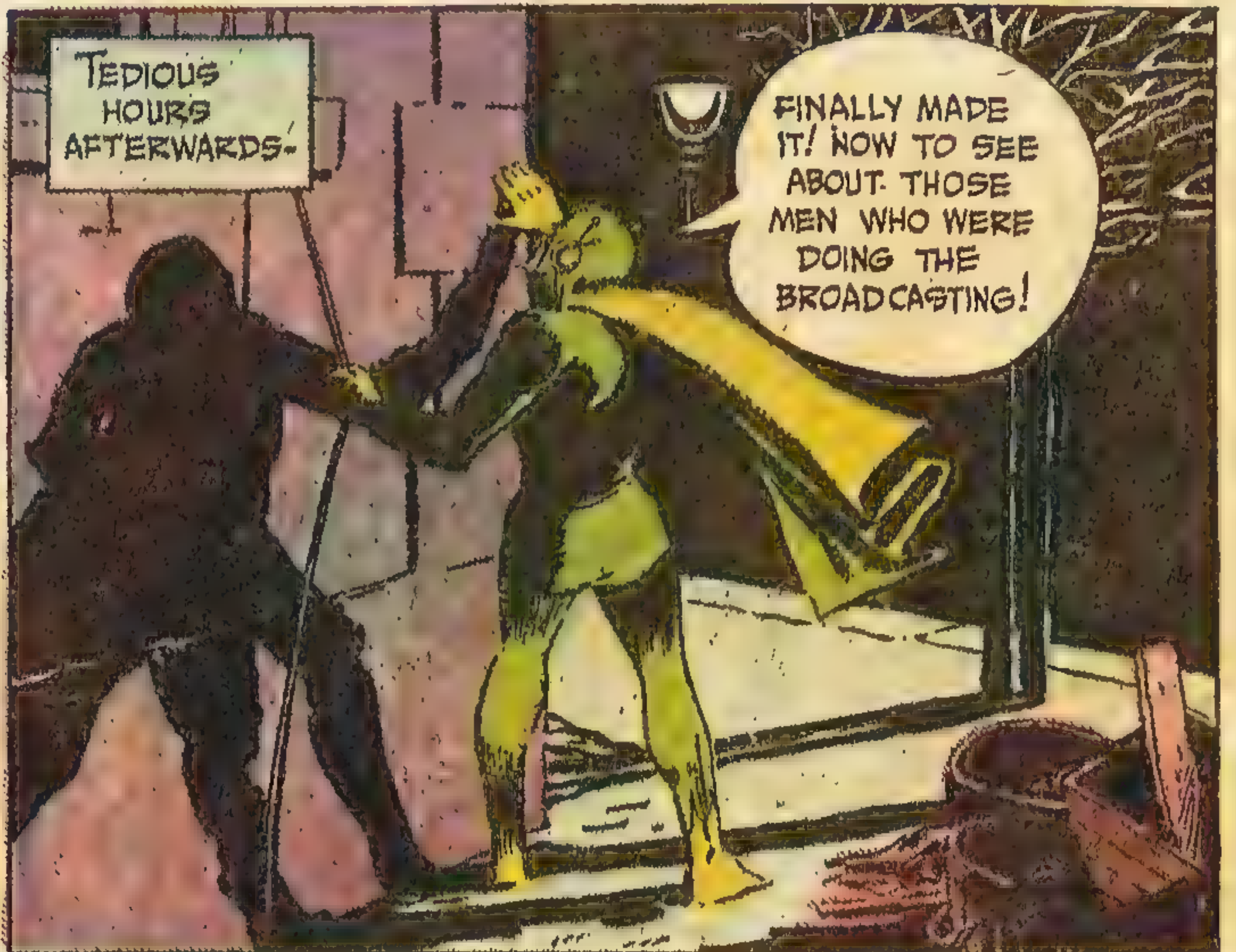
COKE KOSOL













NEXT TIME?  
DON'T BE TOO  
CONFIDENT,  
**AIR WAVE!**  
FOR IN A  
SECRET HIDE-  
OUT, THAT  
AMBITIOUS  
CRIMINAL KNOWN  
AS THE  
BROADCASTER  
IS CONFERRING  
WITH  
MUGGSY...

**AIR WAVE'S** THE  
ONE MAN WHO CAN  
TRACE A RADIO BEAM  
TO ITS SOURCE! WILL  
HAVE TO FIND  
ANOTHER WAY TO  
GET QUICK  
MESSAGES TO  
OUR MEN!

YEAH! HE DIDN'T  
SEE ME AS I WAS  
LEAVIN' THAT JEWELRY  
JOB. BUT BY NOW  
HE MUSTA FOUND  
THAT PLACE WE  
BROADCAST  
FROM!

YOU MEAN  
WE GOTTA GIVE  
UP DIS  
SYSTEM?  
AFTER WE GET  
IT WOIKIN'  
SO POIFECT!

YES, MUGGSY, IT'S TOO  
GOOD TO GIVE UP... I  
THINK I'VE GOT A WAY  
TO PREVENT IT...I'M  
GOING TO FOOL,  
**AIR WAVE!**

GEE, BOSS, THAT  
AIN'T SO EASY!  
BUT IF YOU KIN  
DO IT, YOU'LL  
BE SITTING  
PRETTY!

The  
following  
evening...

CALLING, TWISTY  
BLODGETT! GO  
AHEAD WITH THAT  
DEPARTMENT  
STORE JOB...

HERE WE GO  
AGAIN! THAT  
HIDEOUT I LO-  
CATED LAST NIGHT  
IS JUST DOWN THE  
STREET! I'LL RUN  
OVER THERE FIRST  
AND..

THAT  
IS ALL,  
TWISTY!

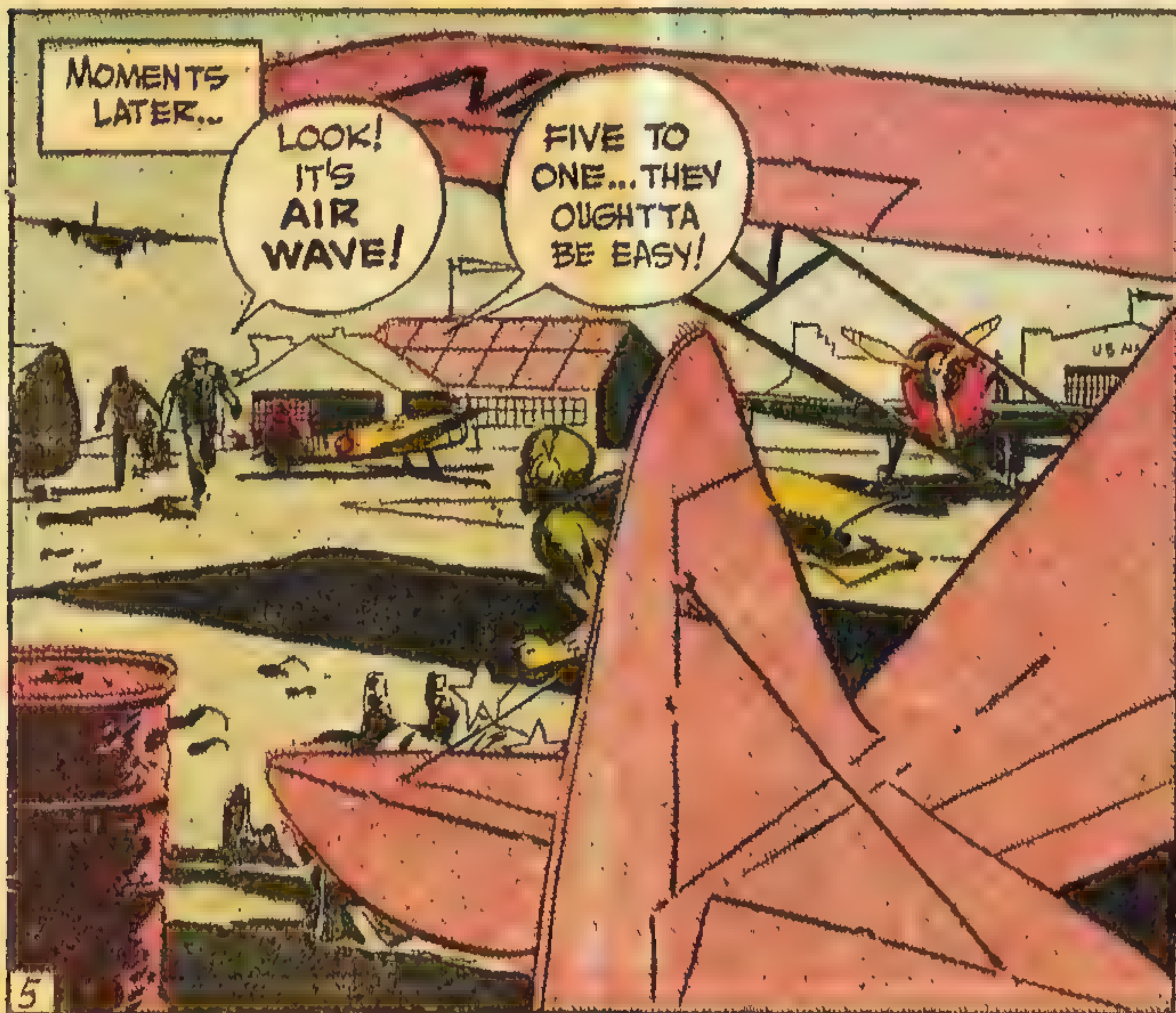
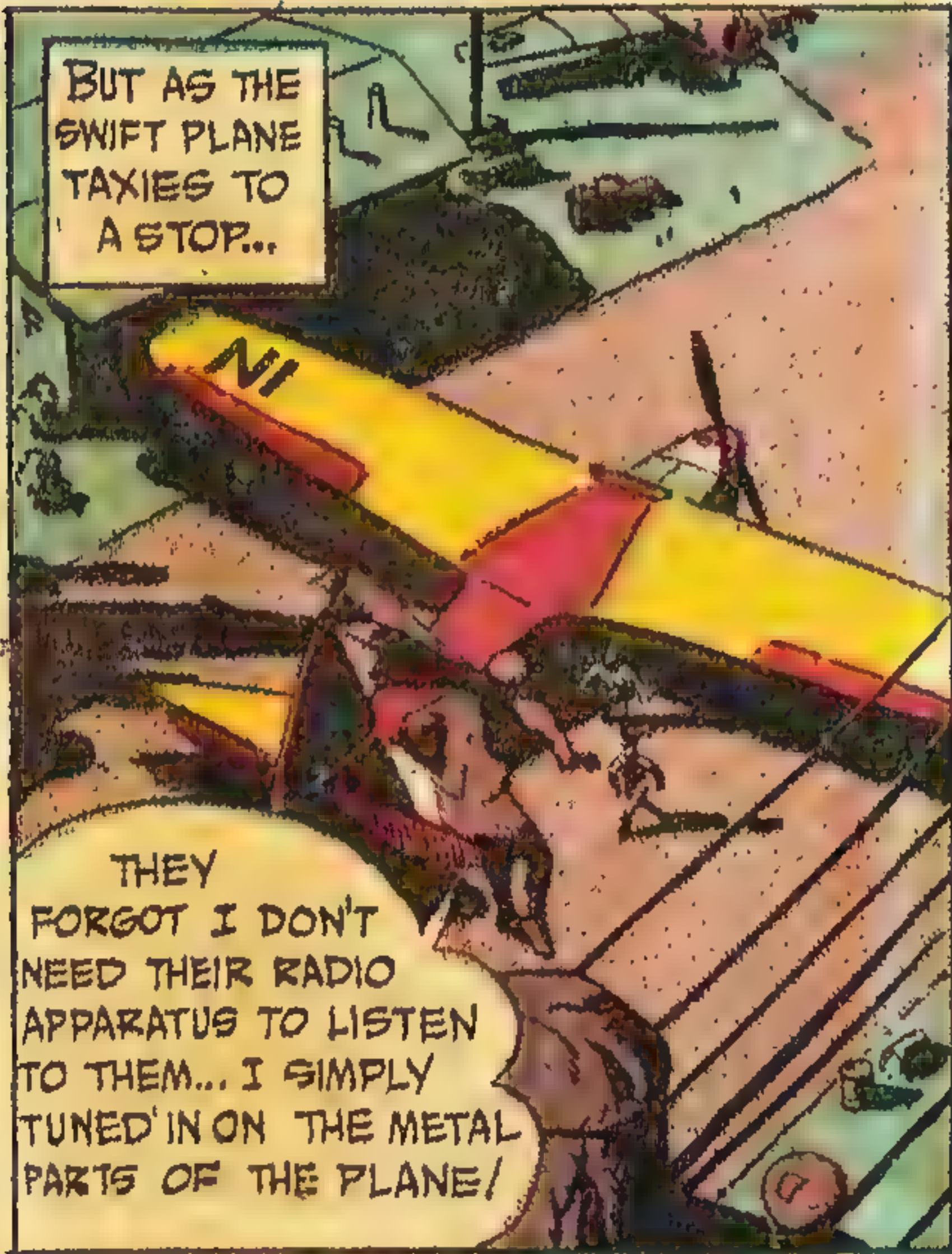
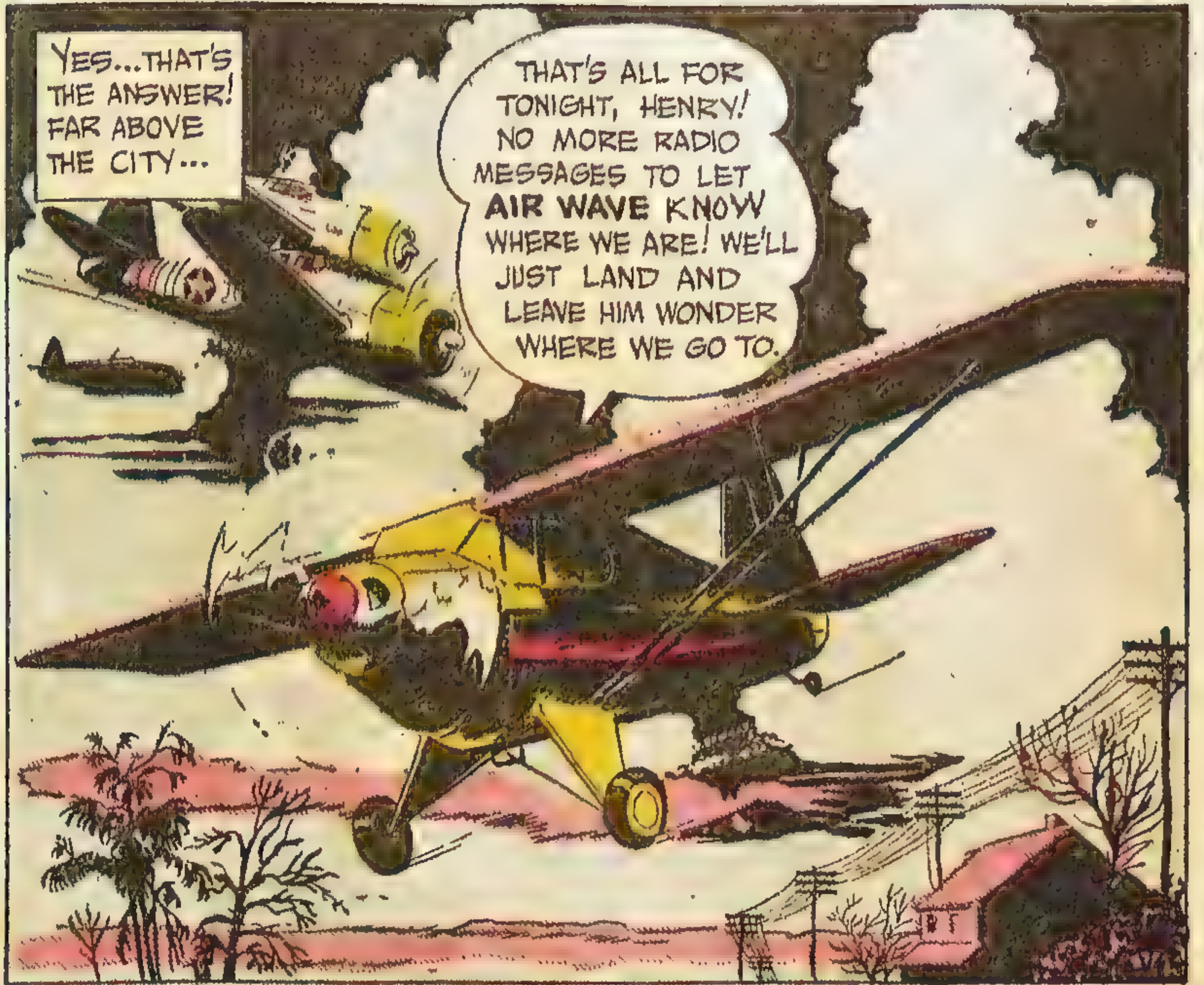
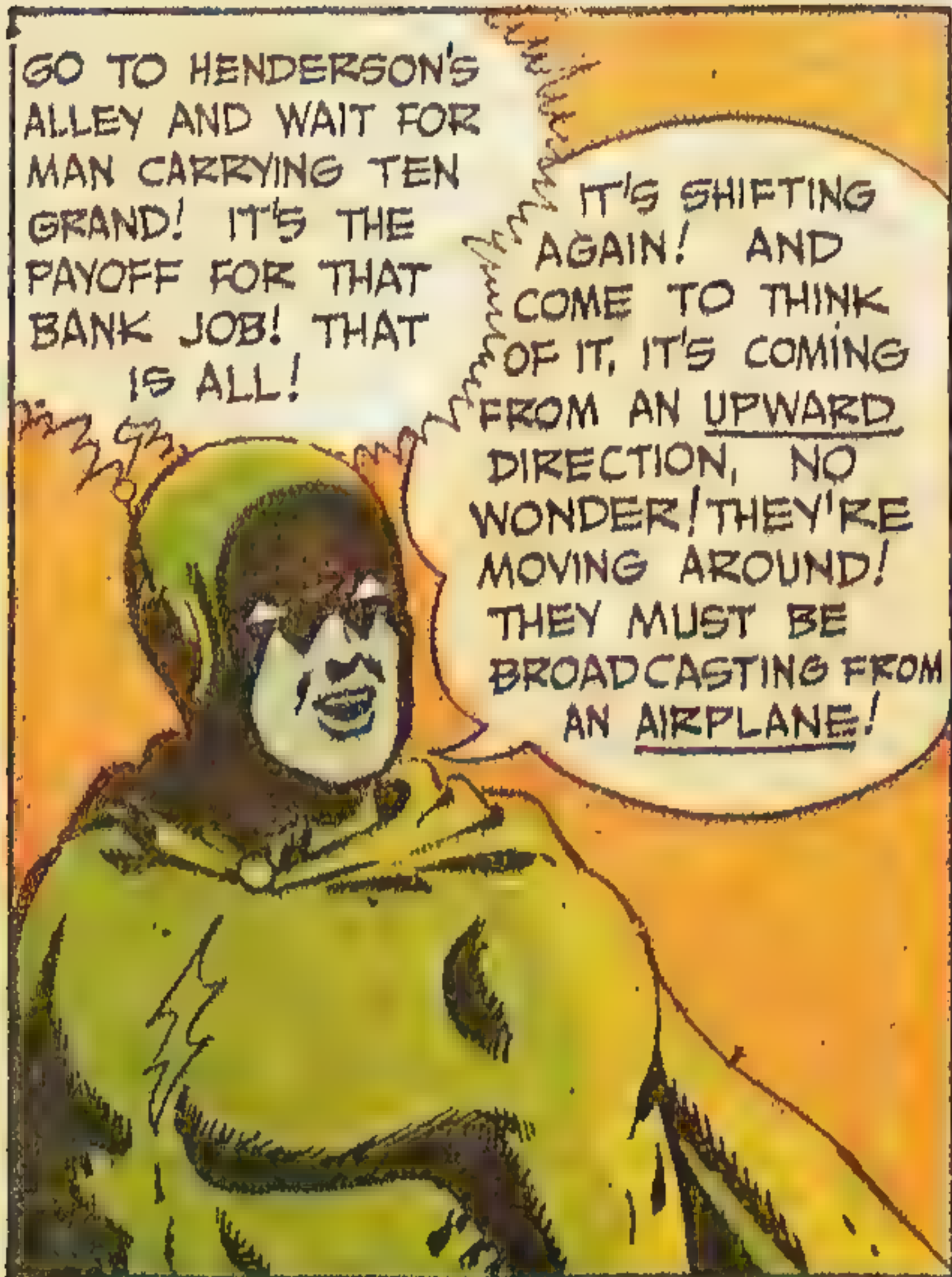
HUH...I  
JUST REALIZED...  
MY DETECTION  
FINDER INDICATES  
THE BROADCAST ISN'T  
COMING FROM AROUND  
HERE AT ALL! IT'S  
FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE OF TOWN!

THEY MUST HAVE  
REALIZED I'M ON  
THEIR TRAIL AND  
SHIFTED THEIR  
APPARATUS! BUT  
NO MATTER HOW  
MUCH THEY MOVE  
IT AROUND,  
I'LL...

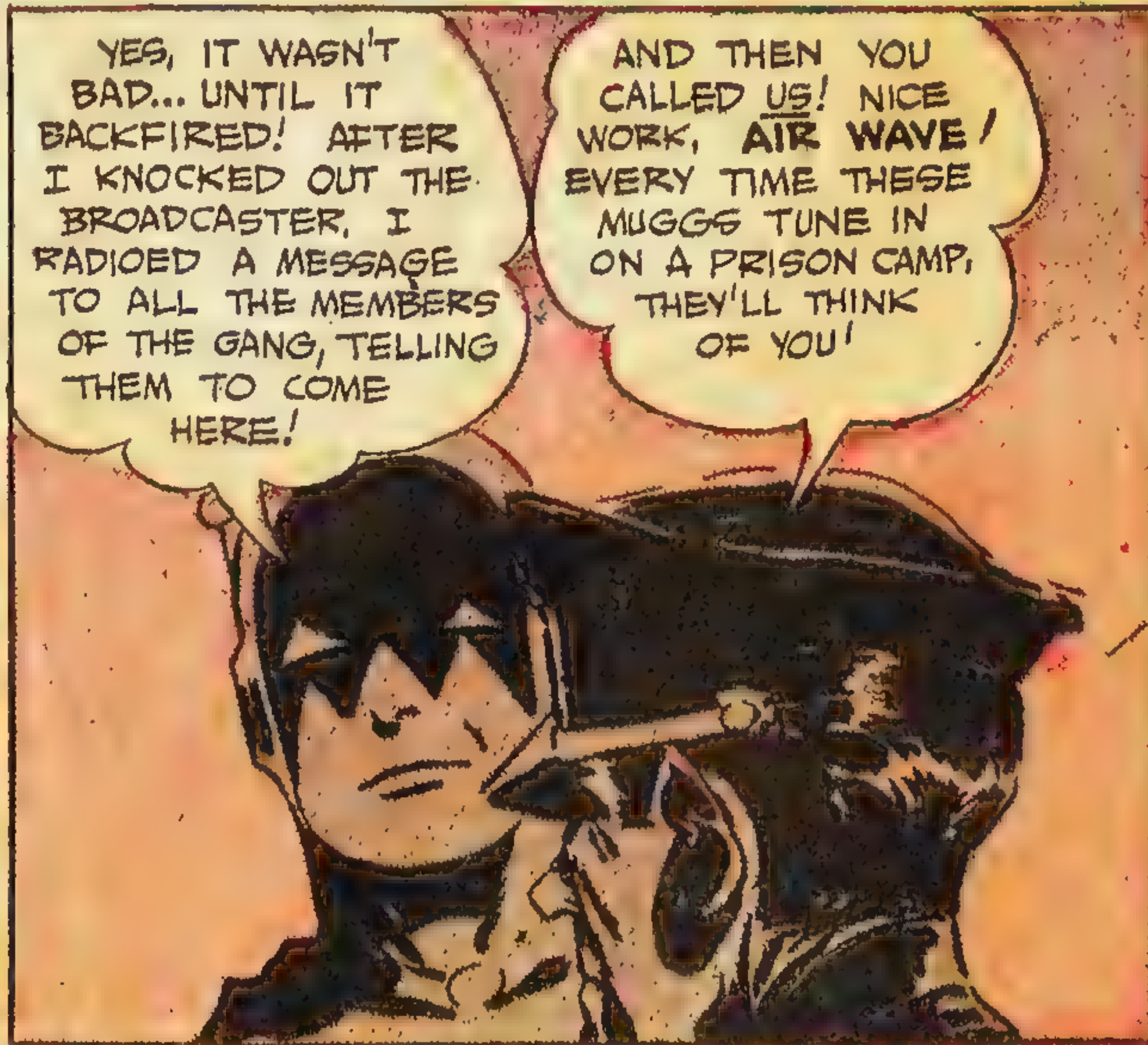
CALLING,  
LEAD-PIPE  
LOUIE!...  
CALLING,  
LEAD-PIPE  
LOUIE!

WHAT! NOW  
MY DETECTION FINDER  
INDICATES THE RADIO  
BEAM IS COMING FROM  
WAY OVER THERE TO  
THE LEFT! I'D BETTER  
WATCH OUT, OR  
THEY'LL HAVE ME  
RUNNING IN  
CIRCLES!











THE

# CRIMSON AVENGER

**A**MBITION'S A WONDERFUL THING... IN ITS PLACE, IT INSPIRES HARD WORK, GREAT INVENTIONS, UNPARALLELED SERVICE TO HUMANITY... AND, ON THIS OCCASION, A SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED IDEA HELD BY TWO CRIMINALS OF THEIR OWN IMPORTANCE, AND WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO CONVERT THE WORLD TO THEIR OWN OPINION, ITS UP TO THE HARD-HITTING CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING TO ARRANGE PROPER PUBLICITY FOR TWO...

"SCOUNDRELS IN SOCIETY!"

IN THE OFFICE OF THE GLOBE-LEADER, EDITOR LEE TRAVIS FACES AN INDIGNANT EMPLOYEE.

I SHAN'T DO IT, MR. TRAVIS. MY PUBLIC WOULD BE HORRIFIED IF I WERE TO ATTEND SUCH AN AFFAIR.

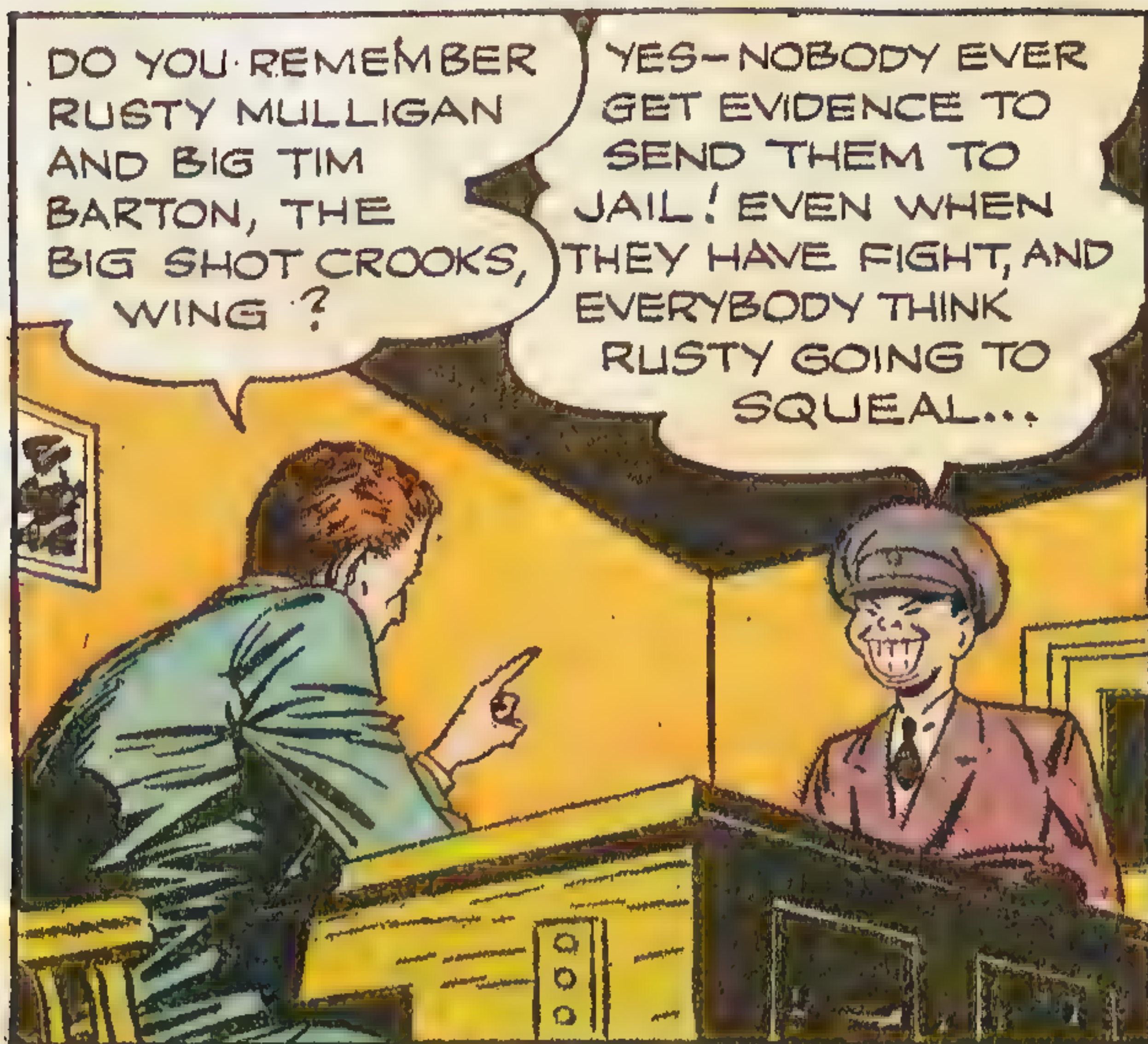
TAKE IT EASY, MRS BUSSY. YOU COULD WRITE IT UP IN A HUMOROUS MANNER.

NEVER! I'D RESIGN FIRST!

HMM, MRS. BUSSY, SOCIETY EDITOR, VERY MUCH UPSET! WHAT BITING HER?







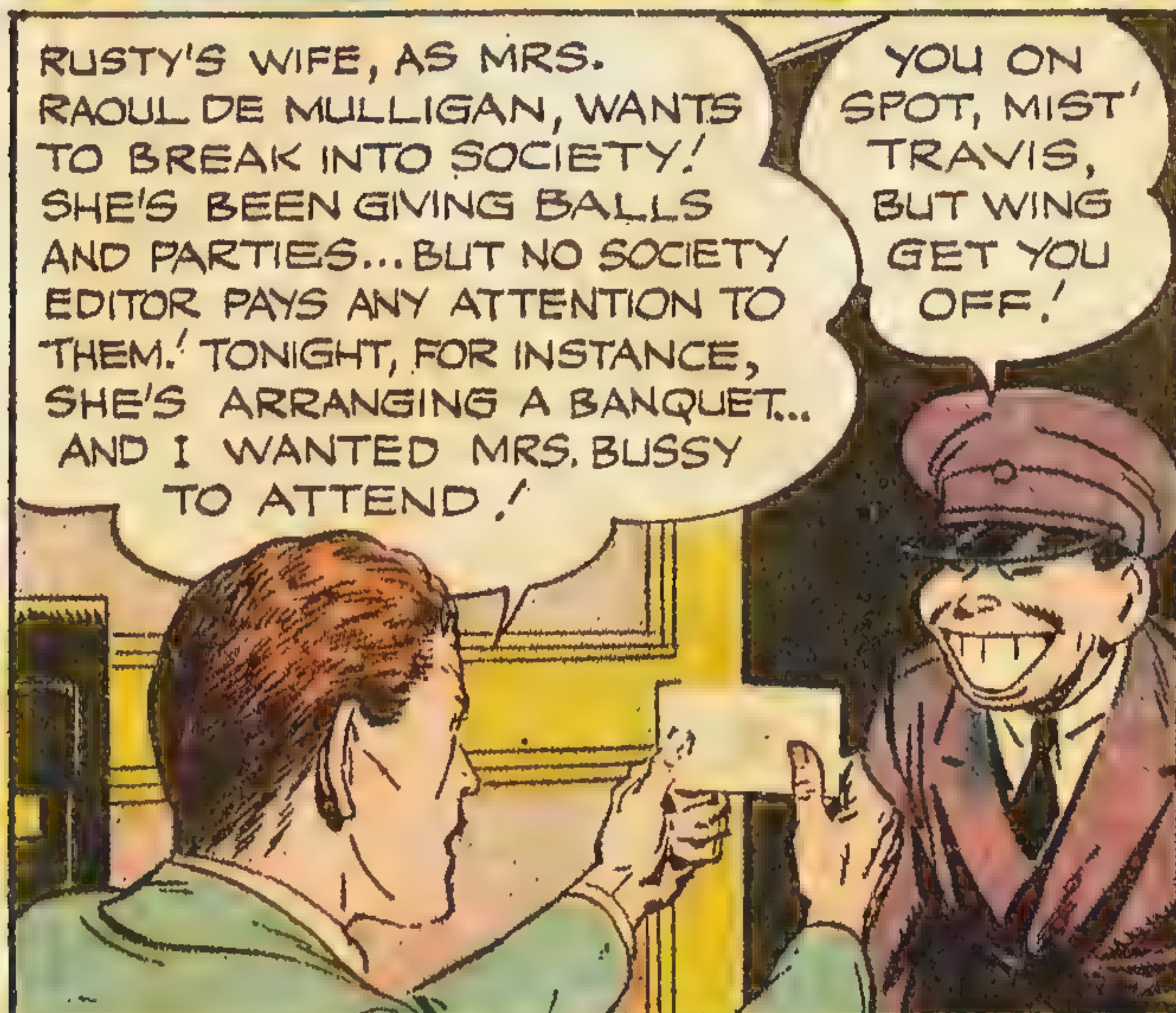
DO YOU REMEMBER  
RUSTY MULLIGAN  
AND BIG TIM  
BARTON, THE  
BIG SHOT CROOKS,  
WING ?

YES-NOBODY EVER  
GET EVIDENCE TO  
SEND THEM TO  
JAIL! EVEN WHEN  
THEY HAVE FIGHT, AND  
EVERYBODY THINK  
RUSTY GOING TO  
SQUEAL...



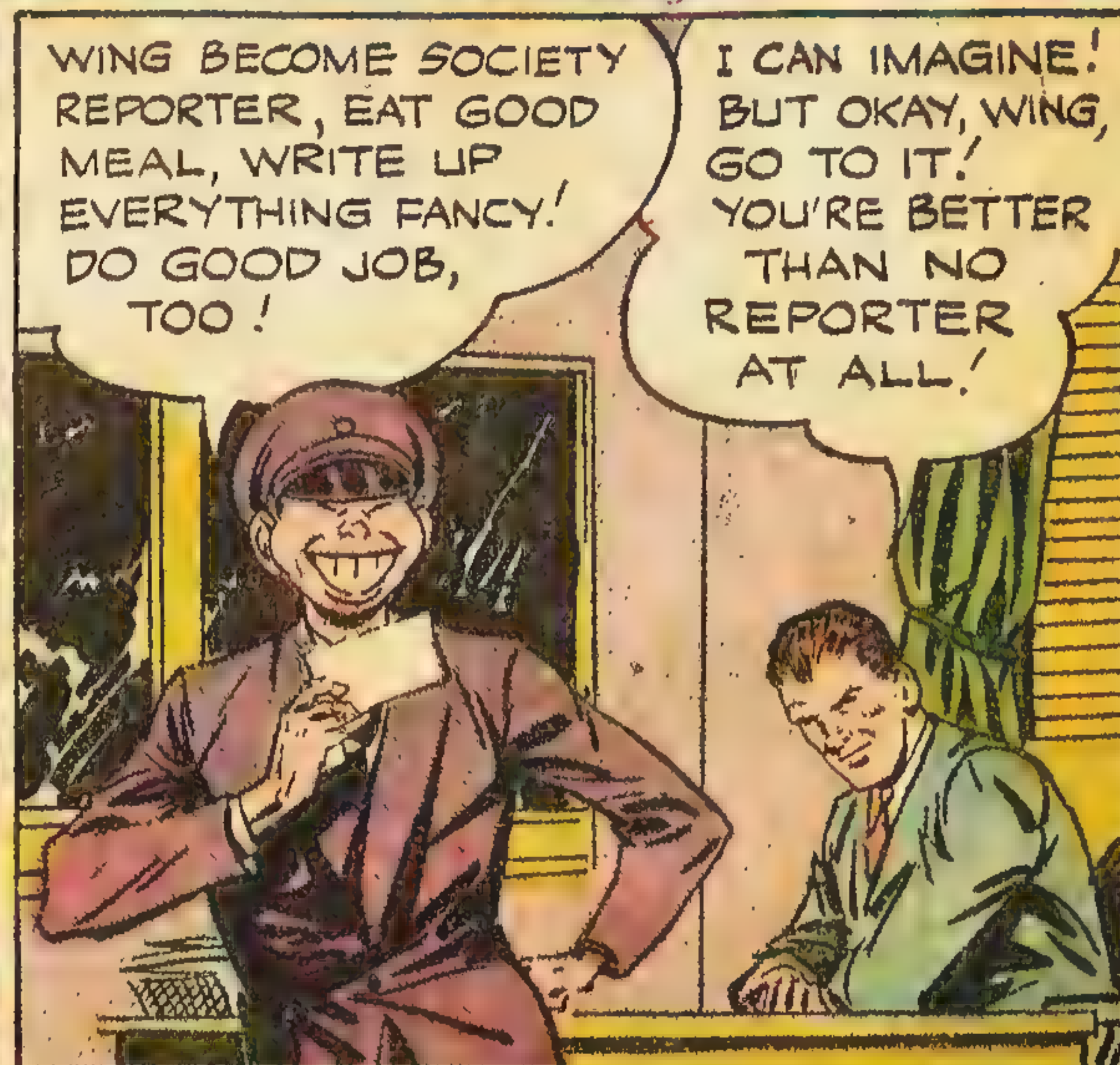
INSTEAD THEY MADE  
UP, THEN RETIRED  
FROM THE RACKETS,  
AND BECAME RESPECT-  
ABLE! THEIR DEBT  
TO THE LAW IS  
UNPAID!

BUT WHAT  
HAS THIS TO  
DO WITH  
MRS. BUSSY,  
SOCIETY  
REPORTER?



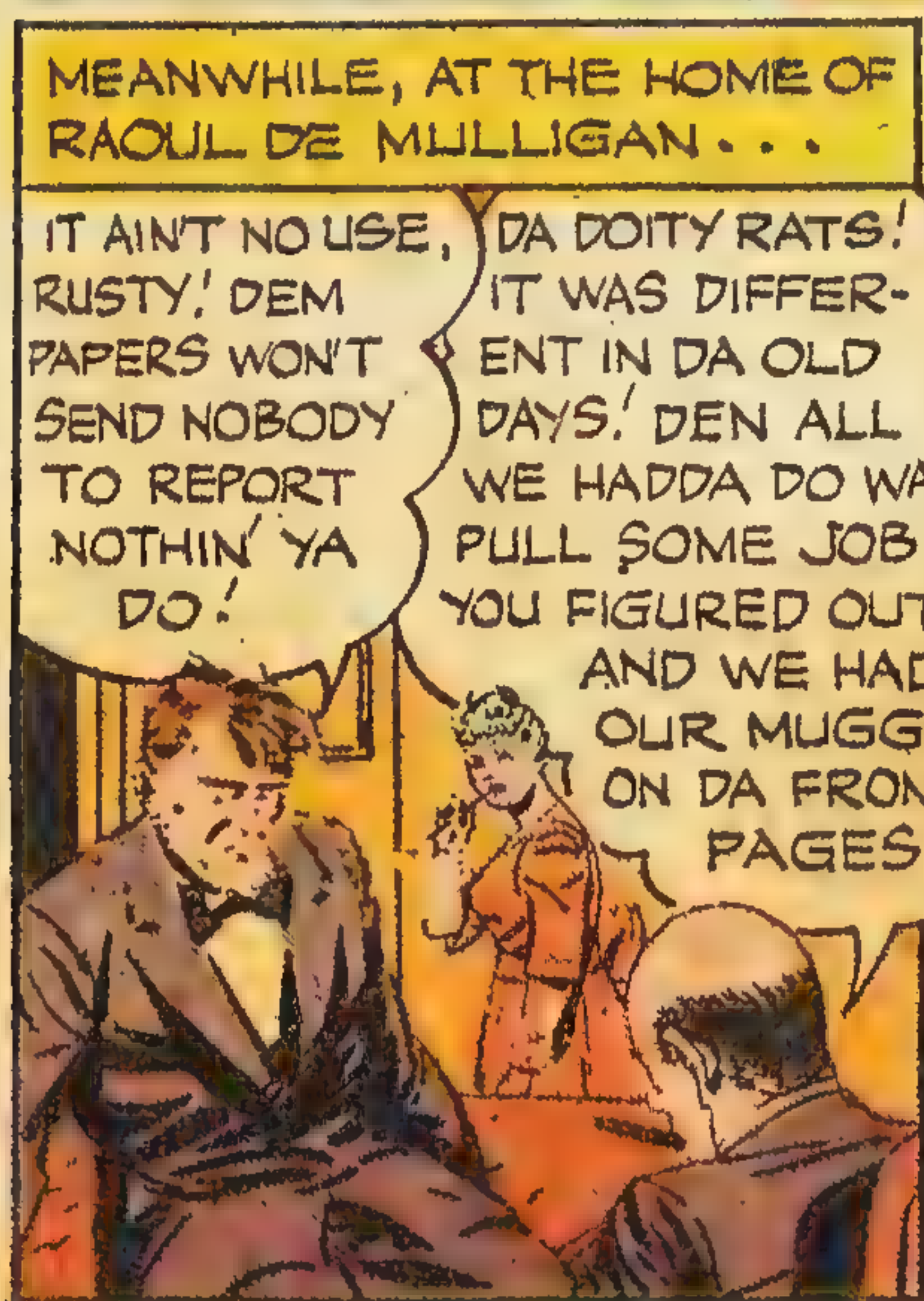
RUSTY'S WIFE, AS MRS.  
RAOUL DE MULLIGAN, WANTS  
TO BREAK INTO SOCIETY!  
SHE'S BEEN GIVING BALLS  
AND PARTIES... BUT NO SOCIETY  
EDITOR PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO  
THEM! TONIGHT, FOR INSTANCE,  
SHE'S ARRANGING A BANQUET...  
AND I WANTED MRS. BUSSY  
TO ATTEND!

YOU ON  
SPOT, MIST'  
TRAVIS,  
BUT WING  
GET YOU  
OFF!



WING BECOME SOCIETY  
REPORTER, EAT GOOD  
MEAL, WRITE UP  
EVERYTHING FANCY!  
DO GOOD JOB,  
TOO!

I CAN IMAGINE!  
BUT OKAY, WING,  
GO TO IT!  
YOU'RE BETTER  
THAN NO  
REPORTER  
AT ALL!



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF  
RAOUL DE MULLIGAN...

IT AINT NO USE,  
RUSTY! DEM  
PAPERS WON'T  
SEND NOBODY  
TO REPORT  
NOTHIN' YA  
DO!

DA DOITY RATS!  
IT WAS DIFFER-  
ENT IN DA OLD  
DAYS! DEN ALL  
WE HADDA DO WAS  
PULL SOME JOB  
YOU FIGURED OUT,  
AND WE HAD  
OUR MUGGS  
ON DA FRONT  
PAGES!



YEAH, THEM WAS  
DA DAYS! YA WAS  
A SMART GUY  
THEN, SO  
SMART I  
SOMETIMES  
HAD ME  
SUSPICIONS!  
BUT NOW...

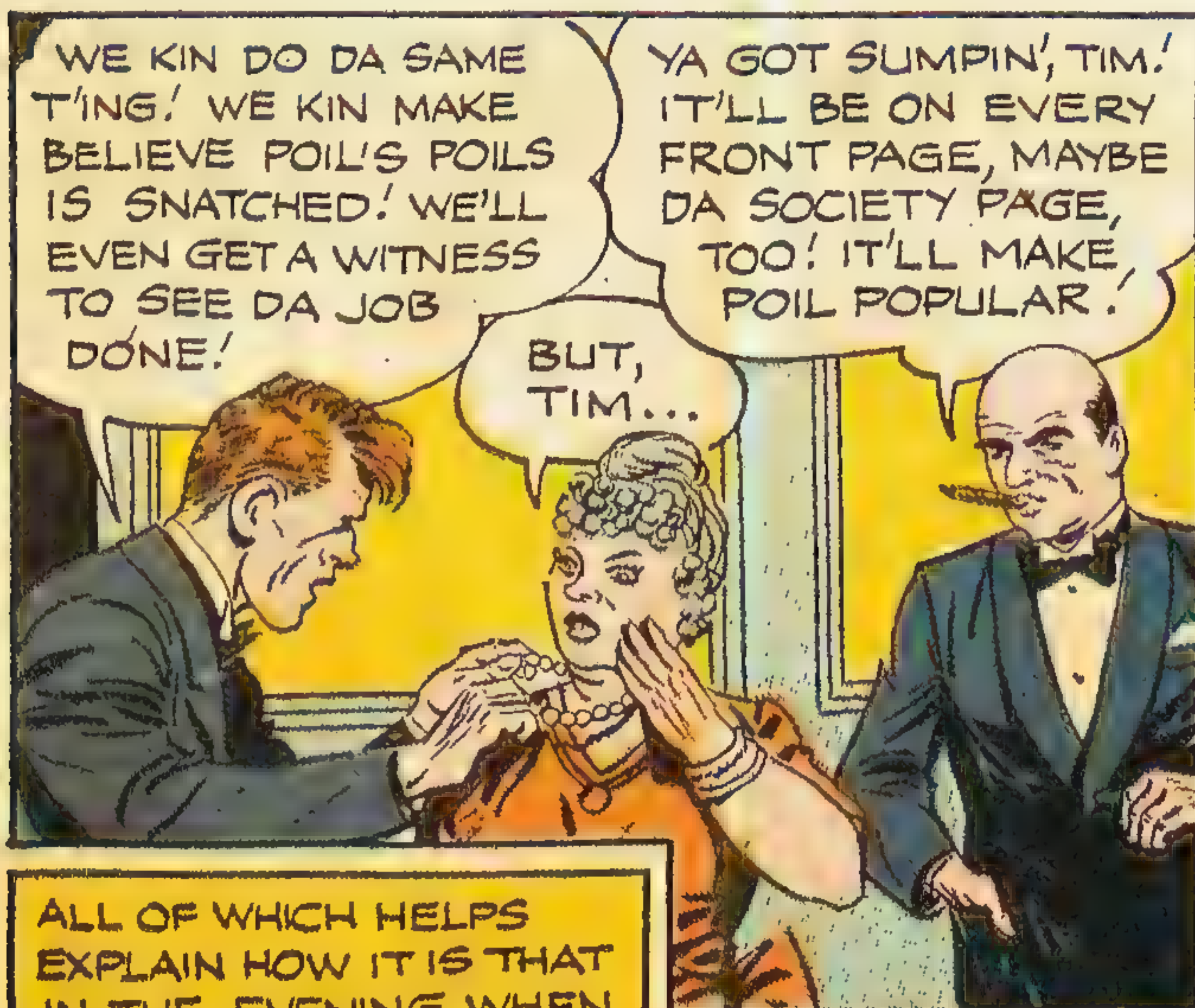
WAIT A  
MINUTE,  
RUSTY,  
I T'INK  
I GOT DA  
ANSWER!



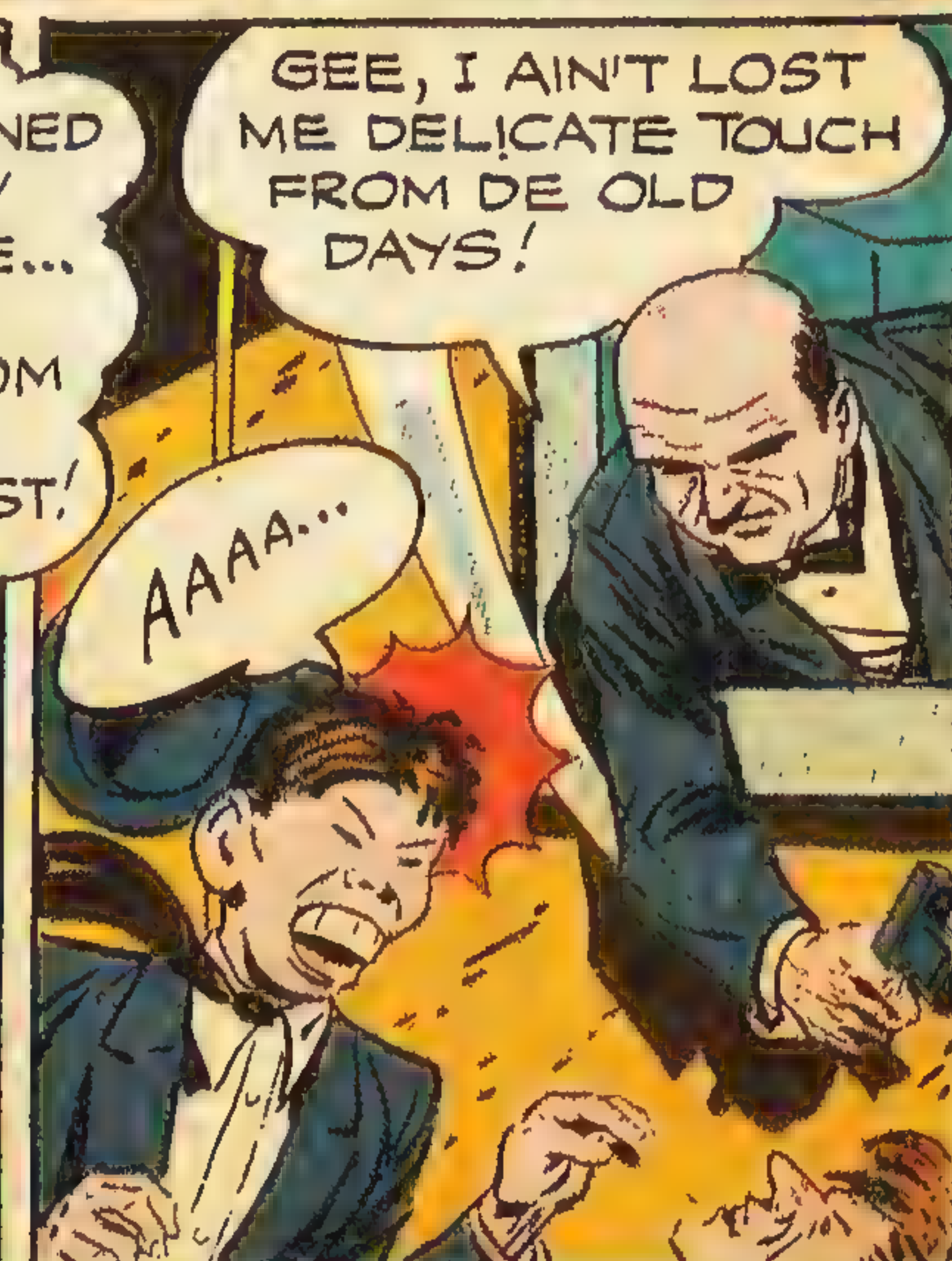
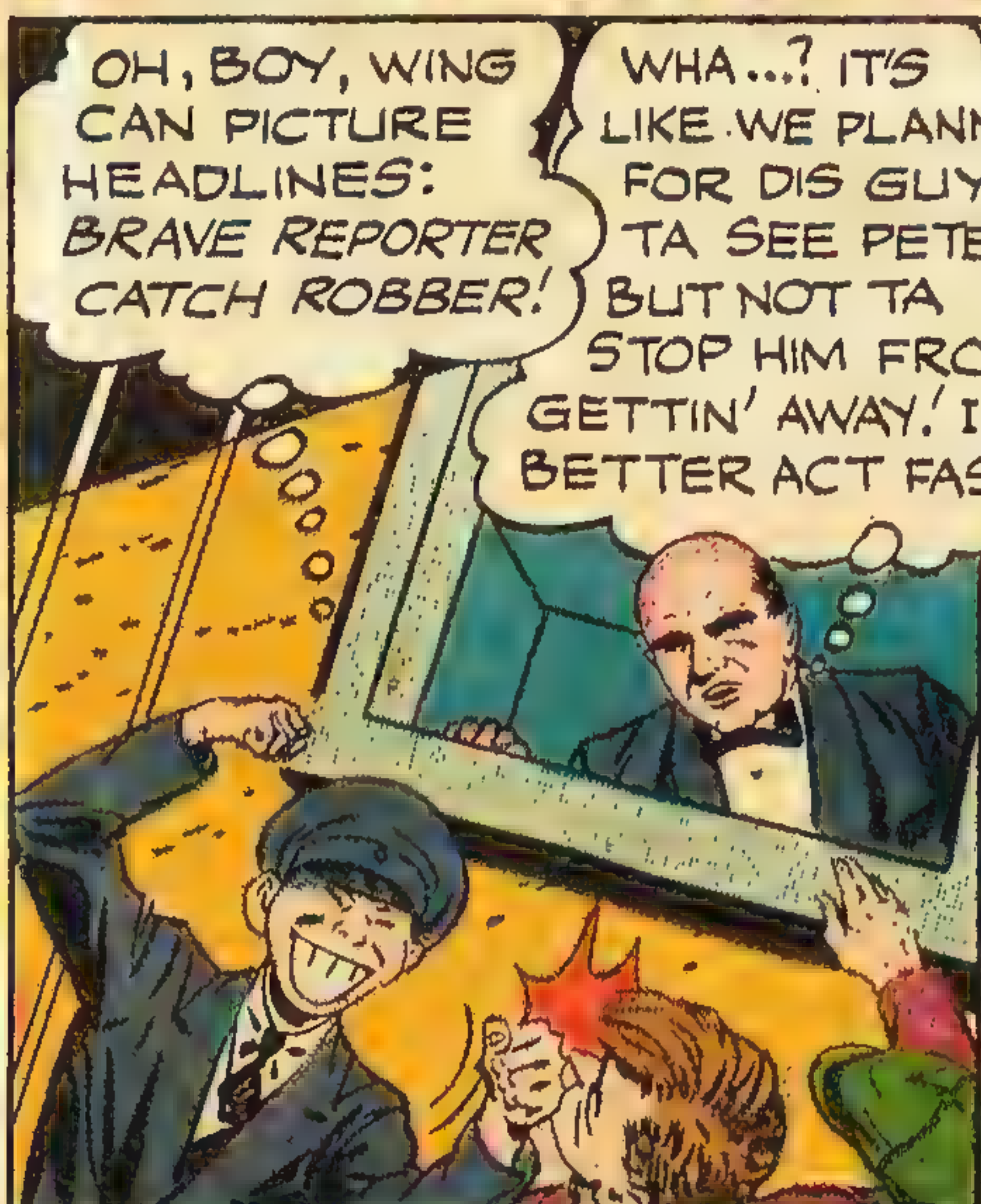
WHAT DOES A MOVIE STAR  
DO WHEN SHE CAN'T GET  
NO PUBLICITY?  
SHE LOSES SUMPIN',  
CLAIMS IT WAS  
HOOKED OFFA  
HER!

HUH...?  
YOU  
MEAN...?

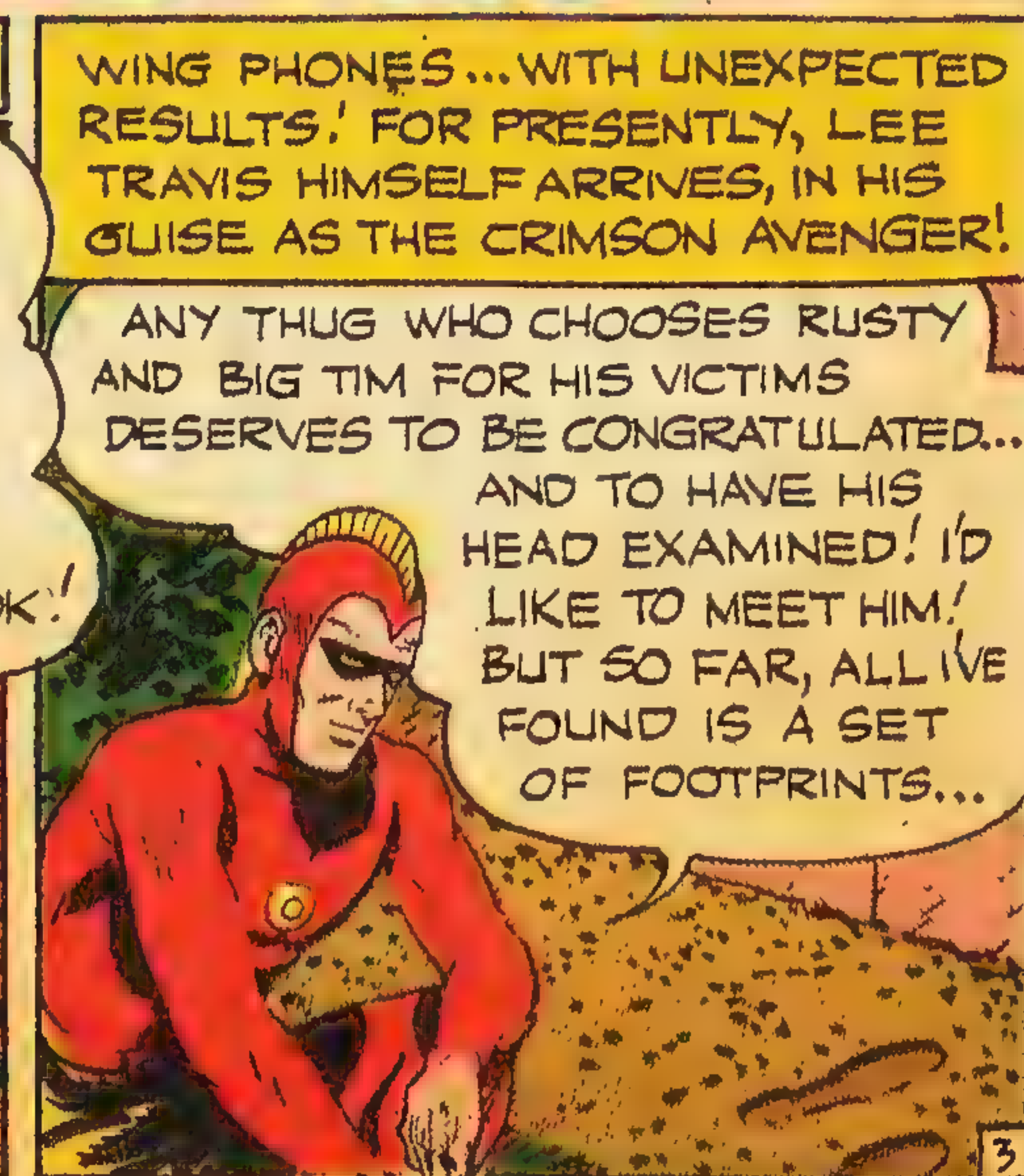
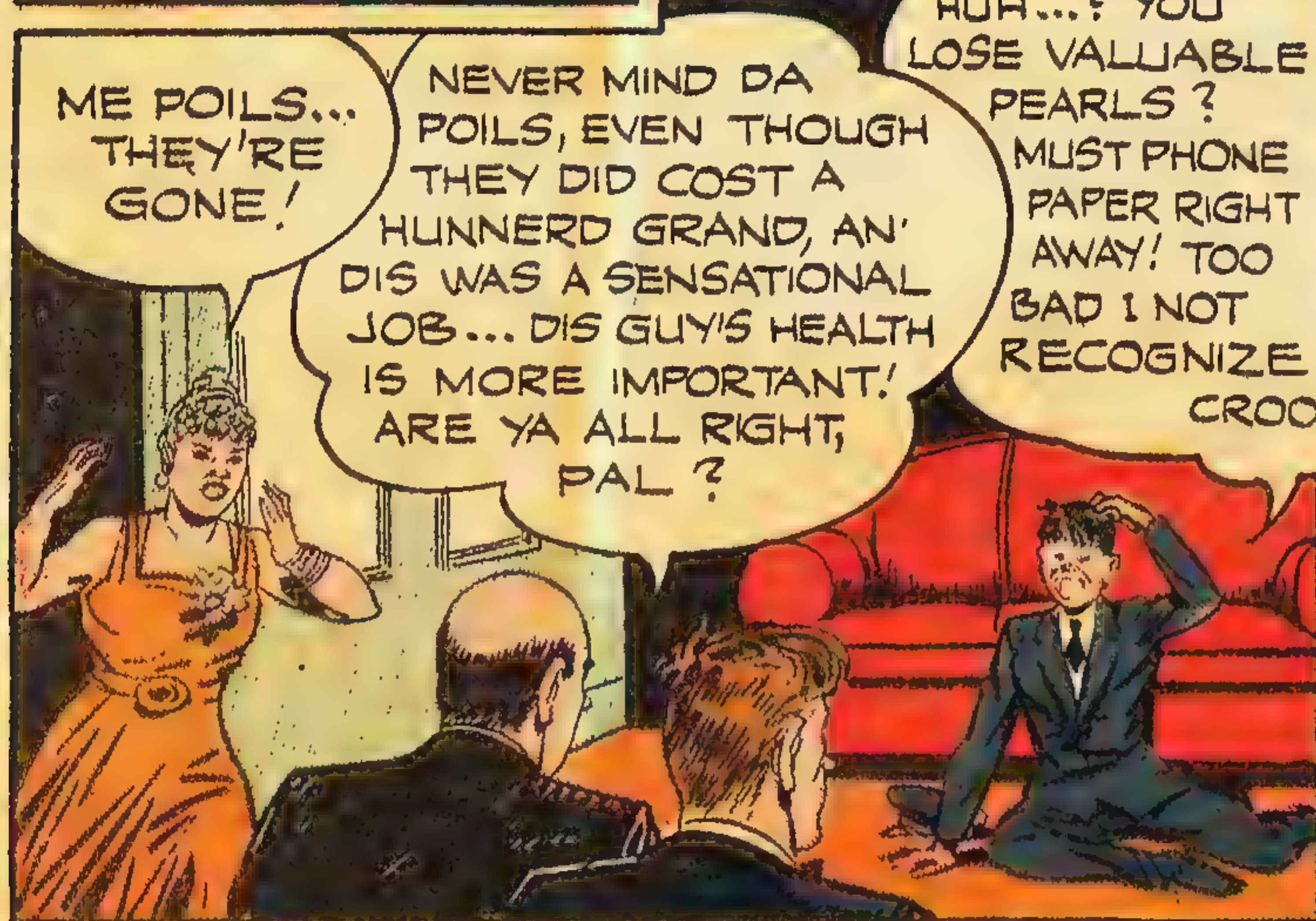




ALL OF WHICH HELPS EXPLAIN HOW IT IS THAT IN THE EVENING, WHEN WING ARRIVES...

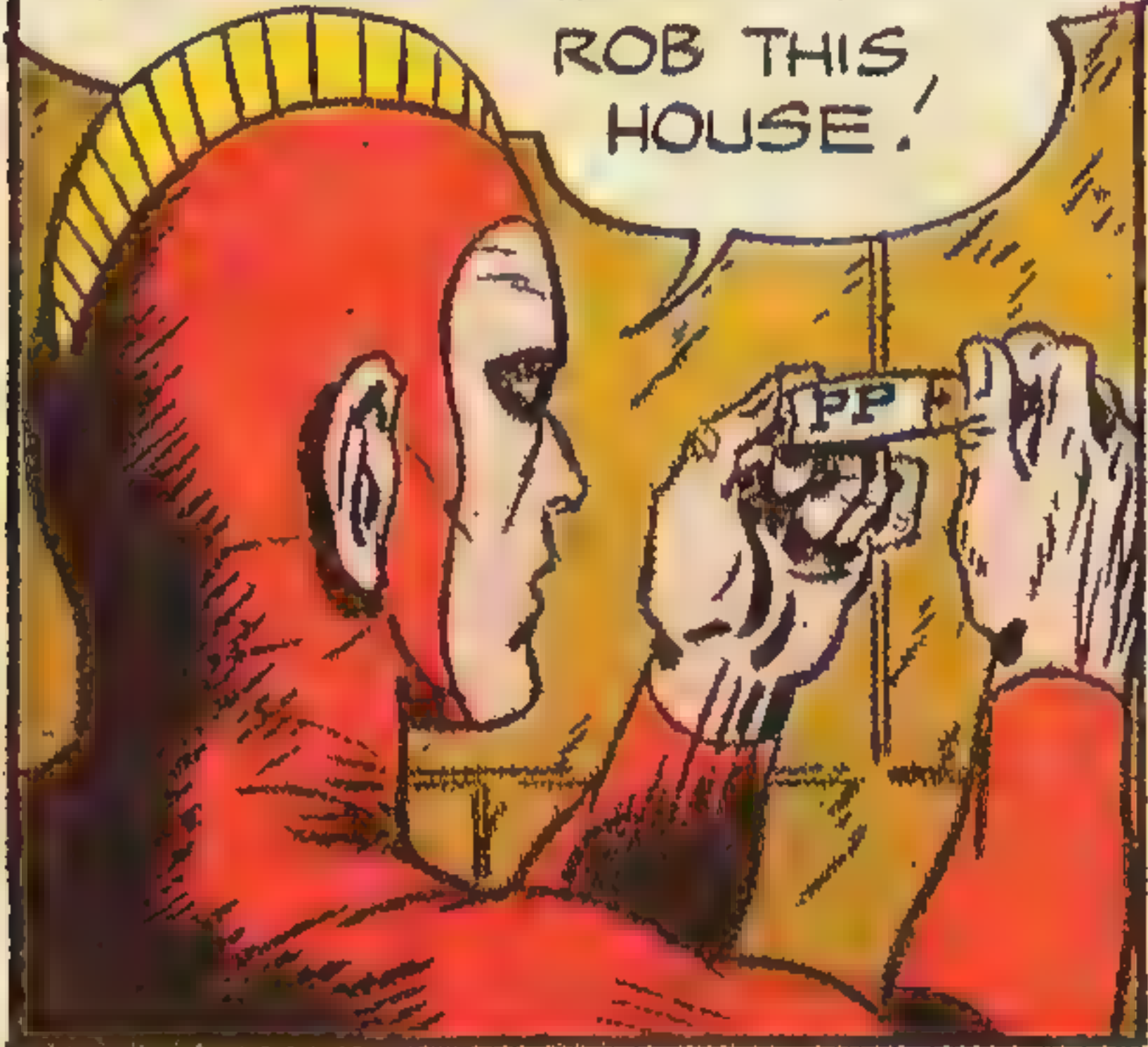


MOMENTS LATER...





HMM, THIS PEN-KNIFE MUST HAVE BEEN DROPPED IN THE FIGHT WITH WING! AND FROM WING'S DESCRIPTION PP MUST MEAN PETE PETERS! BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS A PAL OF TIM'S! HE WOULDN'T ROB THIS HOUSE!



WHILE WITHIN THE MAGNIFICENT DE MULLIGAN MANSION...

WHAT A BREAK! WE SEE A GUY COMIN', AN' PICK HIM FER A WITNESS THAT THERE'S BEEN A BOIGLARY ... AN' HE TONS OUT TO BE A REPORTER!

ALSO A SAP! HE BELIEVED DAT STORY ABOUT DA BOIGLAR HAVIN' A PAL, AN' SOCKIN' HIM WHILE HE WASN'T LOOKIN'!



BUT AS THE CRIMINALS GLOAT, THE CRIMSON AVENGER PURSUES HIS INVESTIGATIONS! SHORTLY, IN AN UNDERWORLD DEN...

YOU GOT A NOIVE COMIN' HERE, AVENGER! WE AINT DONE NUTTIN'!

AN' WE DON'T KNOW NUTTIN' ABOUT PETE! WE T'UGHT HE RETIRED FROM BUSINESS!

THANKS, BOYS... THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW!



SO PETE'S RETIRED, TO LIVE ON THE PROCEEDS OF PAST CRIMES... AND YET HE ROBS HIS OLD PALS! THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK!



UNEXPECTEDLY, IN THE REAR OF THE ELABORATE DOMICILE...

WING! SO YOU SMELLED SOMETHING WRONG TOO?

PLENTY WRONG, MIST' CLIMSON! SECOND CROOK HIT WING OVER HEAD... BUT ONLY FIRST CROOK LEAVE FOOTPRINTS AS HE RUN AWAY! MAYBE SECOND CROOK STILL HIDING HERE!



EVERYBODY ELSE'S ENJOYIN' DA BANQUET, SO... HUH...?

WELL, WELL! IS THIS YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATE, WING?

AND HOW! WING GLAD HE NO RUN AWAY! NOW WING PAY LITTLE DEBT!



BUT FLEET-FOOTED PETE IS FAST ON HIS FEET! AND AS THE CRIME-CRUSHING DUO TAKES UP THE PURSUIT...

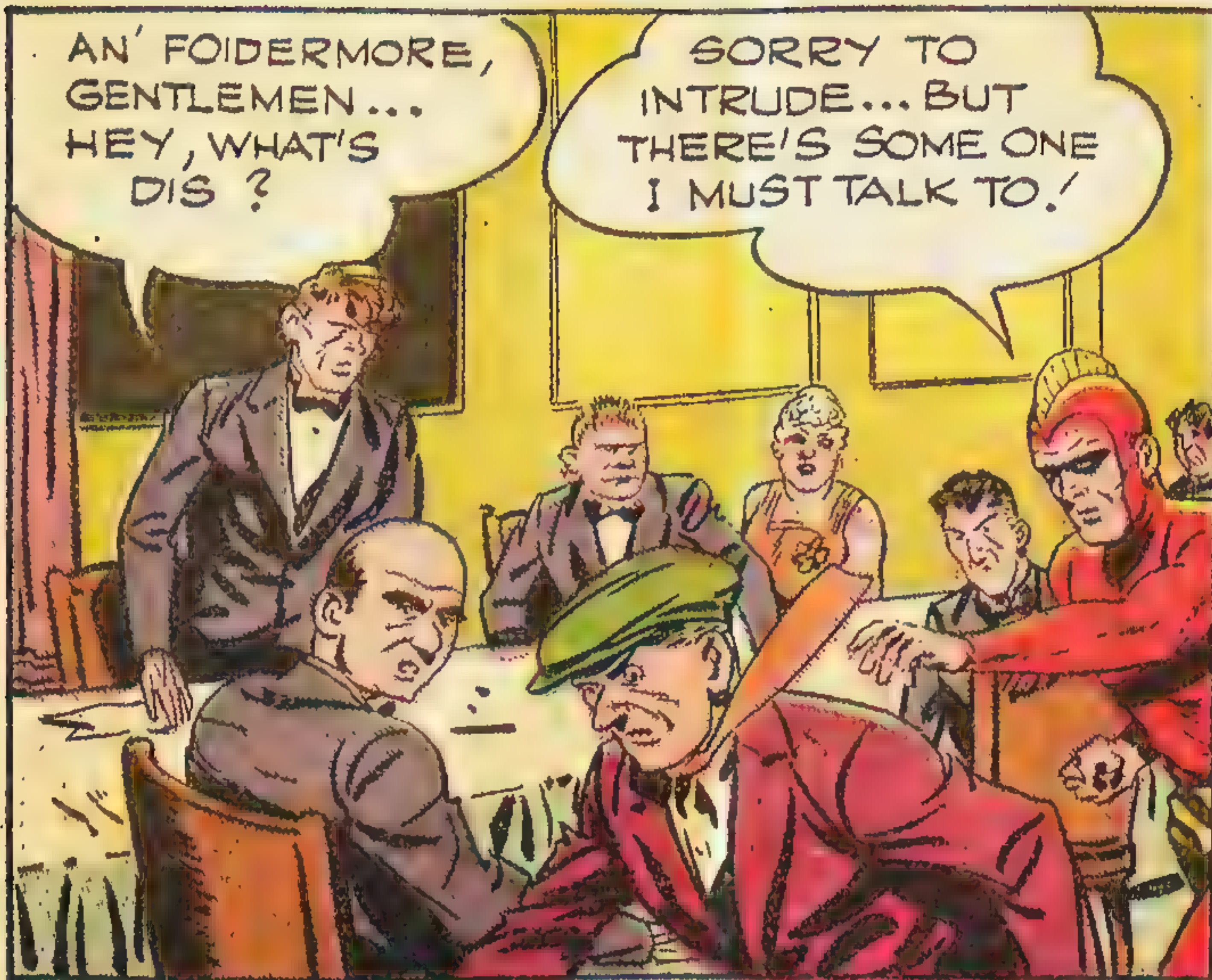
OUTTA MY WAY, SAP!

EITHER PETE IS OFF HIS HEAD, OR HIS CRIME IS PHONEY! FIRST HE STEALS THE PEARLS... AND THEN COMES BACK FOR A PIECE OF PIE!

ALSO, HE KNOW HOUSE VERY WELL! SOUND FISHY!







AN' FOIDERMORE,  
GENTLEMEN...  
HEY, WHAT'S  
DIS ?

SORRY TO  
INTRUDE... BUT  
THERE'S SOME ONE  
I MUST TALK TO!



HOW ABOUT  
IT, PETE ? CAN  
WE HAVE THAT  
LITTLE CHAT  
NOW ?

I DON'T WANT  
PETE TO SPILL  
DA BEANS YET!  
I GOTTA ACT  
FAST!



YOU WON'T GET  
ANY PLACE THIS  
WAY, PETE! YOU'D  
BETTER TALK!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT DIS RAT,  
AVENGER! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF HIM!



OOPS! IT SLIPPED!  
(HA, HA! DIS IS A PLEASURE!)

AAAAA...



TIM WANTS A SHUT  
DESE GUYS UP! SO  
I'LL JUST SOCK DIS  
ONE WID ME ELBOW...

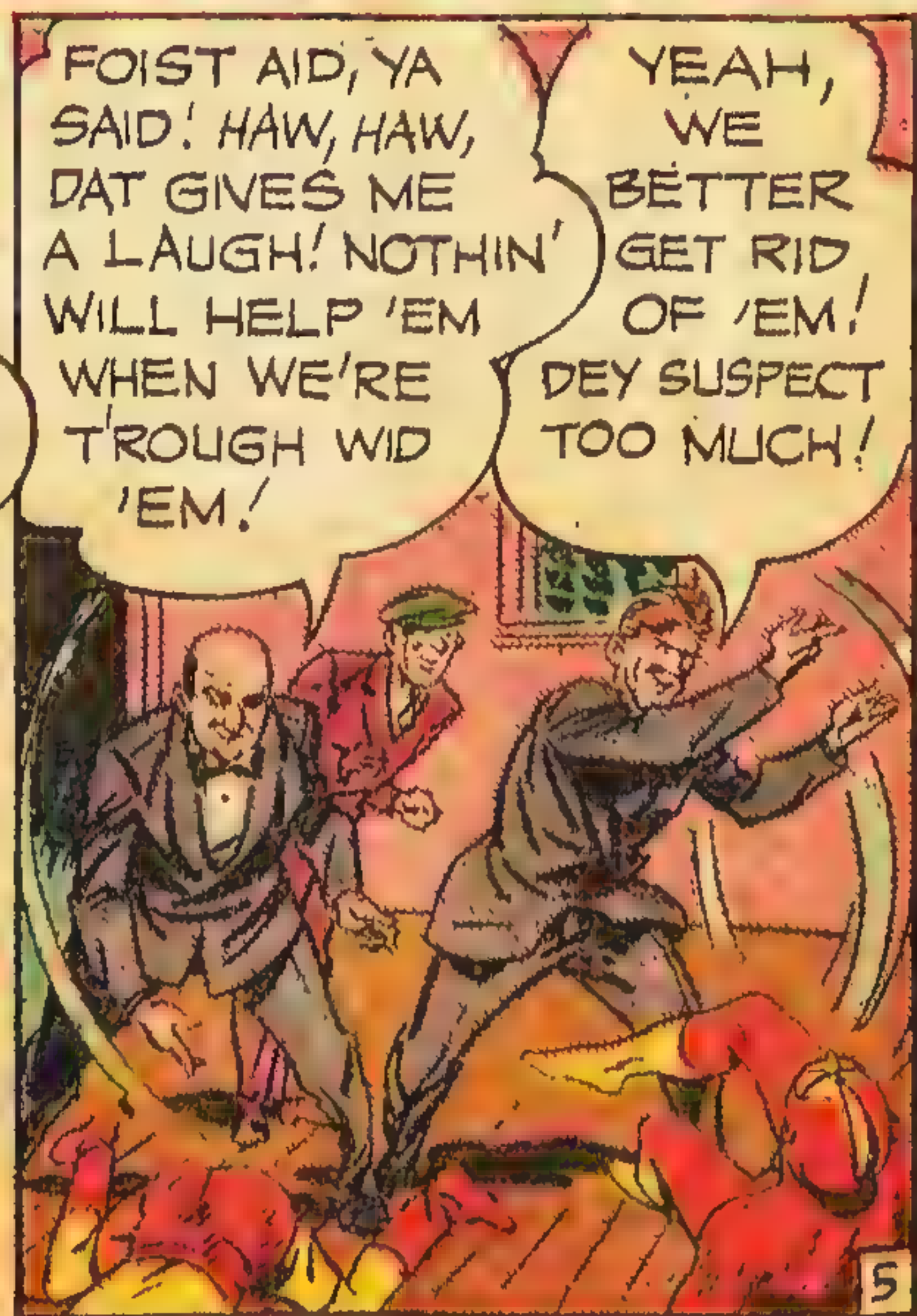
EXCUSE  
ME, CHUM!

OOOOOFFFF!



AMID THE CONFUSION, NATUR-  
ALLY, PETE ESCAPES! AND  
THE NEXT MOMENT...

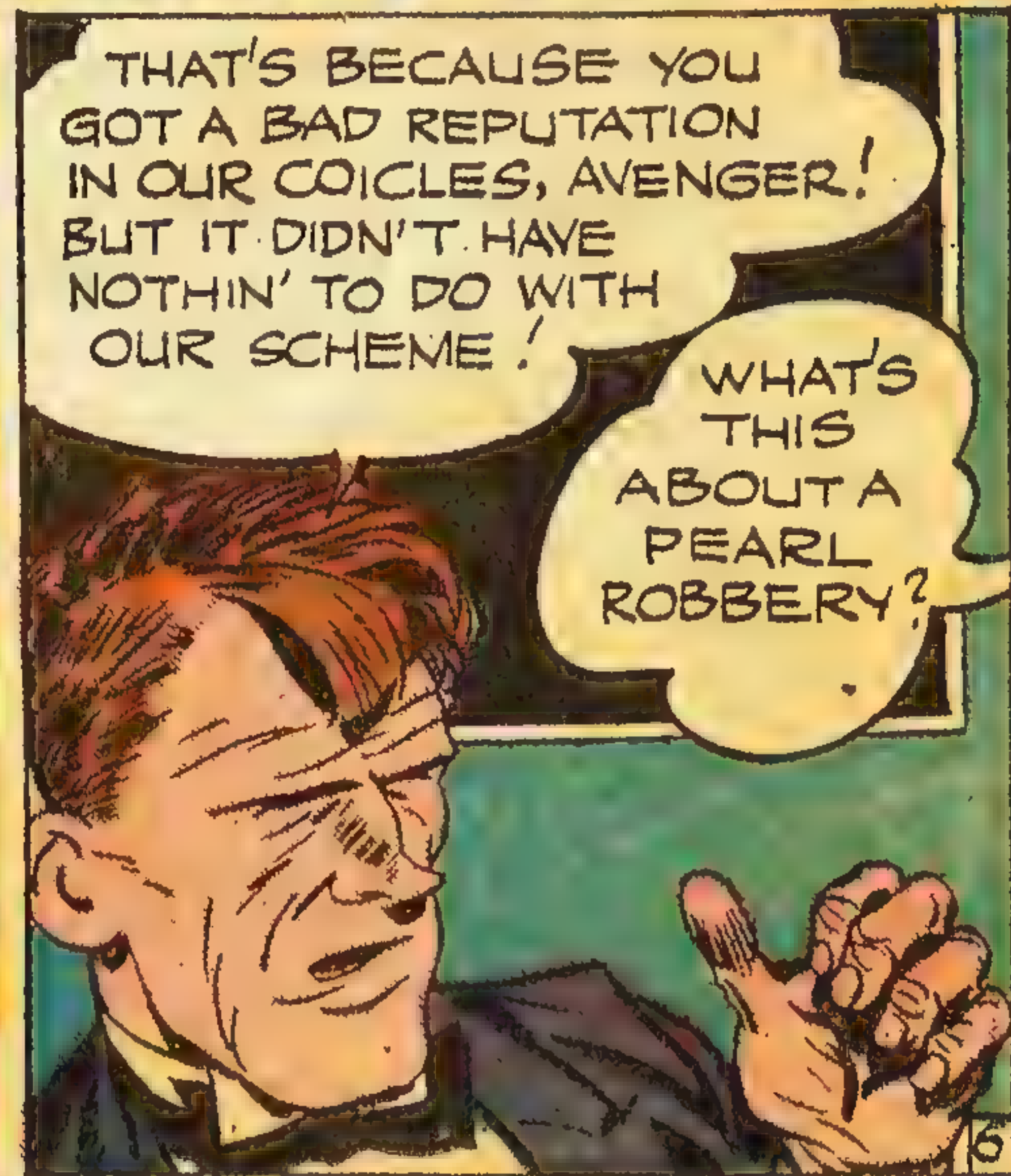
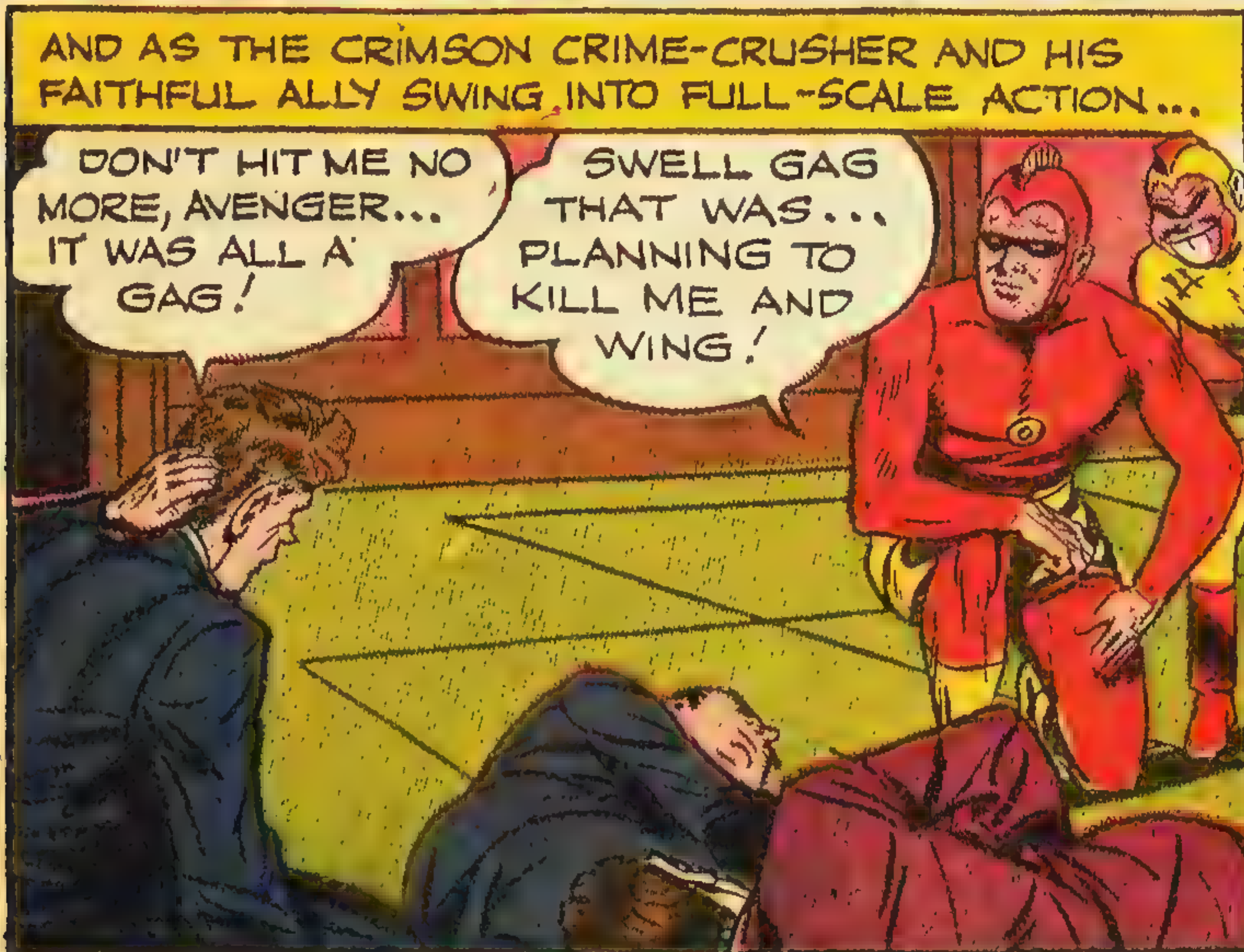
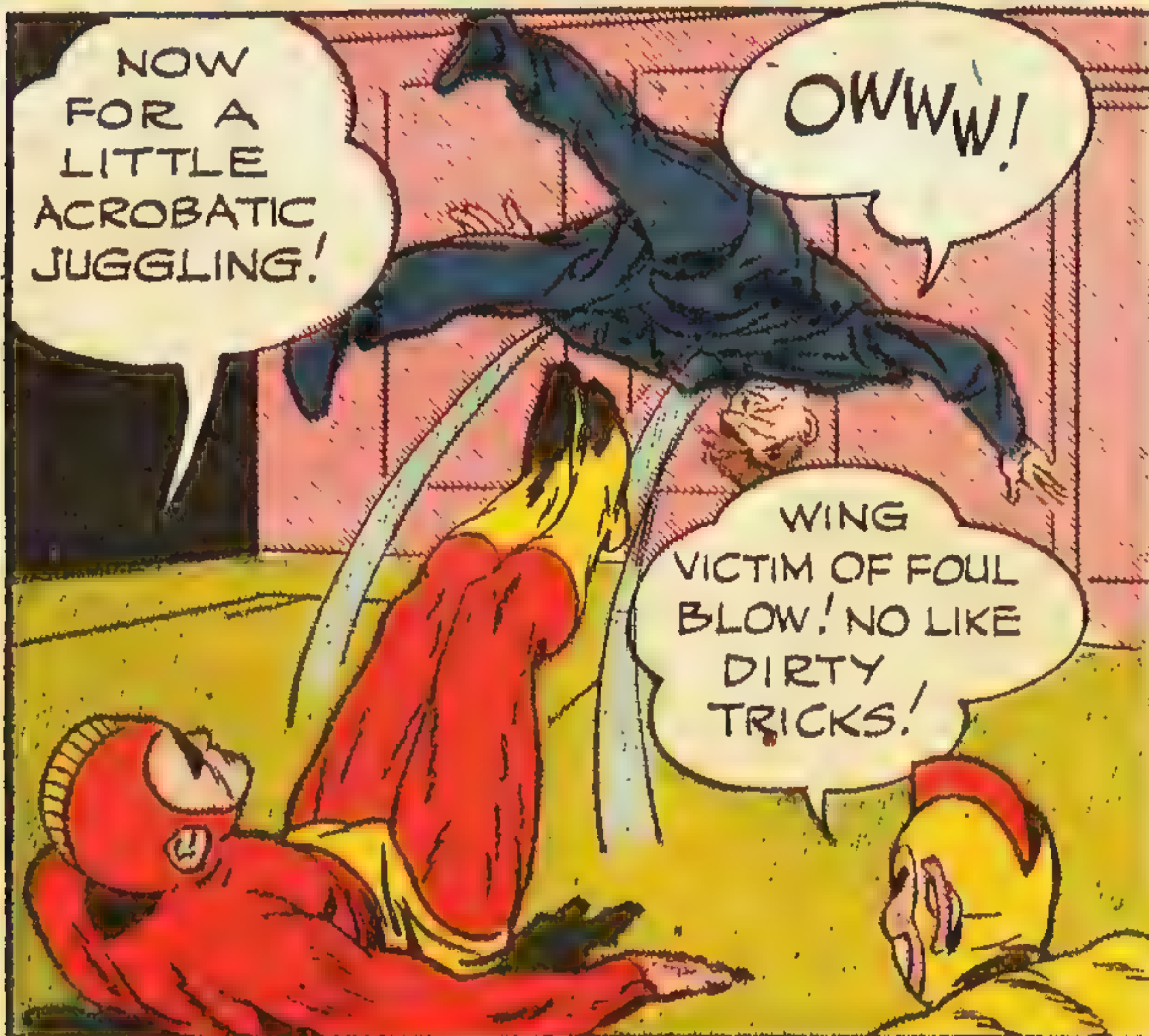
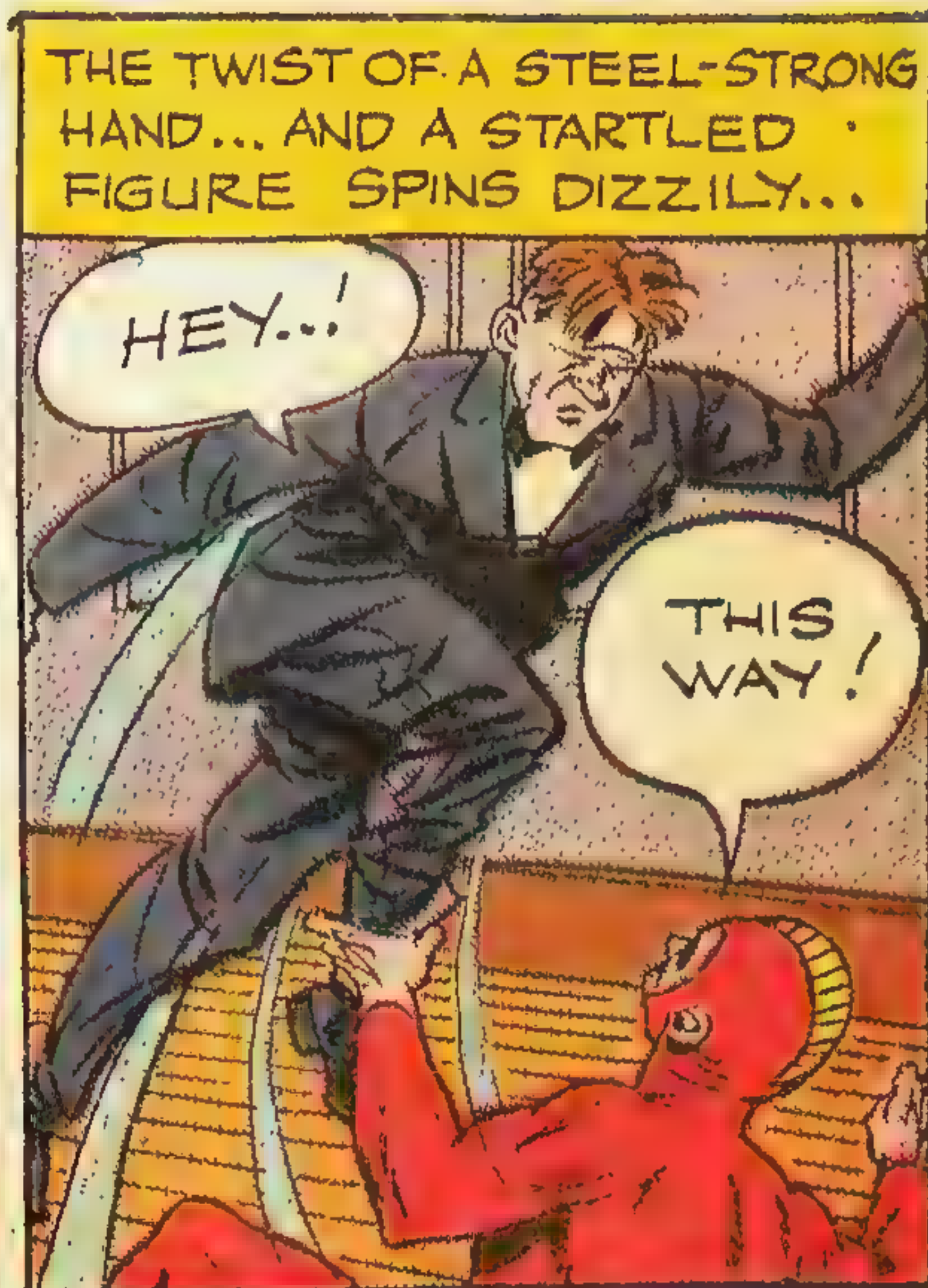
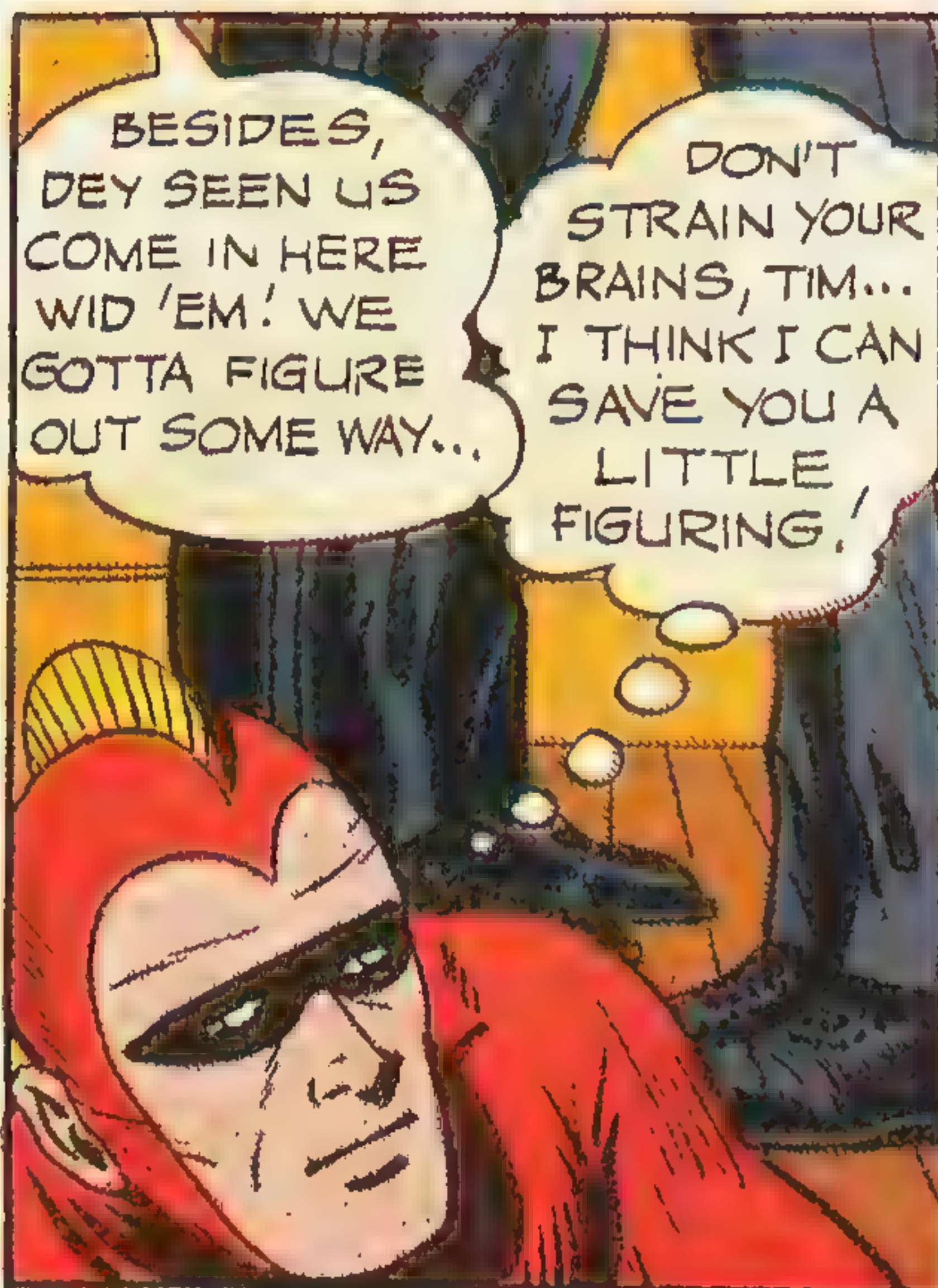
GO ON WID DA MEAL, FOLKS  
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK! WE  
JUST WANNA GIVE DA AVENGER  
AN' HIS PAL SOME FOIST AID!



FOIST AID, YA  
SAID! HAW, HAW,  
DAT GIVES ME  
A LAUGH! NOTHIN'  
WILL HELP 'EM  
WHEN WE'RE  
TROUGH WID  
'EM!

YEAH,  
WE  
BETTER  
GET RID  
OF 'EM!  
DEY SUSPECT  
TOO MUCH!

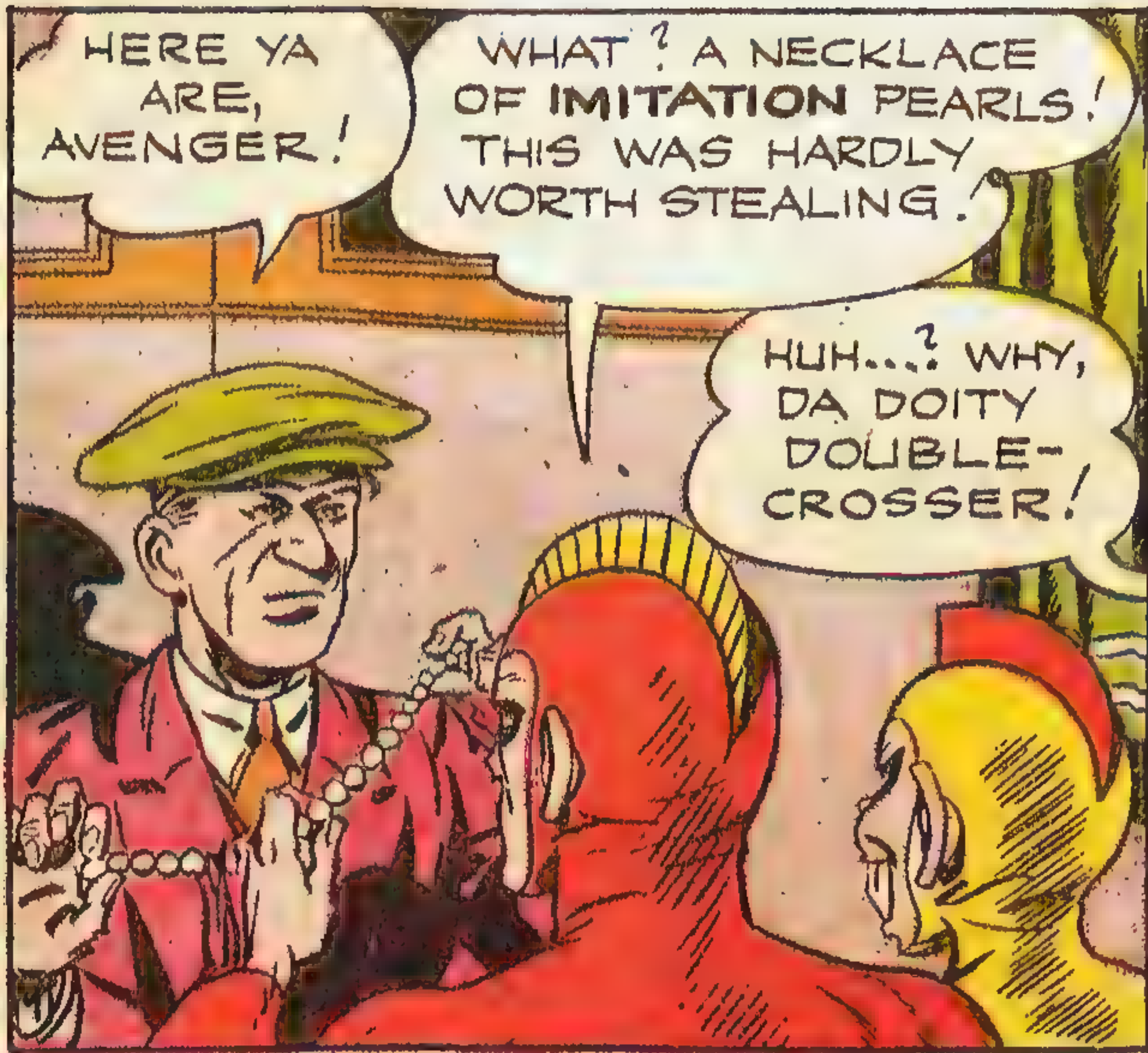








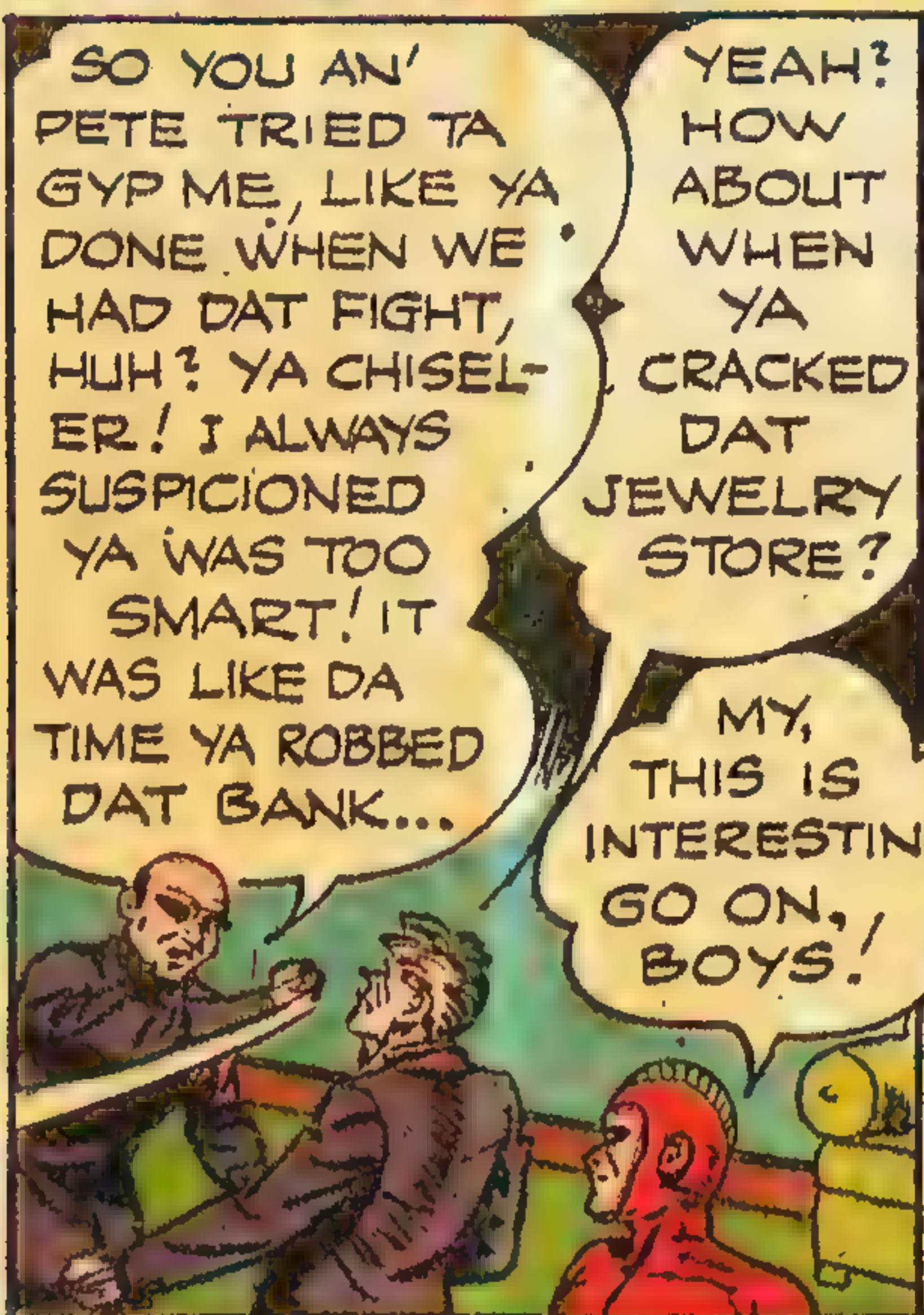
THAT'S JUST THE PERNT, COPPER!  
THERE WASN'T NO ROBBERY...  
WE JUST WANTED TA GET  
SOME PUBLICITY FOR OUR  
BANQUET! SHOW 'EM DA  
POILS, PETE!



HERE YA  
ARE,  
AVENGER!

WHAT? A NECKLACE  
OF IMITATION PEARLS!  
THIS WAS HARDLY  
WORTH STEALING!

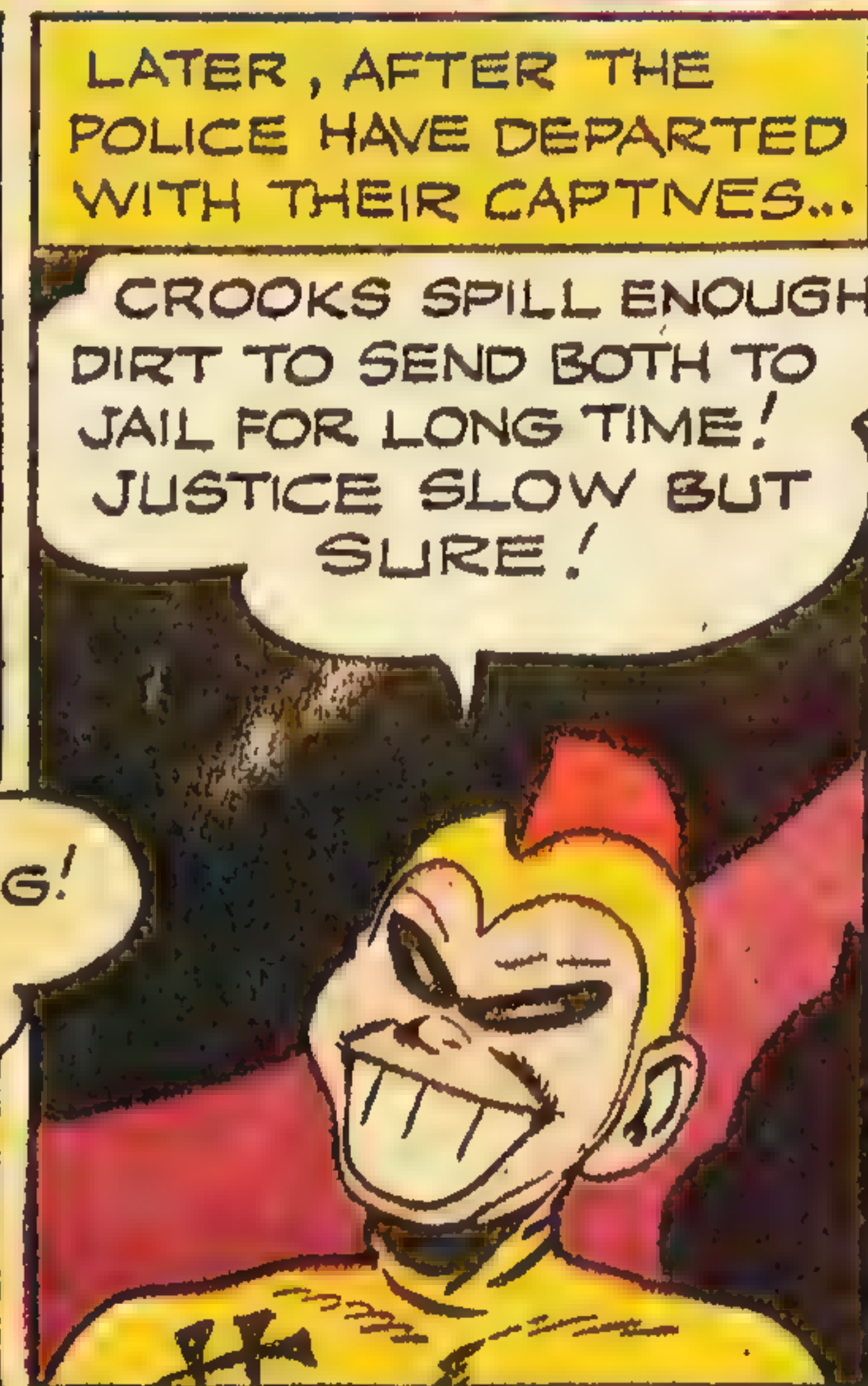
HUH...? WHY,  
DA DOITY  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSER!



SO YOU AN'  
PETE TRIED TA  
GYP ME, LIKE YA  
DONE WHEN WE  
HAD DAT FIGHT,  
HUH? YA CHISEL-  
ER! I ALWAYS  
SUSPICIONED  
YA WAS TOO  
SMART! IT  
WAS LIKE DA  
TIME YA ROBBED  
DAT BANK...

YEAH?  
HOW  
ABOUT  
WHEN  
YA  
CRACKED  
DAT  
JEWELRY  
STORE?

MY,  
THIS IS  
INTERESTING!  
GO ON,  
BOYS!



LATER, AFTER THE  
POLICE HAVE DEPARTED  
WITH THEIR CAPTIVES...

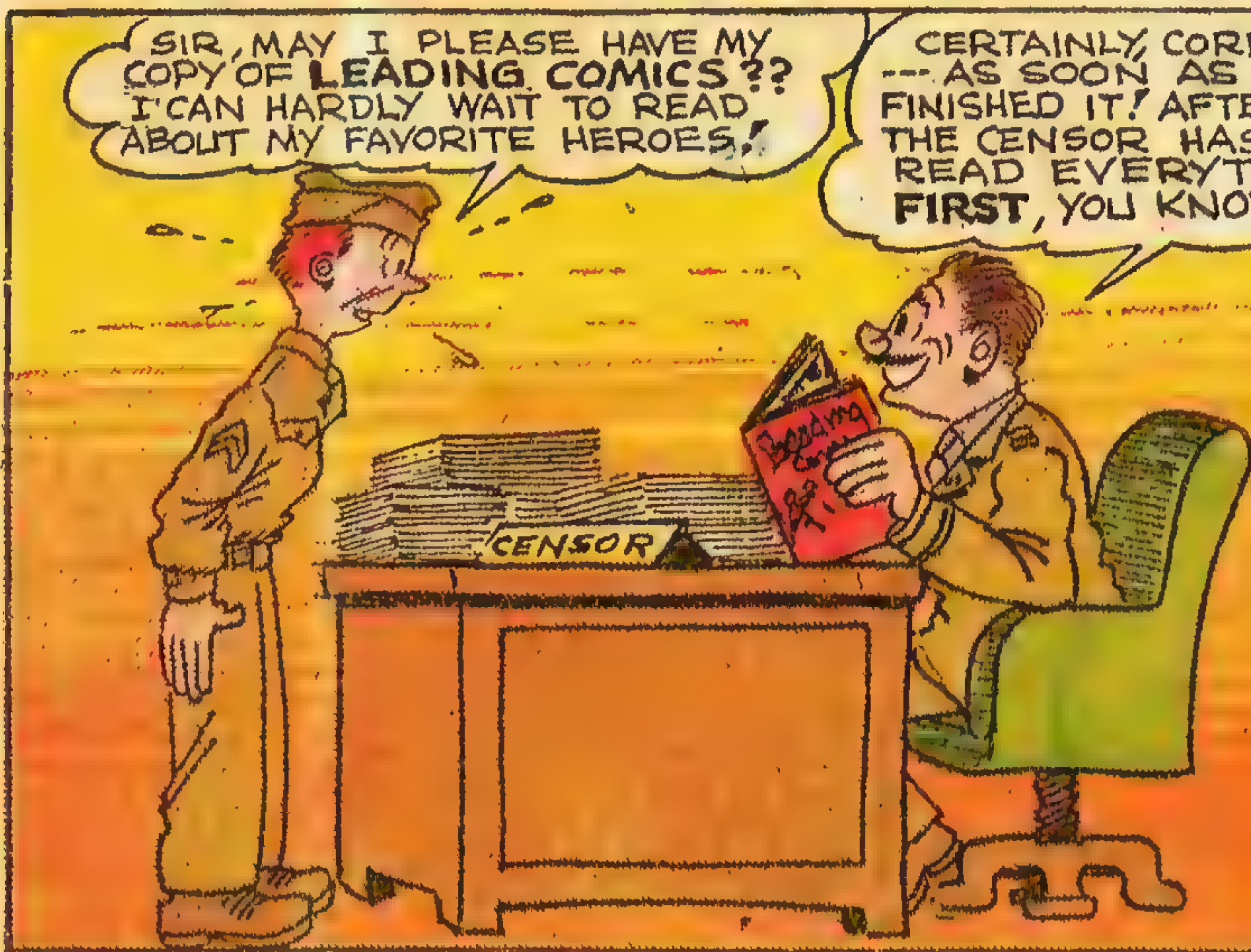
CROOKS SPILL ENOUGH  
DIRT TO SEND BOTH TO  
JAIL FOR LONG TIME!  
JUSTICE SLOW BUT  
SURE!



THE PICTURES  
ARE A LITTLE OUT  
OF PLACE HERE,  
WING, BUT I FEEL  
I OWE IT TO TIM AND  
RUSTY! THEY'VE  
MADE THE SOCIETY  
PAGE AT LAST!

I ALWAYS  
SAY,  
MIST' TRAVIS,  
YOU VERY  
KIND-  
HEARTED  
MAN!

FOLLOW THE SLAM BANG ADVENTURES  
OF THE **CRIMSON AVENGER** IN  
EVERY ISSUE OF  
**DETECTIVE COMICS !!!**



SIR, MAY I PLEASE HAVE MY  
COPY OF **LEADING COMICS**??  
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO READ  
ABOUT MY FAVORITE HEROES!

CERTAINLY, CORPORAL  
--- AS SOON AS I'VE  
FINISHED IT! AFTER ALL,  
THE CENSOR HAS TO  
READ EVERYTHING  
FIRST, YOU KNOW!

**'BE AS SMART  
AS THE CENSOR---  
GET YOUR COPY  
TODAY!**





# BIRDS OF A FEATHER

by Tod Lowry

**B**IG BOY BARLOW was plenty worried. This special election, which was only two days away, would be worth a lot of money to a smart gambler. But the three men, Alders, Watson, and Clark, were neck-and-neck to win the political post that had been created by the untimely death of old Congressman Snaith. The post could go to any of the trio, it was that close a race. The gambler who could pick the winner would make a wonderful package of money.

So now, sitting behind the long table, around which he held his weekly conferences with the mob, Big Boy fretted and worried. "I do not understand," he told his henchmen, who were hanging onto every word. "How I ever managed to make a success of myself with a bunch of dopes around like youse muggs."

The boys wriggled uncomfortably. They loved the Big Boy, and besides, they knew better than to cross him in one of these moods. Only Willie Whisper dared to raise his voice. "But, Big Boy," he asked. "Ain't you supposed to be the brains of this mob. Ain't you always told us you was like Napoleon?"

Big Boy glowered. "I told you that Napoleon was good because he always surrounded himself with smart generals. They had ideas, too, and Napoleon always listened." He eased his huge bulk around. "Of course, it was Napoleon who pulled the jobs after the place was cased."

Big Boy waved a pudgy hand. "It wouldn't hurt you none to study history, Willie." Pursing his lips, Big Boy added: "I'd give a thousand bucks just to get the first information on who wins that election."

He sat erect, as though an idea had just prodded him.

"Yes, boys, the guy that thinks of an idea that'll get me the first news of the election will get a thousand dollar bonus!"

"A thousand simoleons," whistled Willie Whisper, "I could buy me maybe five hundred neckties with that. A thousand fish just for an idea!"

Big Boy looked glumly down the table. "Yeah, and not one of you numbskulls will come up with one." His big shoulders sagged again. "I thought of hiding one of you boys in the election place, but what good would that do? Even if we got the news on the winner, we wouldn't get it out. Judging by the vote in this district, it'll take all night to count it. So the newspapers will be getting it around seven ayem."

Willie Whisper sat up, started to rise. Then he sat down again. But Big Boy had seen him. "What bit you?"

"Nothin', I was thinking if I hid there, I could phone you."

"There is no phone in the place," Big Boy said. "And you couldn't get to it anyway. You would be hiding in an old bathroom, which is never used no more. There is a window about a foot square seven feet above you. So you couldn't get out. And you certainly couldn't leave until after the counters left. And by then the newspapers would have the story."

It was too much for him. What was the good of being the brains of a highly-organized mob. These boys could do anything, from stealing a hairpin to making a piano disappear from right under a pianist's fingers, but they couldn't think.

"Get out, you guys," he said, disgustedly. "I got to think."

They departed and Willie Whisper's face, usually happy, was very solemn. It looked as though he had lost his best

friend; but that wasn't the trouble. He was thinking.

"A thousand smackers," he murmured to himself, "a thousand fish just for an idea." It was the softest touch he had ever heard of. But it wasn't going to do him any good. Big Boy was right. This mob was dumb.

"Well, if it isn't Willie Whisper!" a voice boomed in his ear.

"P r o f!" Willie Whisper's voice jumped with delight, as he looked at the lean, scholarly-faced confidence man. Then, suspiciously. "You're not hot, are you?"

"No, my boy, I am free as the air. I have done my time and I am now treading the straight and narrow. Never again will I fleece the gullible, nor teach the suckers they can't take a wise guy. I am now working in a defense plant for the duration." The Prof's hand slapped Willie Whisper's shoulders. "You should do it, too, Willie Whisper, and help your Uncle Sam. Hey, what's the matter, Willie, you don't look your usual happy self?"

"I just lost a thousand simoleons," Willie Whisper said. Then, seeing the dubious look in the Prof's eyes, added: "Well, almost . . . if I only had an idea."

"Ideas? Those my boy," said the Prof brightly, "I abound in. Come, we'll have coffee before I repair to the midnite to eight shift and you shall tell me all about your woes."

He was as good a listener as he was a talker. The Prof, although ancient, was nobody's fool except his own. He tented his fingertips as Willie Whisper finished his recitation. His forehead furrowed in thought, and after a few moments he said: "Willie Whisper, did you ever hear of Pliny?"

"What's his racket? And does



Big Boy know he's not kicking in?"

"Pliny, my ignorant friend," said the Prof, "was a Roman historian. You might say he was the Winchell of his day. Pliny records that wealthy Romans took swallows to attend races in Rome. At their conclusion they stained the birds with the winning colors and released them to fly back with the news."

Willie Whisper thought a moment. Then he said: "So what?" Patiently, he started to explain again. "This thousand fish, Prof. I would gladly split with you, fifty-fifty, and . . ." He stopped. Enlightenment reared its seldom seen head before Willie Whisper's eyes and he stammered: "Hey . . . those . . . those colored boids. If a gambler knew the code, he could make plenty on the race. He . . . Well, I'll be . . ." He never did tell the Prof what he might have been. Instead, he grabbed the Prof's hand. "You got something in mind. I can see it on your face."

"Touche," said the Prof. "Homing pigeons stained in color."

"We shall see Big Boy immediately," Willie Whisper said firmly. "Come on."

And after that fifteen minute session with Big Boy things began to hum. Big Boy knew the idea was foolproof and, although something inside told him not to select Willie Whisper as the man to hide in the room where the votes would be counted, he refused to heed. "Willie Whisper," he said expansively. "When I collect you will get two thousand. One for the idea and one for the execution."

"I wish you would not use that word," Willie Whisper said unhappily. "It gives me the creeps." Nevertheless, he was proud that Big Boy had picked him, especially after the former assured him that detection was not possible. "We'll lock the old washroom up again after you get inside with the birds," he said. "And everything will be okay. When the

votes are counted and the counters leave, we will come back for you. And we will celebrate."

Two days later, sitting silently in the abandoned washroom, listening to the steady, methodical tabulations going on in the room outside, Willie Whisper thought of his fifteen hundred dollars, having already resigned himself to the Prof's slice of the original two grand.

He looked happily at the crates containing the three homing pigeons, two of which had been stained. His lips moved noiselessly, remembering the instructions: "Send out the white one if Clark wins, the one dyed black if Watson wins, and the yellow-dyed pigeon if it goes to Alders."

And Big Boy, sitting on his penthouse, would place huge bets the minute the pigeon bearing the good news arrived. He'd beat the town, Willie Whisper realized, by a good hour. It was six ayem now and the votes were almost in.

Willie Whisper shivered. He had been sitting here thirty-two hours. He had brought food, but he felt terrible. It had rained all day and when the wind shifted, as it did now, moisture came in through the high window. Willie Whisper moved away the crates. He wondered how much longer this would keep up.

"It's . . . it's Watson by two votes!"

Willie Whisper got to his feet as he heard the exultant voice outside. His lips moved. "The black-dyed pigeon for Watson! Quickly, Willie Whisper released the bird. It darted toward the open window and disappeared into the night. Willie Whisper huddled back against the wall to avoid the drops of rain. He was tired, but happy. Within two hours, Big Boy would be here to let him out. He closed his eyes.

The shaking awakened him. Big Boy's happy face peered into Willie Whisper's. "Come on, Willie," he said. "We're all going to celebrate." Still half-

asleep, Willie was hustled into the car, and the mob moved to the Blue Penguin, where an early morning table was waiting for Big Boy. "We sure will clean up," he chuckled. "We beat the papers by an hour." He beckoned to a waiter. "Get the morning paper."

"And now, Willie," he said, "as soon as we get back to my place, you get your dough." He turned to the boys. "Without Willie's smart ideas, you lugs, we couldn't have cleaned up on Clark!"

"Clark!" The name prodded Willie's sleeping brain. "He didn't win. It was Watson. And," he added, "I sent the black bird like you said."

"That's right, Big Boy," one of the lads said, taking the paper from a waiter. "See, it says Watson Edges in by Two Votes."

Big Boy fumbled in his pocket, brought out the code instructions. His face wrathful, he towered over the astonished Willie. "You sent a white bird," he said, "and a white bird meant Clark. See—" He thrust the paper before Willie's eyes then, suddenly, he noticed the cages containing the other two birds. The boys had brought them along. Big Boy yanked off the coverings. His eyes goggled, as the white and the yellow-stained birds met them. "How—how—" he gasped. "I got a white bird home and now he's here. I—I—" His lips tightened and his breathing became strained. "What did you paint those birds with?" he roared.

Willie Whisper was wide awake now. Too wide awake. He was thinking uneasily of the steady rain which had been coming down all day and night. The same rain which, if it drummed steadily on the feathers of a white pigeon which had been painted black would . . . would . . .

"Water colors," Willie Whisper shouted.

And, like the colors, he ran. He was sure the irate Big Boy would never think of looking for him in a defense plant!



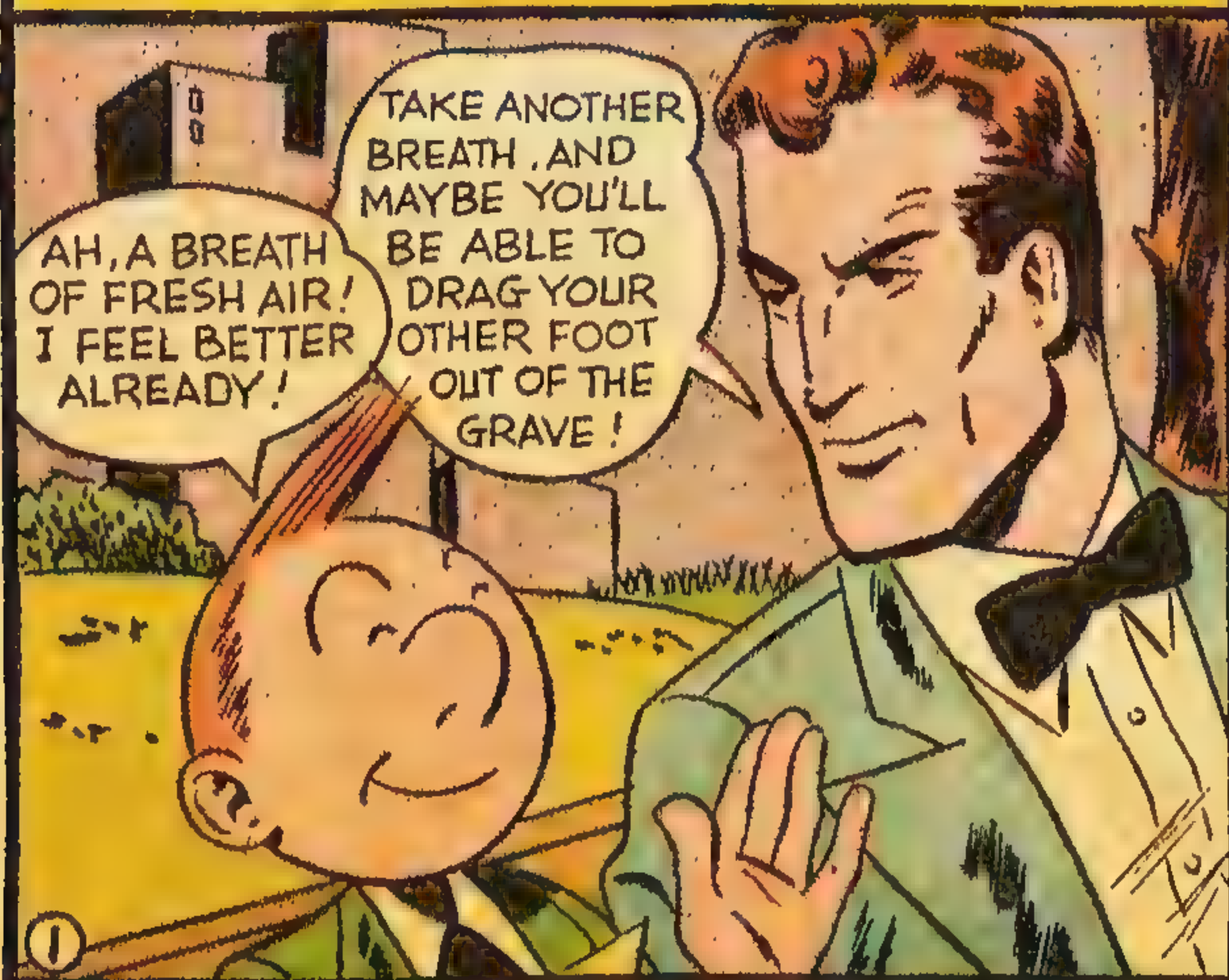
# SLAM BRADLEY

YOU'VE SEEN SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS DIMINUTIVE SIDEKICK SHORTY MORGAN, KNOCKING CRIMINALS AROUND LIKE TENPINS! YOU'VE SEEN THEM SOLVING CRIME AFTER CRIME! BUT HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THEM VICTIMIZED BY THE TENDER EMOTIONS THAT AFFECT ORDINARY MORTALS? WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO NOW! IN FACT, YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEHOLD A COMPLETE VISTA OF CRIME, TRICKERY, AND DECEPTION FURTHER COMPLICATED FOR HARD-HITTING SLAM BY THE FACT THAT.....

**"SHORTY FALLS IN LOVE"**



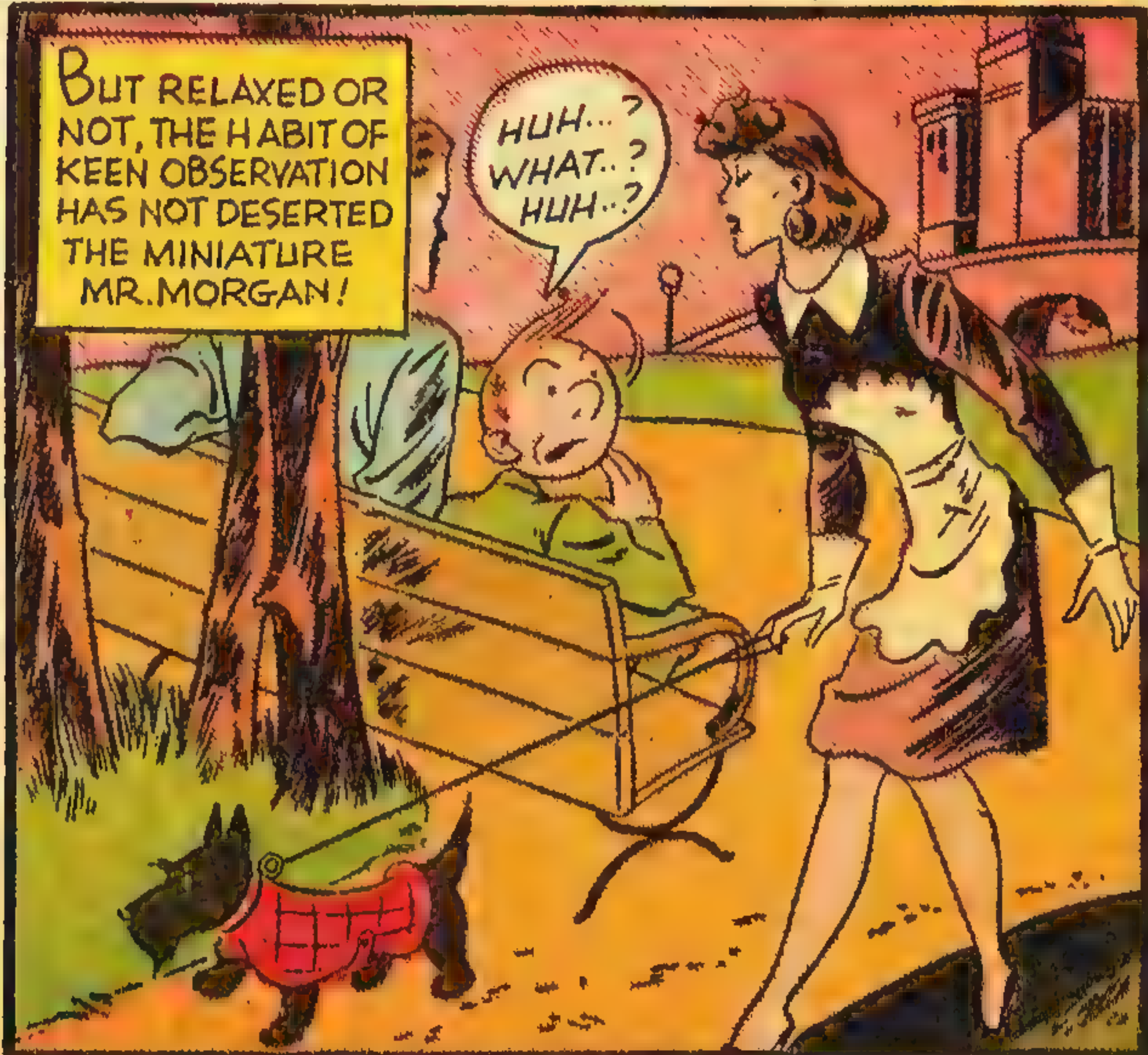
MONDAY IN THE PARK THOSE TWO DAPPER DETECTIVES, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN RELAX BY COMMUNING WITH MOTHER NATURE....



AH, A BREATH OF FRESH AIR! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

TAKE ANOTHER BREATH, AND MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DRAG YOUR OTHER FOOT OUT OF THE GRAVE!

BUT RELAXED OR NOT, THE HABIT OF KEEN OBSERVATION HAS NOT DESERTED THE MINIATURE MR. MORGAN!

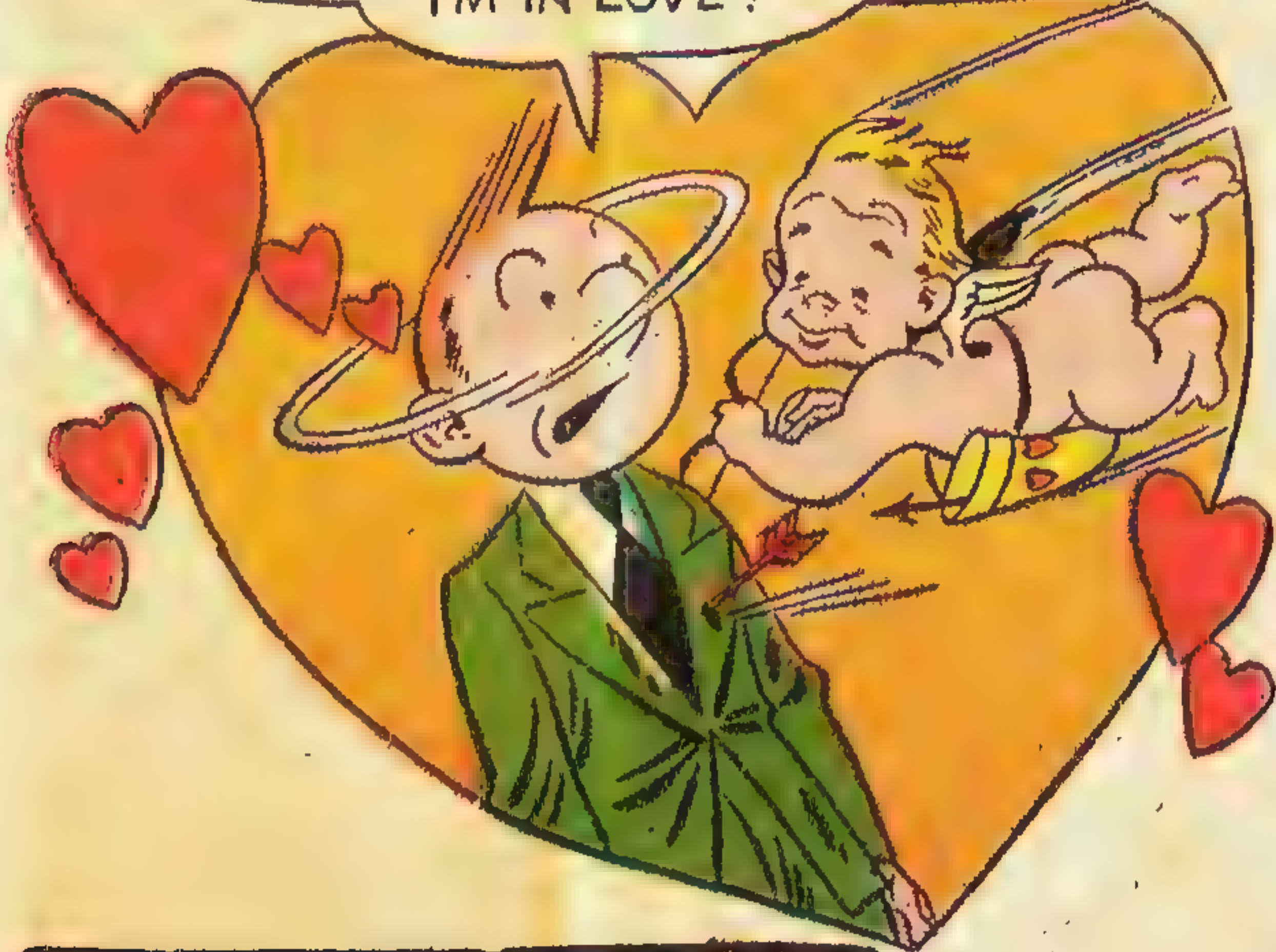


HUH...? WHAT...? HU...?



SWIFTER THAN ANY EYE CAN FOLLOW, A  
PIERCING DART STRIKES HOME TO A VITAL SPOT!

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! SHE'S WONDERFUL!  
I'M IN LOVE!



HIYA,  
TOOTS!

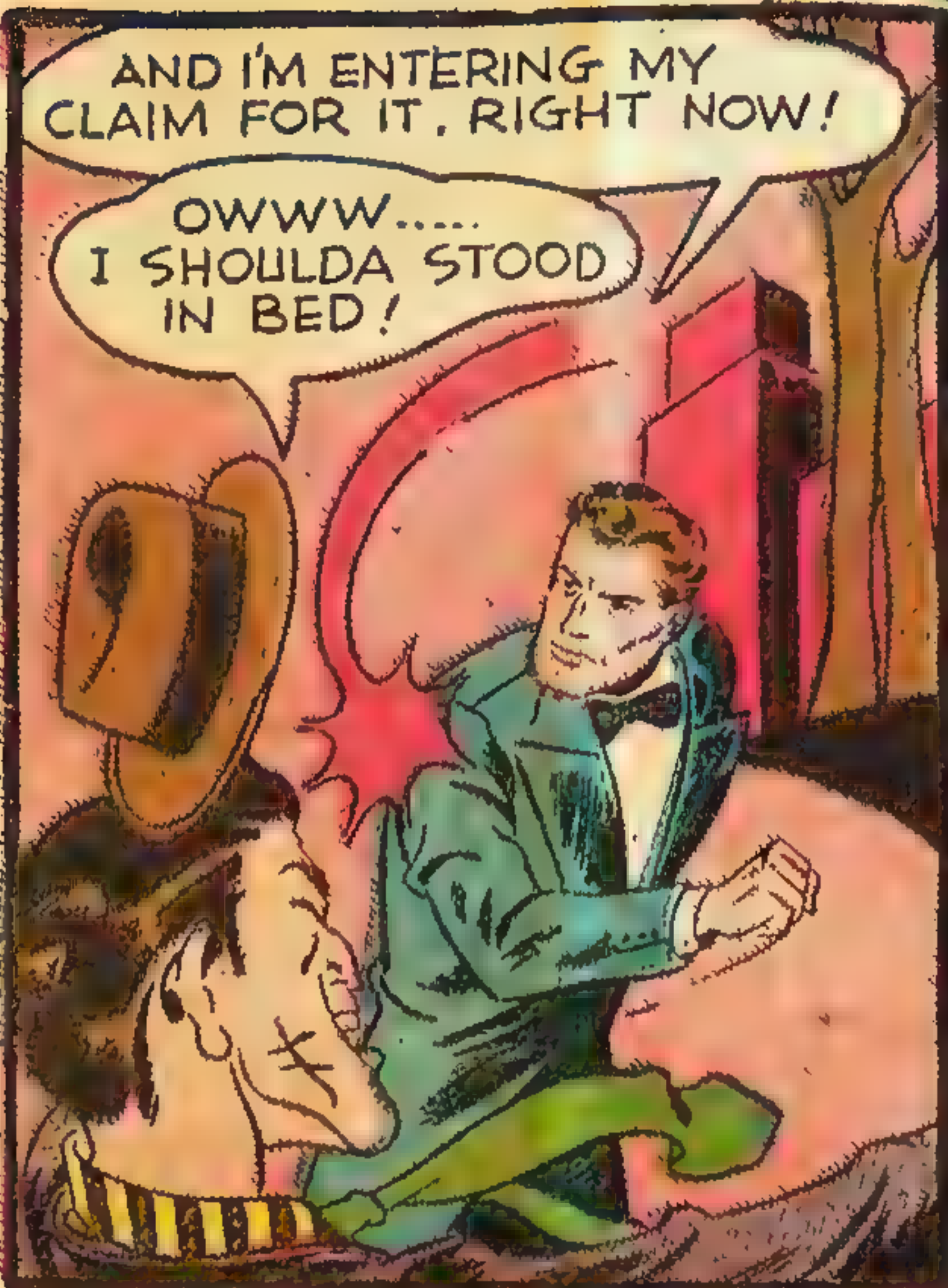
THE BUM!  
THAT'S NO  
WAY TO  
SPEAK TO  
A LADY!

FORGET THE LADY,  
SHORTPANTS, AND TURN  
YOUR EYES ON THE BUM!  
THAT'S SCARPUSS MALONE,  
AND THERE'S A REWARD  
OUT FOR HIM...REMEMBER?



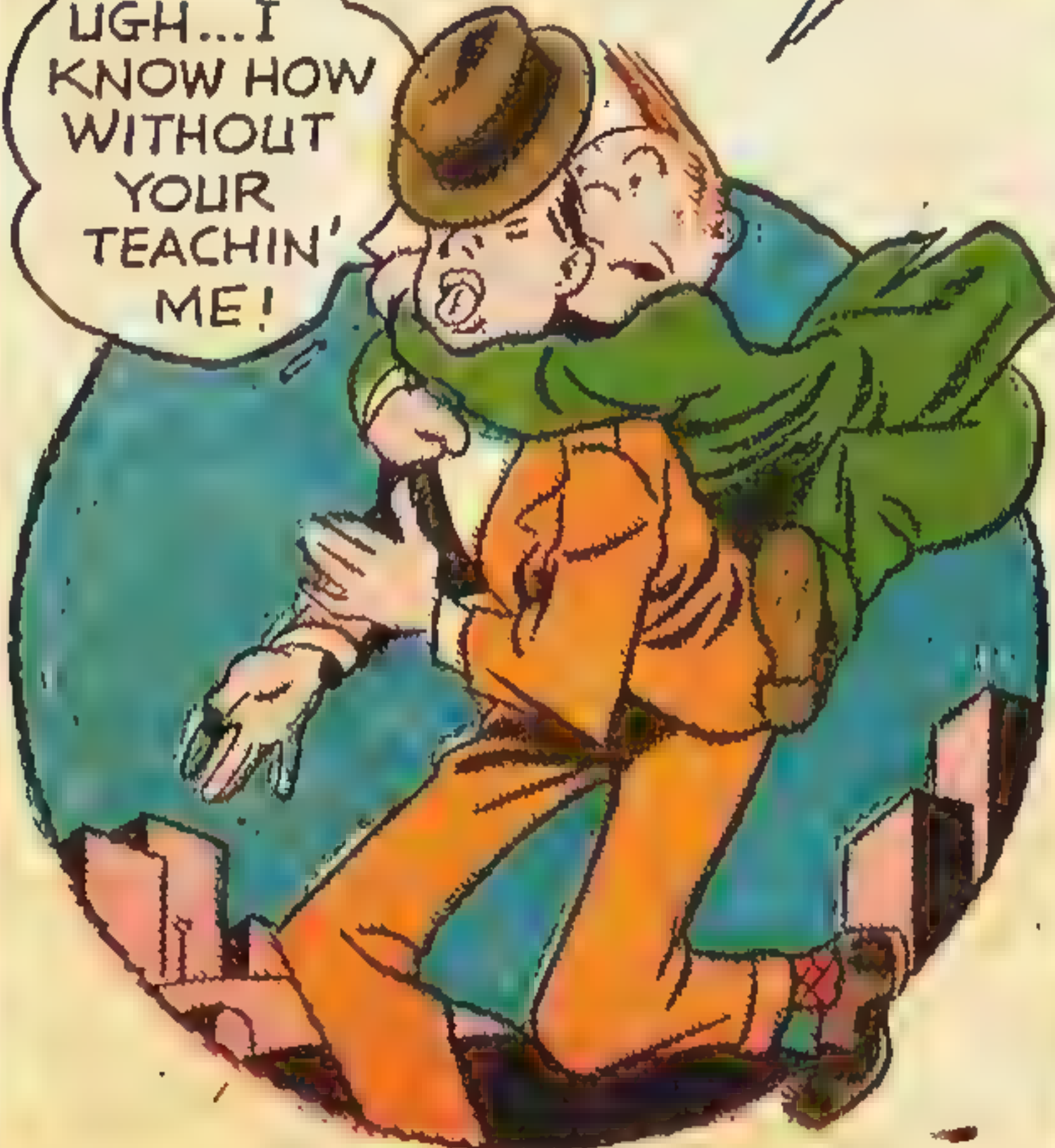
AND I'M ENTERING MY  
CLAIM FOR IT, RIGHT NOW!

OWWW....  
I SHOULDA STOOD  
IN BED!



I'LL TEACH YOU GUYS TO  
MAKE INSULTING REMARKS  
TO A LADY!

UGH...I  
KNOW HOW  
WITHOUT  
YOUR  
TEACHIN'  
ME!



MEANWHILE A DISTRAUGHT  
SPECTATOR GIVES VENT TO  
ANGUISHED FEELINGS!

EEEE!  
HELP!

GOSH, SHE'S  
WORRYIN' ABOUT  
ME! SHE  
MUST LIKE  
ME!



LET GO OF  
HIM!

GLUG!

GLUG!



TAKE THAT!

AAAA...

NICE  
WORK,  
SIS'!

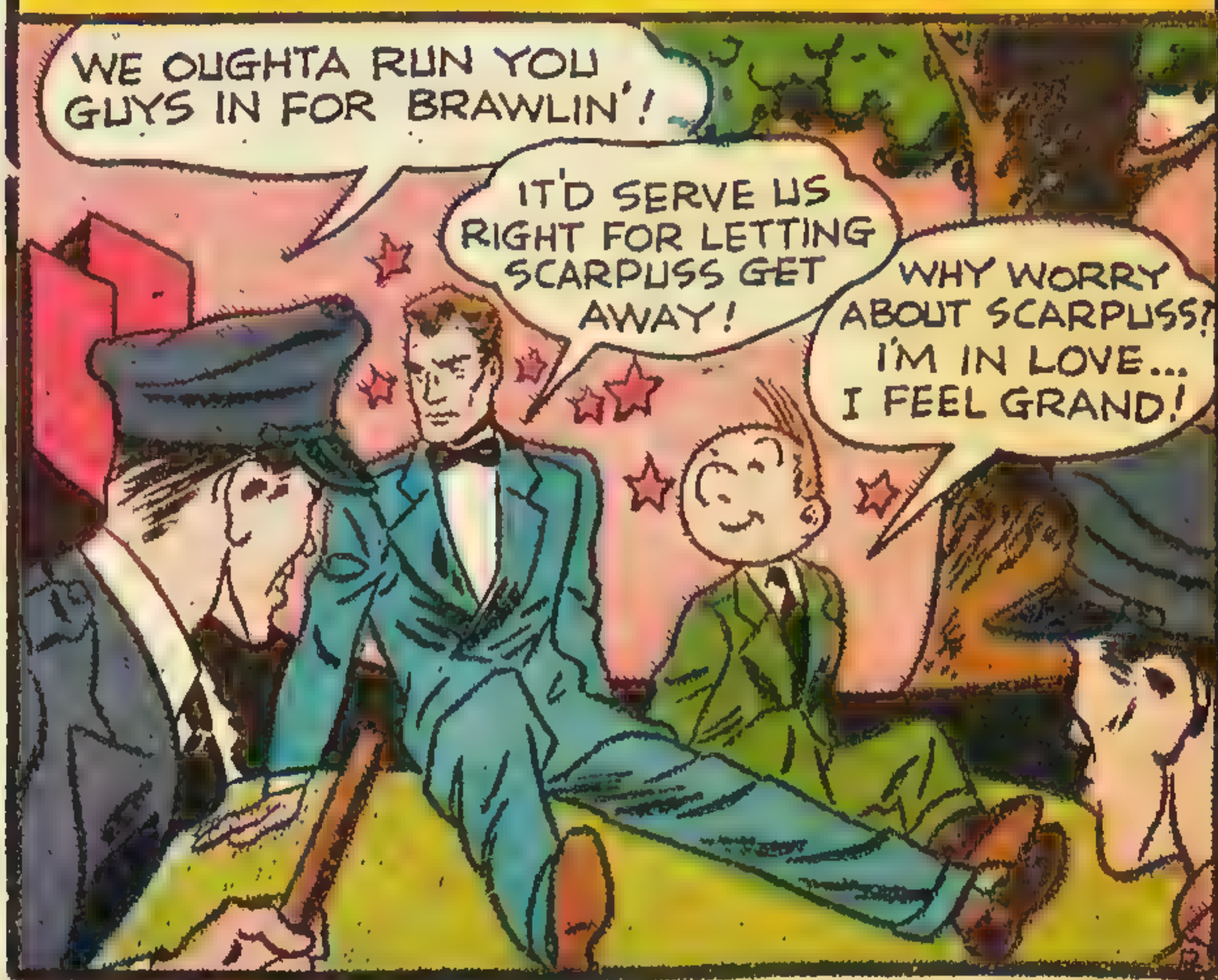




AND NOW SUPERIOR NUMBERS SWAY THE SCALES OF BATTLE.....



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE THE SCENE IS ONCE MORE ONE OF PEACEFUL SERENITY!



IT'S MY FAULT! I TRIED TO HELP THESE TWO GENTLEMEN, AND I GUESS I MUST HAVE GOT IN THE WAY!

GENTLEMEN? YOU MEAN SLAM AND SHORTY? THEY AIN'T GENTLEMEN, THEY'RE PRIVATE DETECTIVES!



AND NOW, WHILE THE DETECTIVE DUO SWALLOWS THIS INSULT... PERMIT US HUMBLY TO INTRODUCE MRS. MORTIMER M. MONTMORENCY!

DETECTIVES? DID I HEAR SOMEONE SAY DETECTIVES!

YES, MRS. M.!



HOW PROVIDENTIAL! THEY SEEM REASONABLY INTELLIGENT TOO! YOU MAY TAKE PLUVIUS HOME TO HIS KENNEL, LUCY... I HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH THEM!

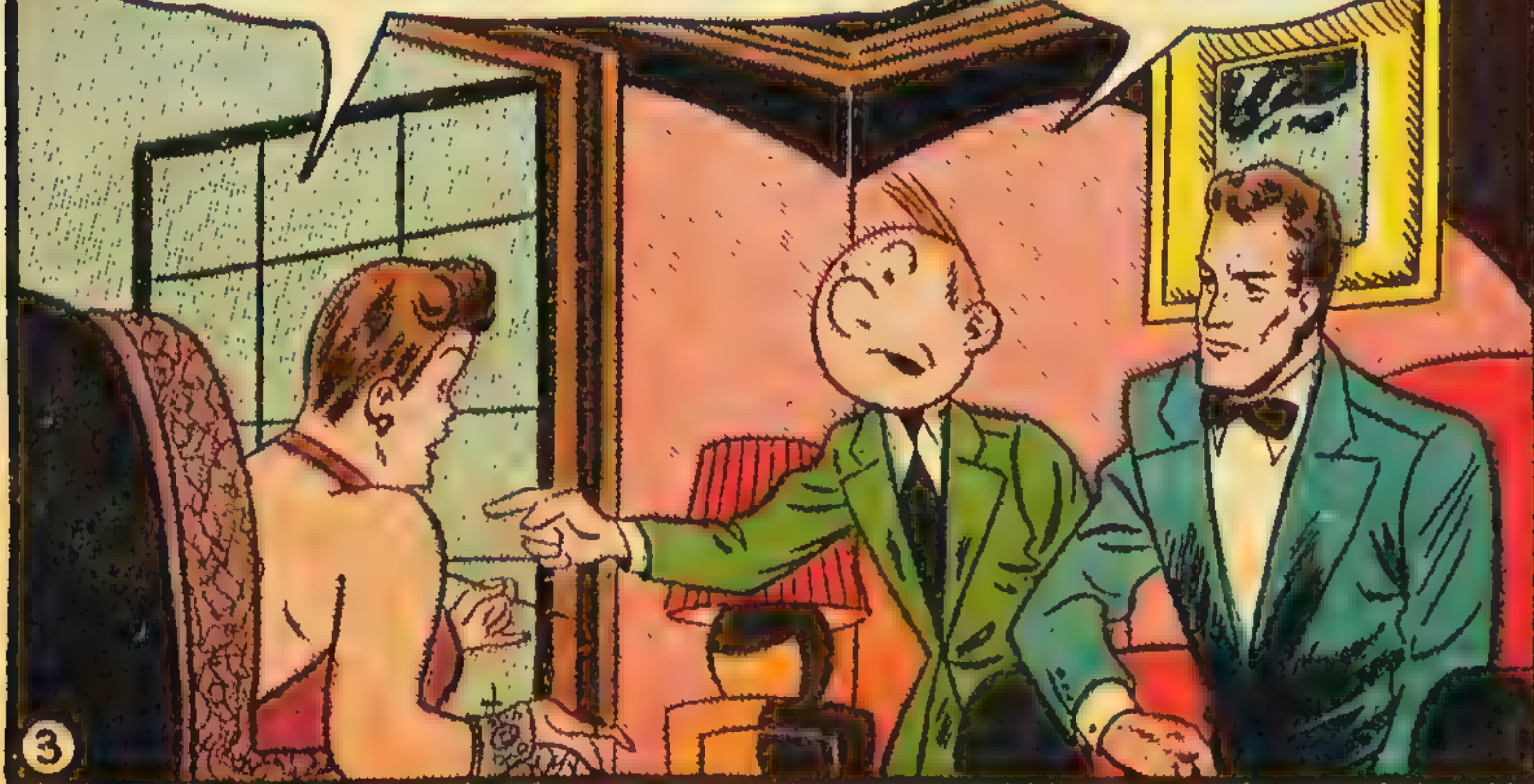
HER NAME IS LUCY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME!



SOME TIME LATER ESCONCED IN A COMFORTABLE ARMCHAIR IN THE MONTMORENCY MANSION....

THIS IS A PECULIAR CASE! LAST NIGHT THIEVES TRIED TO BREAK IN THROUGH A WINDOW! THIS MORNING WHEN MY HUSBAND INVESTIGATED....

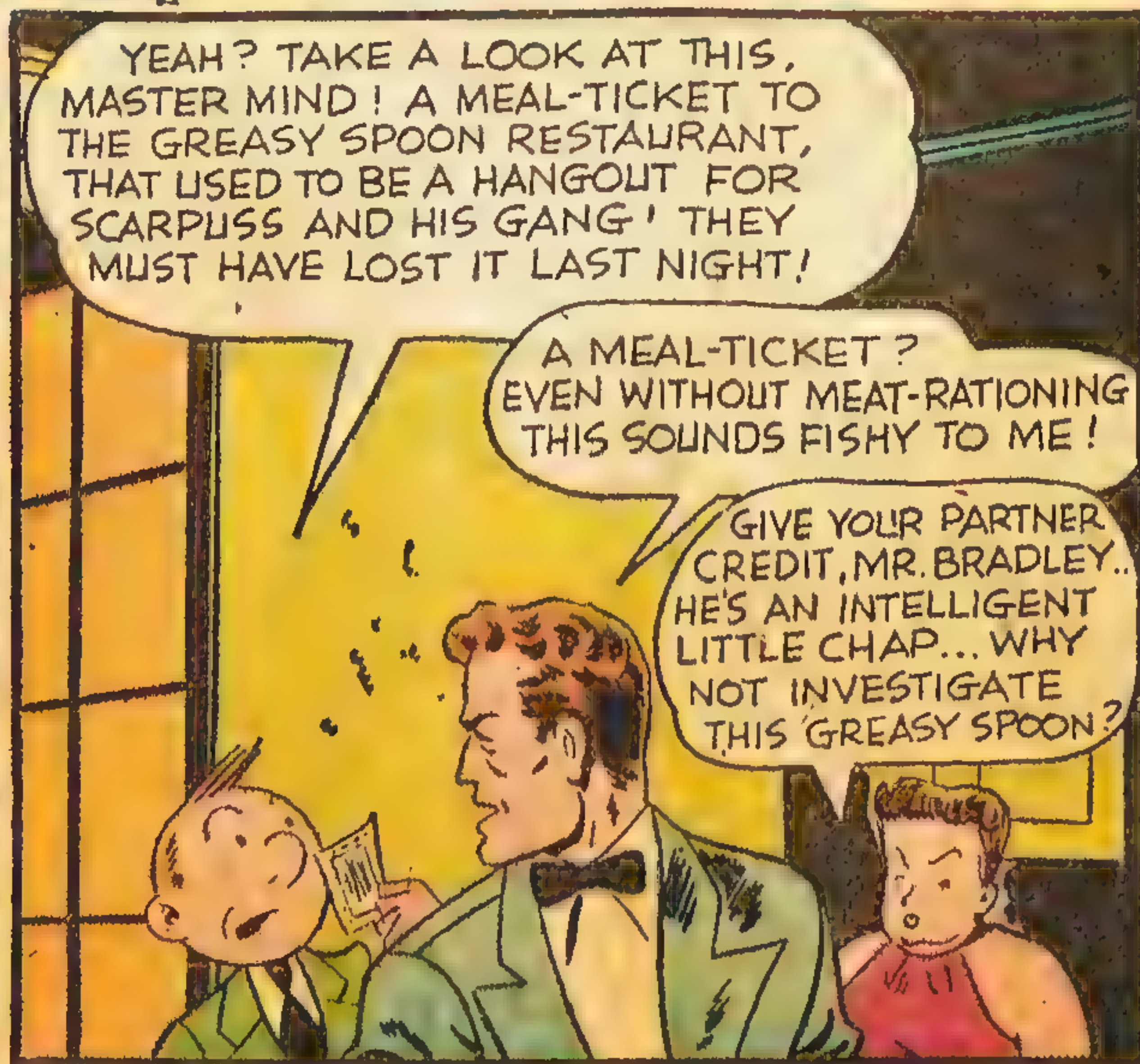
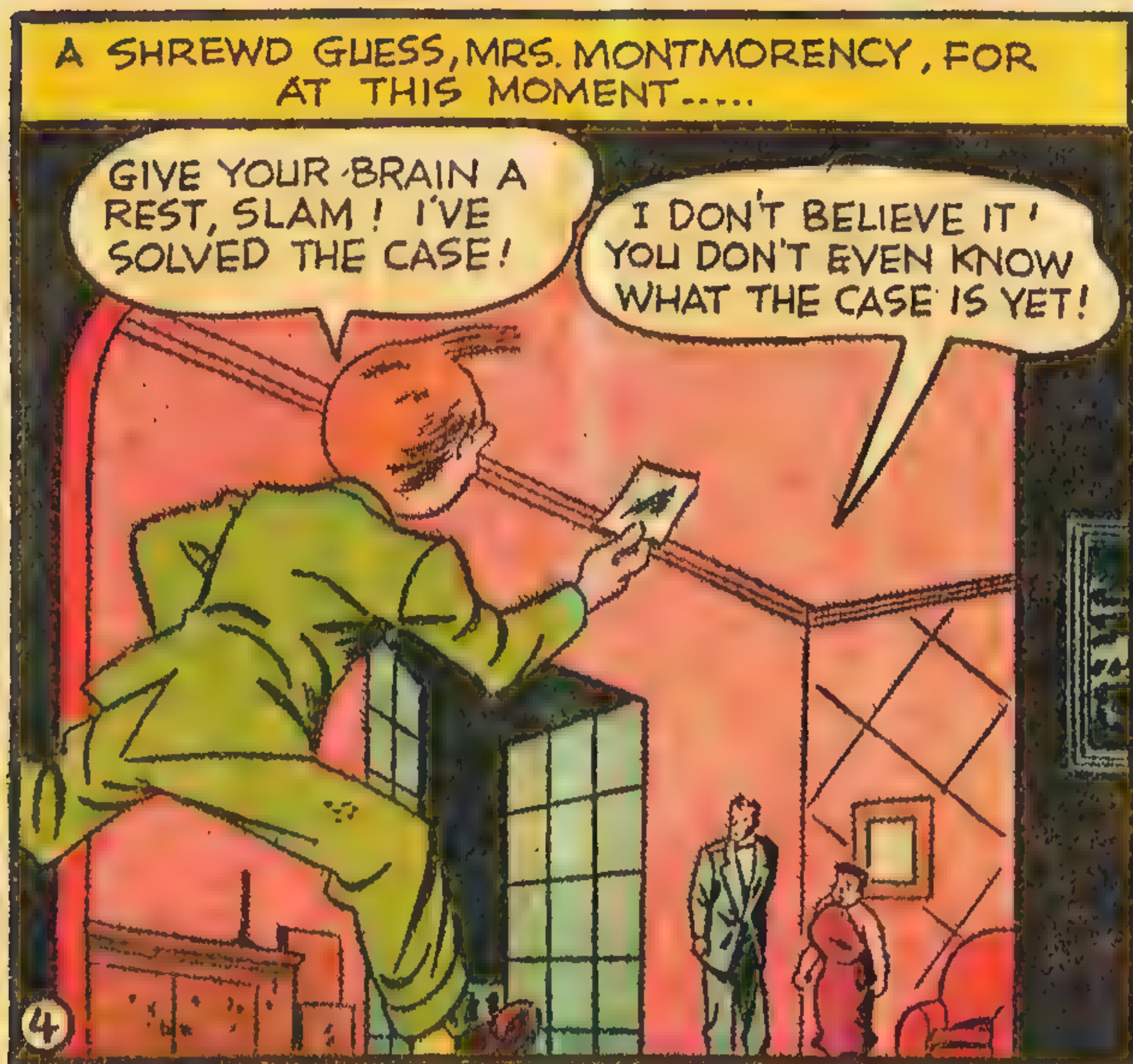
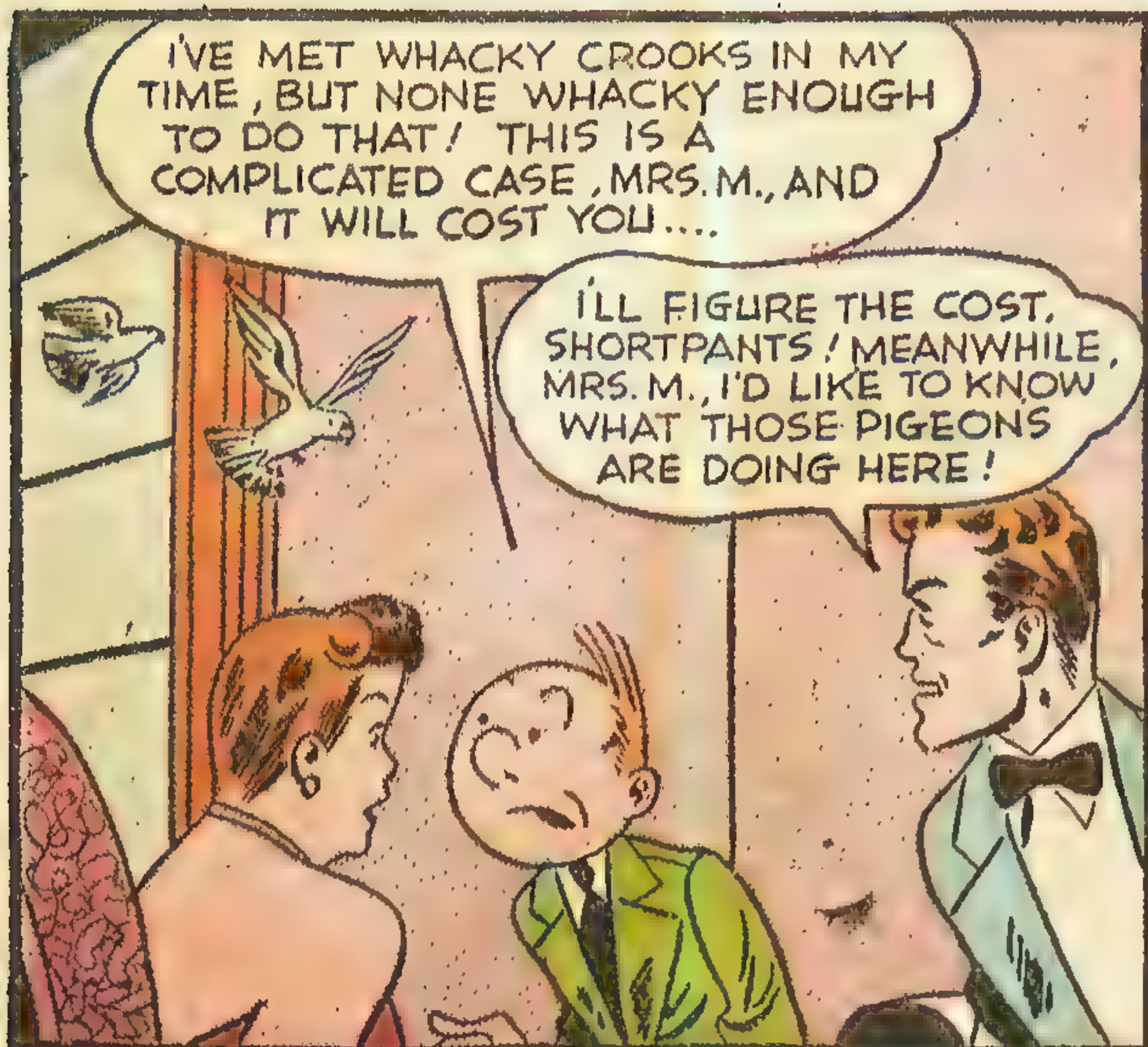
HE FOUND SOME JEWELS MISSING, HUH?



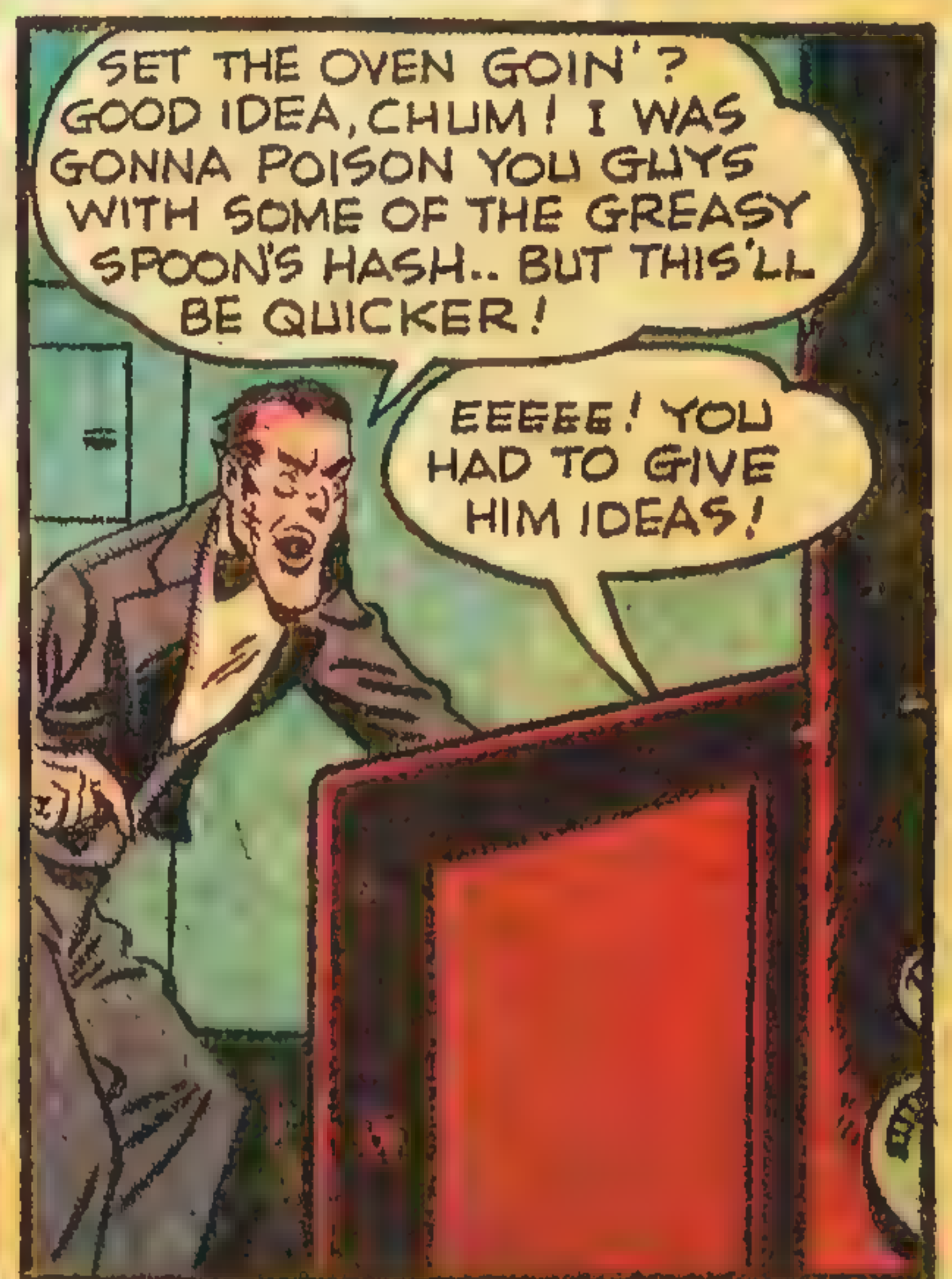
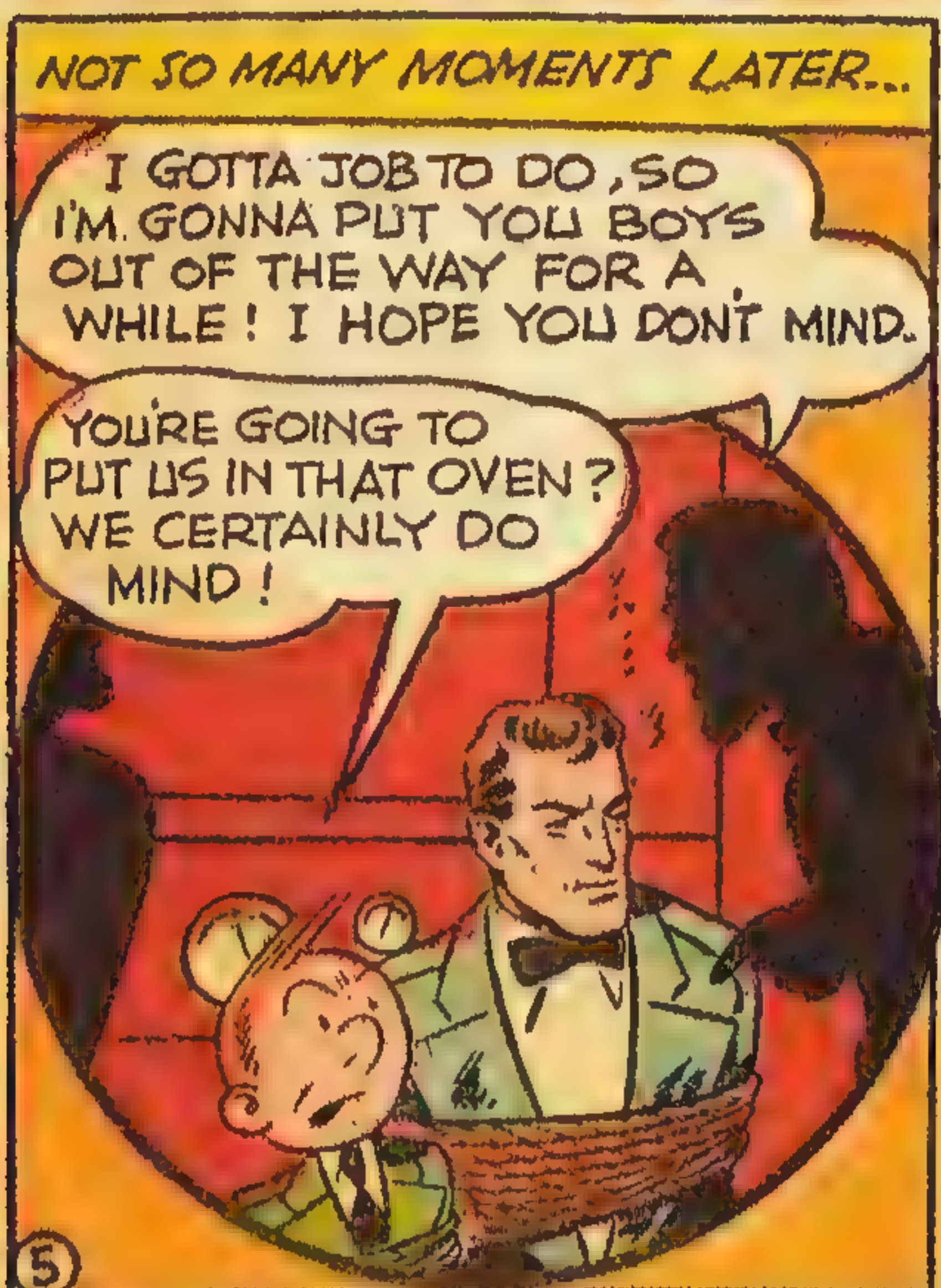
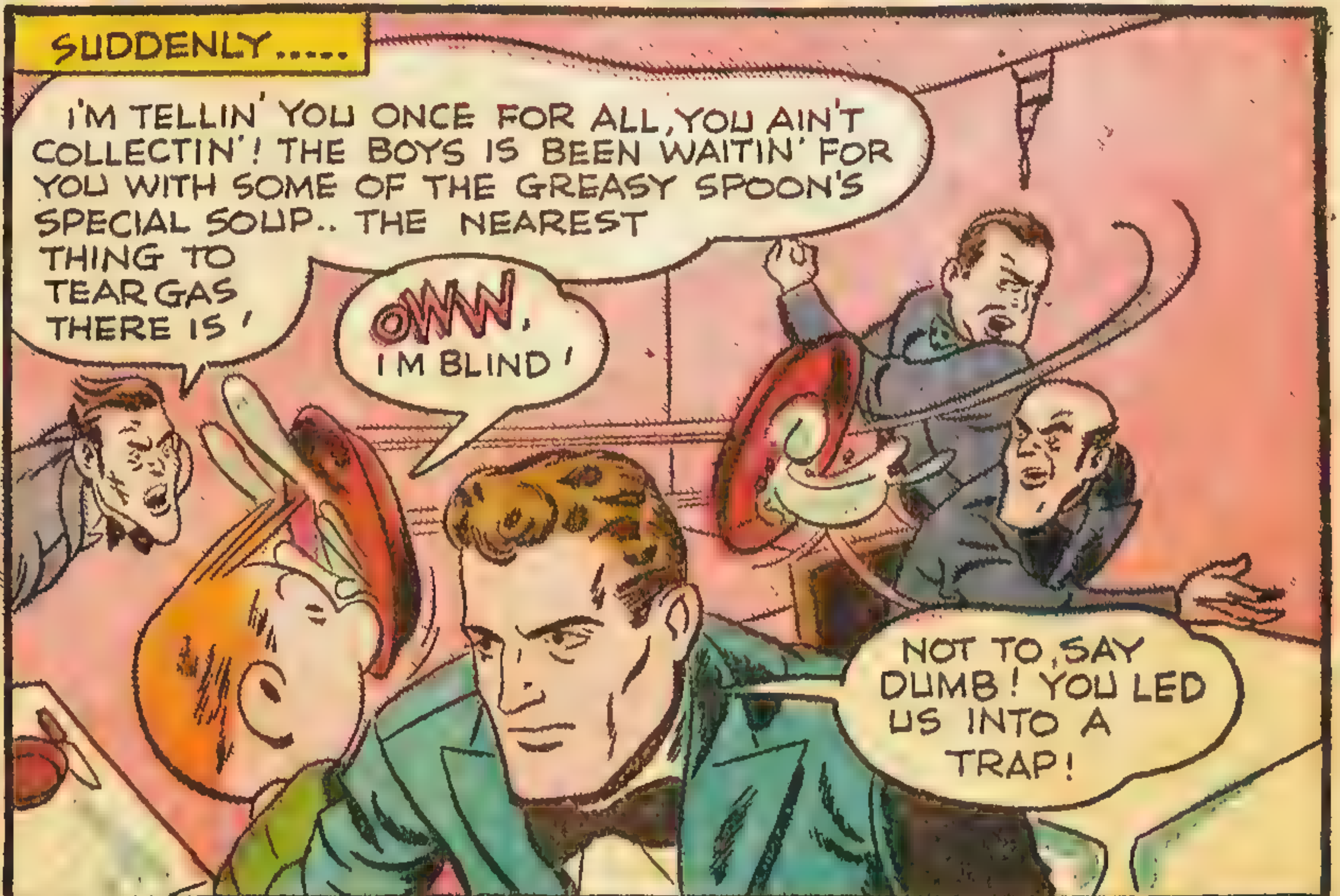
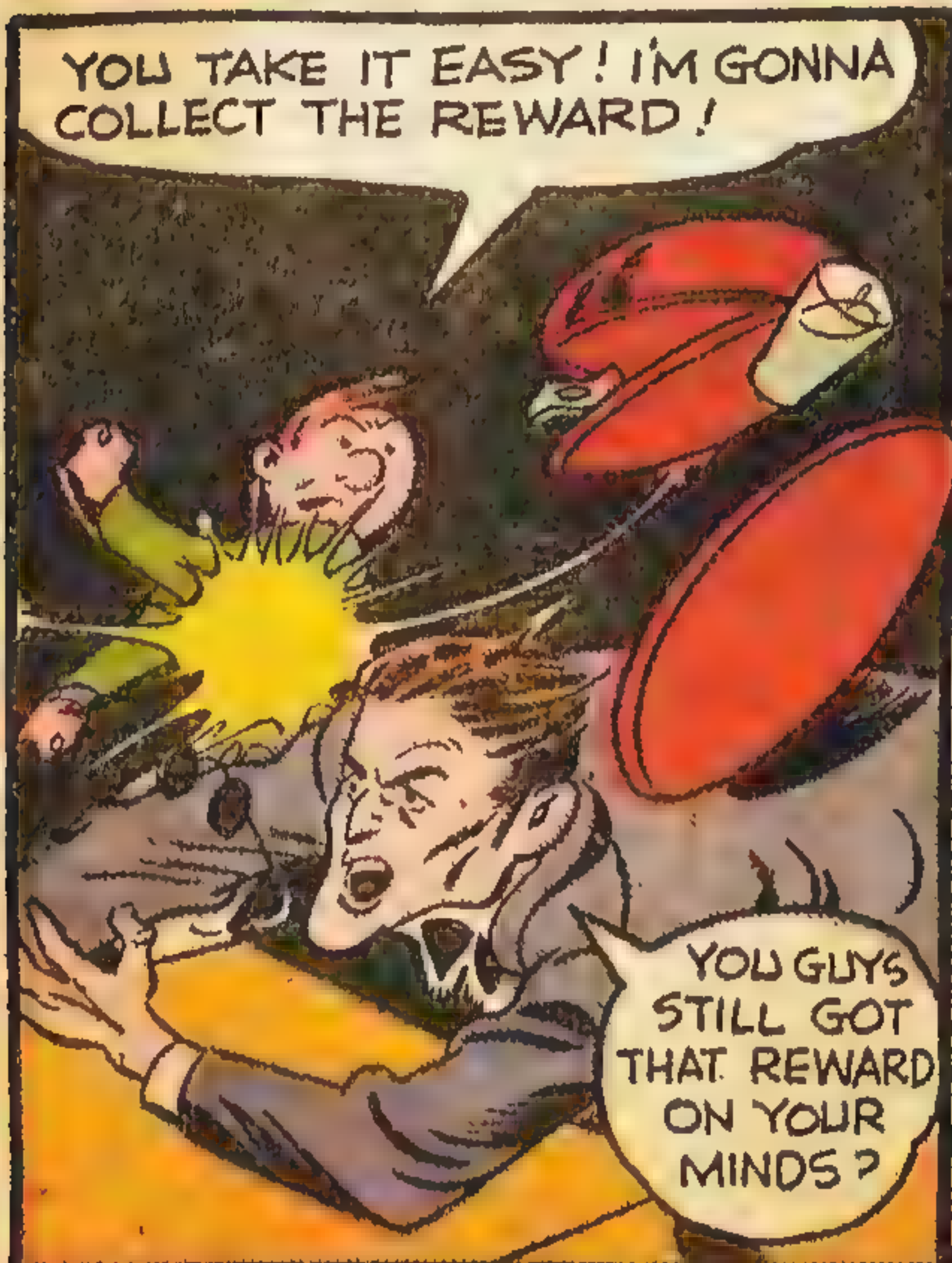
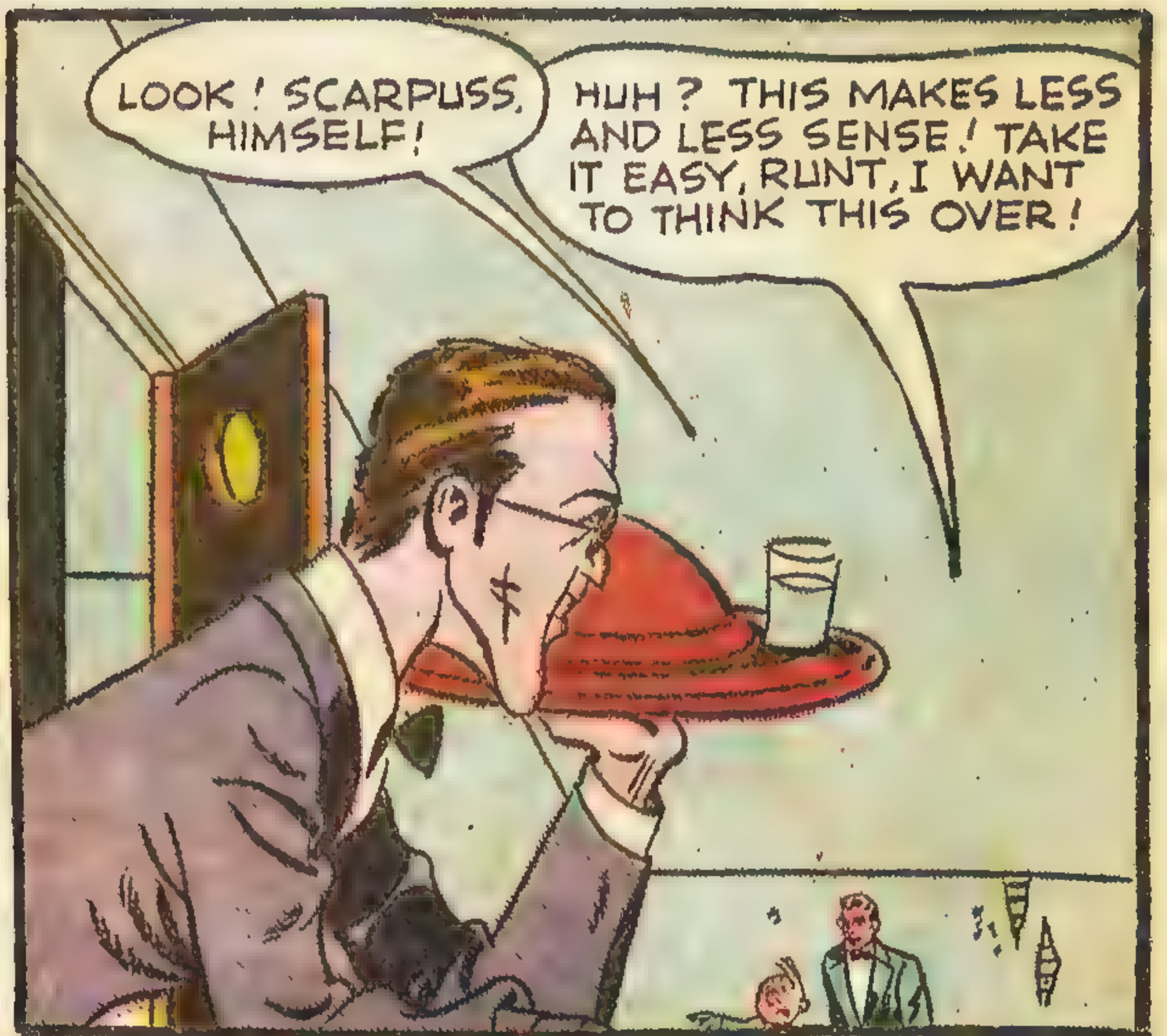
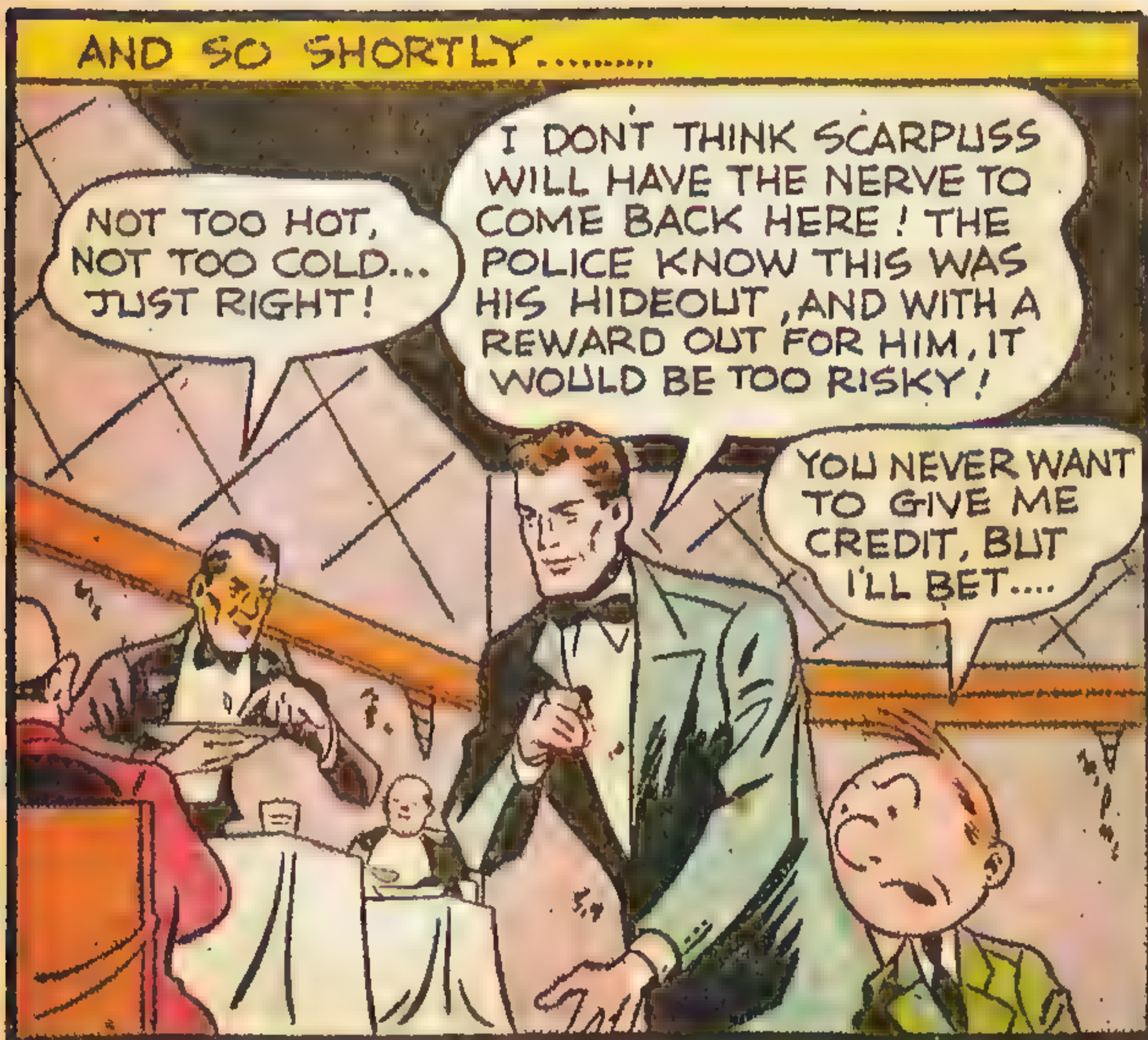
NOT AT ALL! HE FOUND ON THE FLOOR SOME EMERALDS THAT THE THIEVES HAD LEFT!













A MATCH TOUCHES OFF A ROARING FLAME ,  
AND AS THE GREAT OVEN WARMS UP.....

WITH THAT OVEN DOOR OPEN  
THEY WON'T ROAST SO FAST!  
IT'LL BE A LONGER SHOW  
FOR YOU, MONTY!

I'LL ENJOY  
THIS, BOSS!

IF ONLY I  
COULD LOOSEN  
THESE ROPES...

BUT THE BONDS ARE FIRM ! AND AS  
TIME GOES ON....

HOW'S MY ORDER OF ROAST  
DETECTIVES COMIN'  
ALONG ?

TOO FAST TO  
SLIT ME!

YOU'RE ALWAYS  
COMPLAINING, SHORTY..  
THIS IS BETTER THAN  
FREEZING!

YOU TALK BRAVE, WISE GUY...BUT ALL  
THE SAME YOU'RE IN A SWEAT LIKE  
YOUR PARTNER!

**YEEOW!**  
MY CLOTHES ARE  
STARTING TO BURN!

I EXPECTED THAT  
AND I ALSO  
EXPECTED...

...THAT THESE ROPES WOULD  
BURN TOO ! QUICK, SHORTY,  
THEY'RE WEAKENING ! TEAR  
THEM APART!

NOW TO TEAR THIS  
GUY APART !

LET'S NOT WASTE TOO  
MUCH TIME ON HIM.  
HALF-PINT ! WE'VE  
GOT WORK TO DO!

LATER IN A SPEEDING TAXI.....

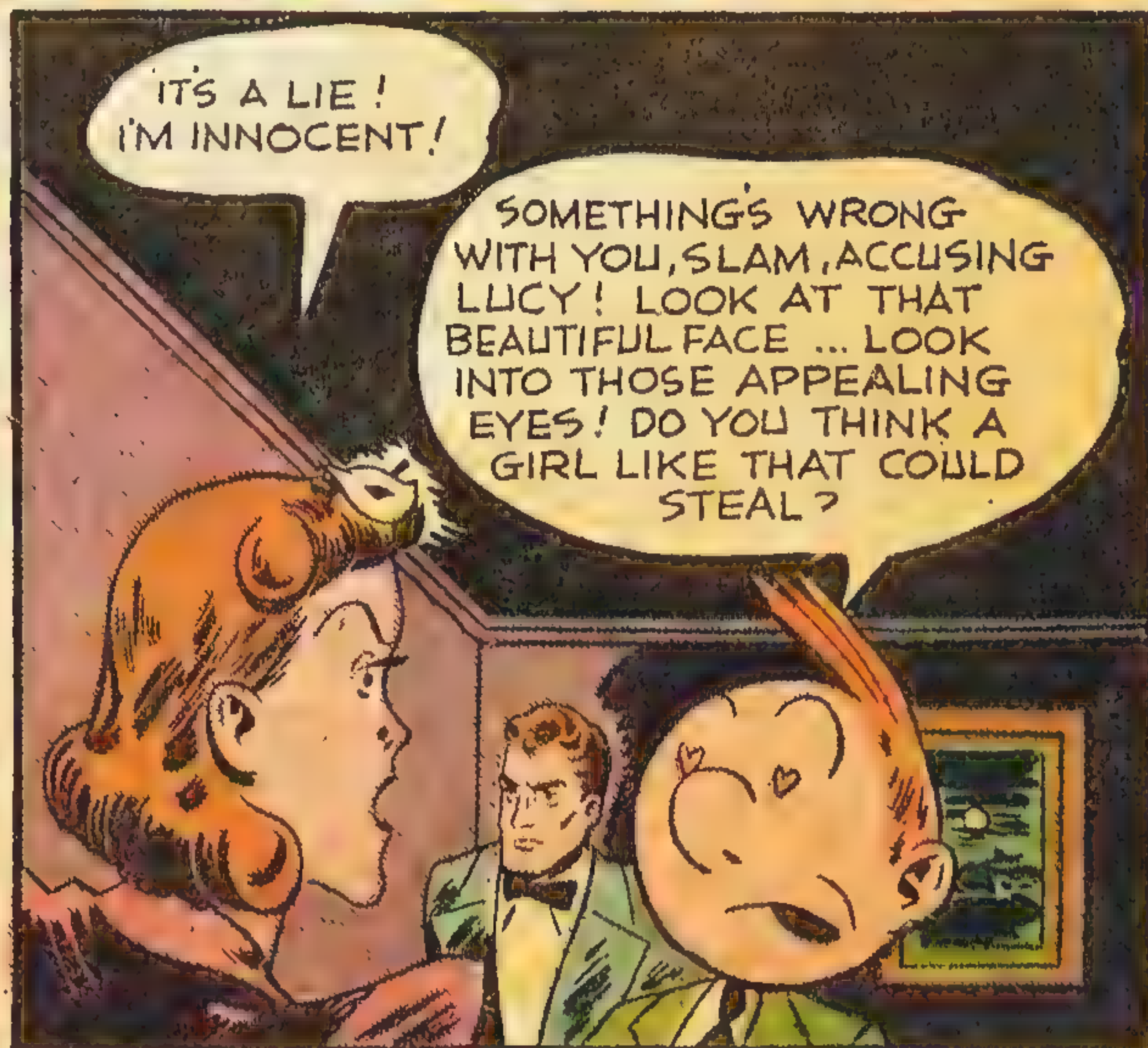
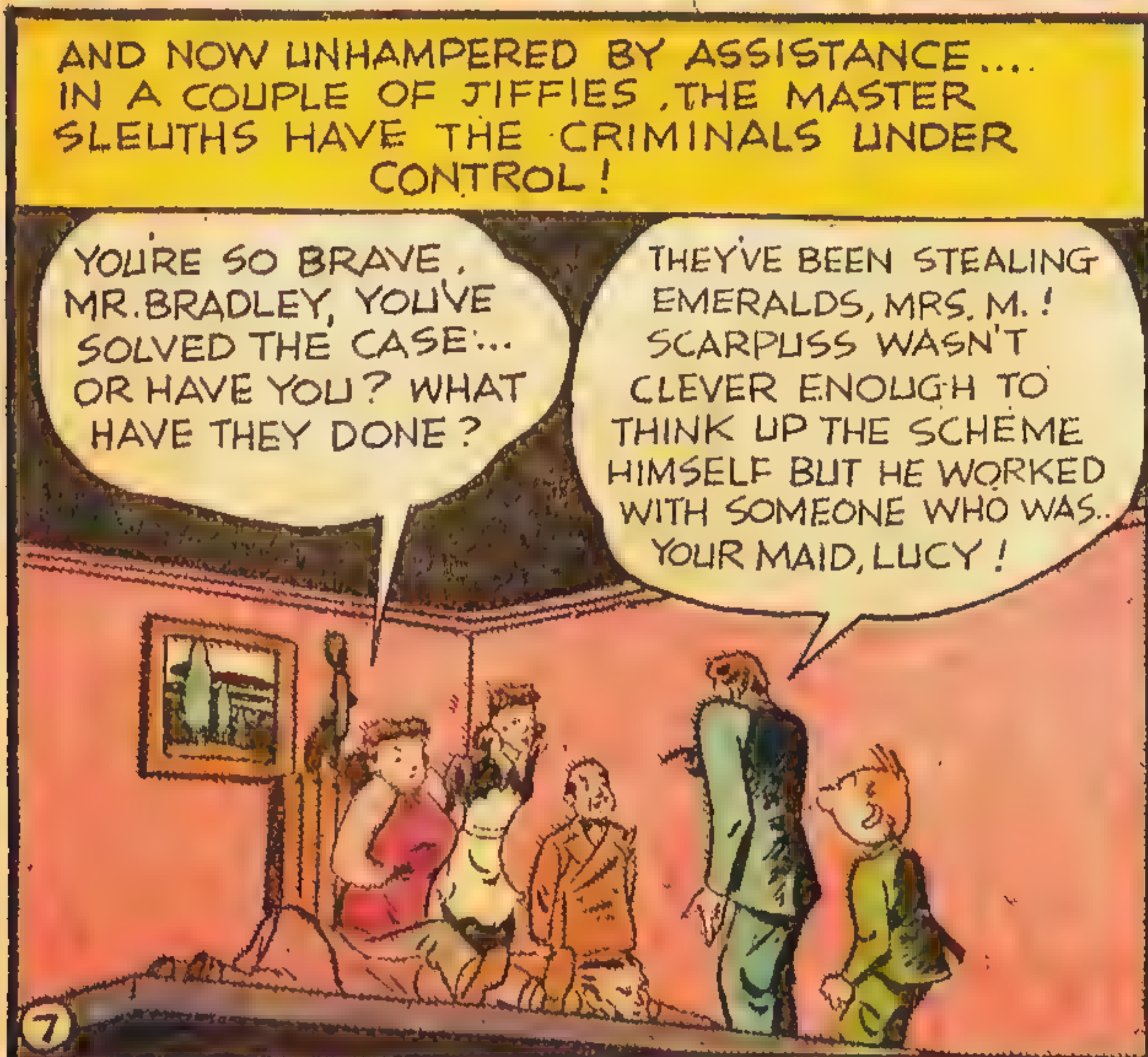
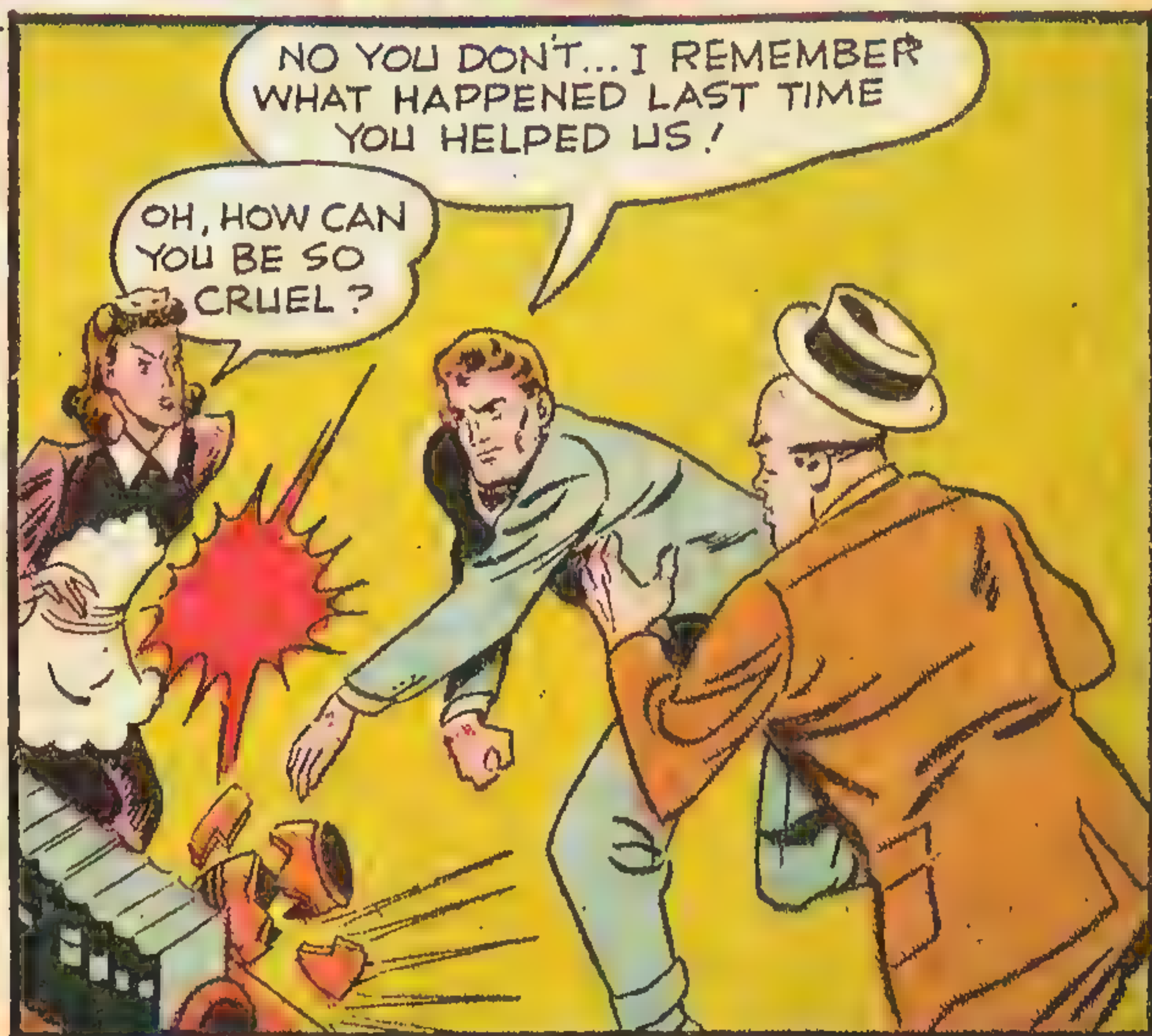
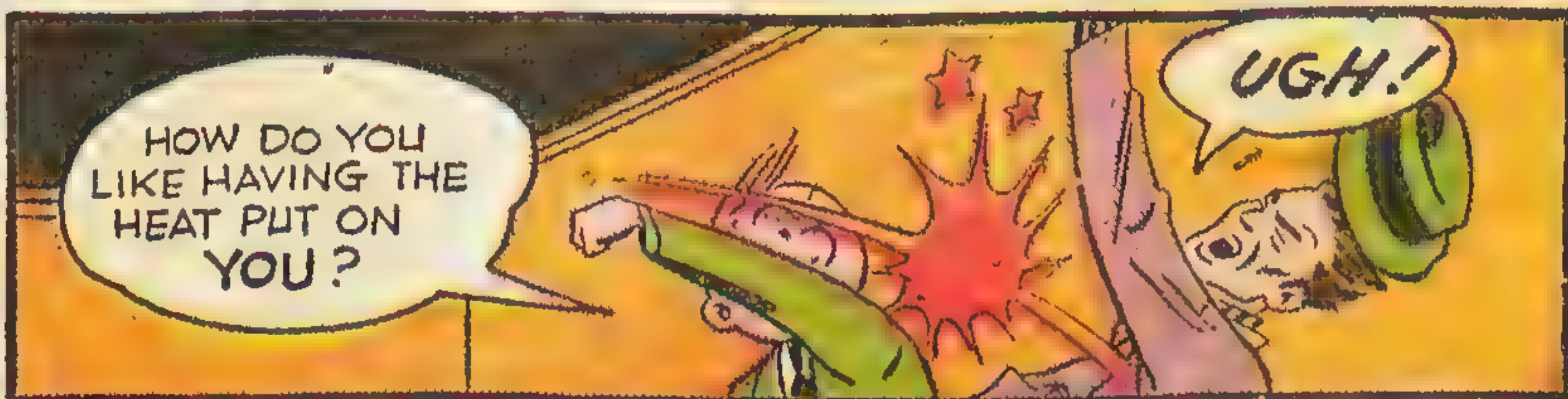
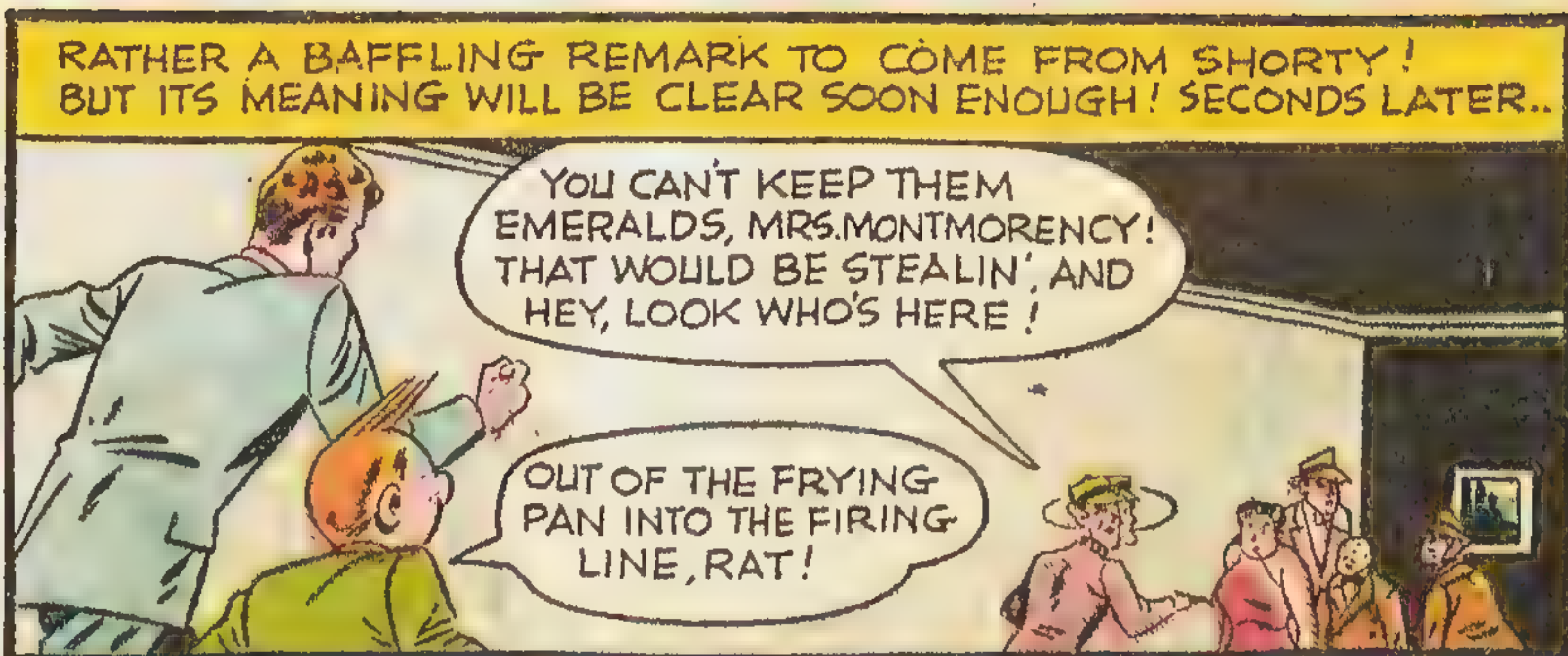
YOU SEE, SHORTY, EXPERIMENTS HAVE  
SHOWN THAT IN AN AIR-HEATED OVEN  
MEN CAN STAND TEMPERATURES EVEN  
ABOVE THE BOILING POINT OF WATER  
WITHOUT HARM ! PERSPIRATION KEEPS  
THEM SAFE !

BUT CLOTHES AND  
ROPES CATCH FIRE !  
I GET IT ! BUT  
WHAT I DON'T GET  
IS YOUR REASON  
FOR THINKING  
MY CLUE TO THE  
GREASY SPOON  
WAS FISHY !

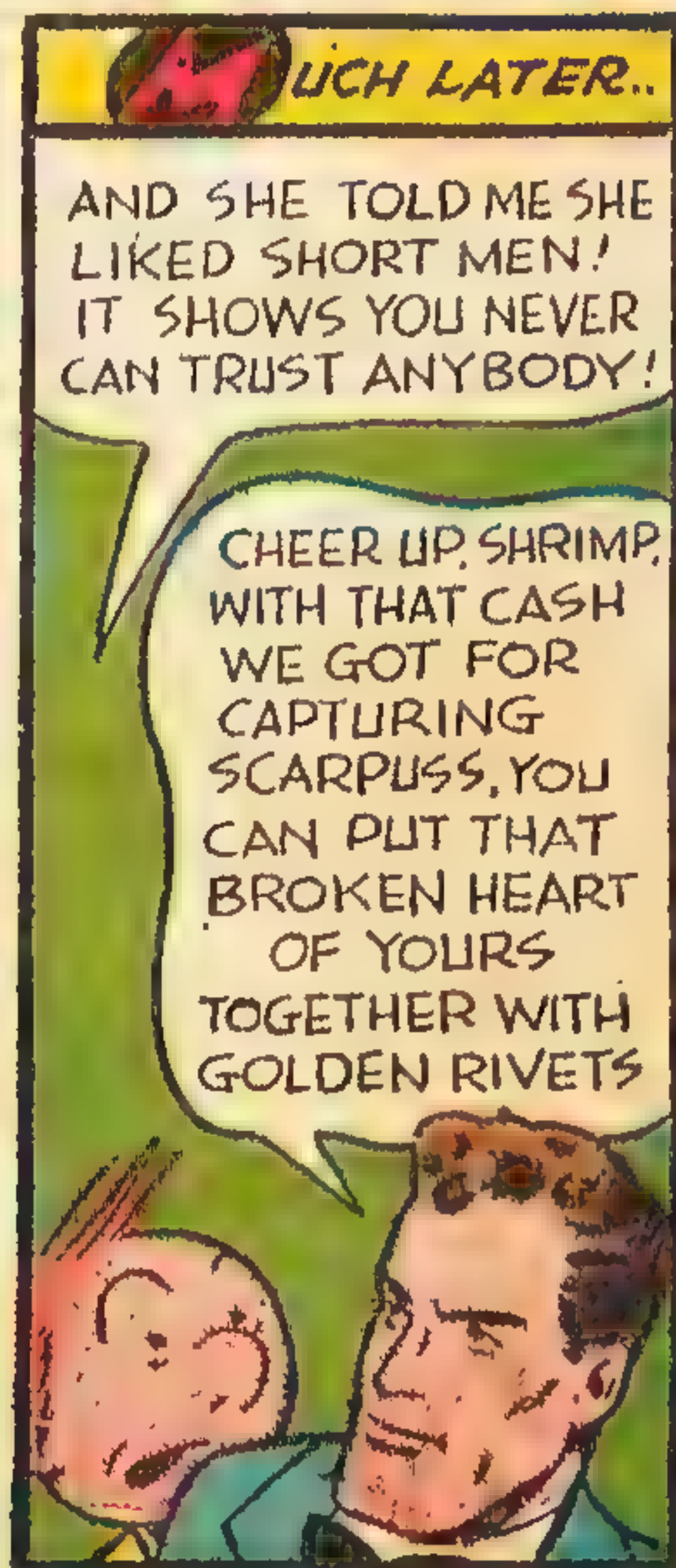
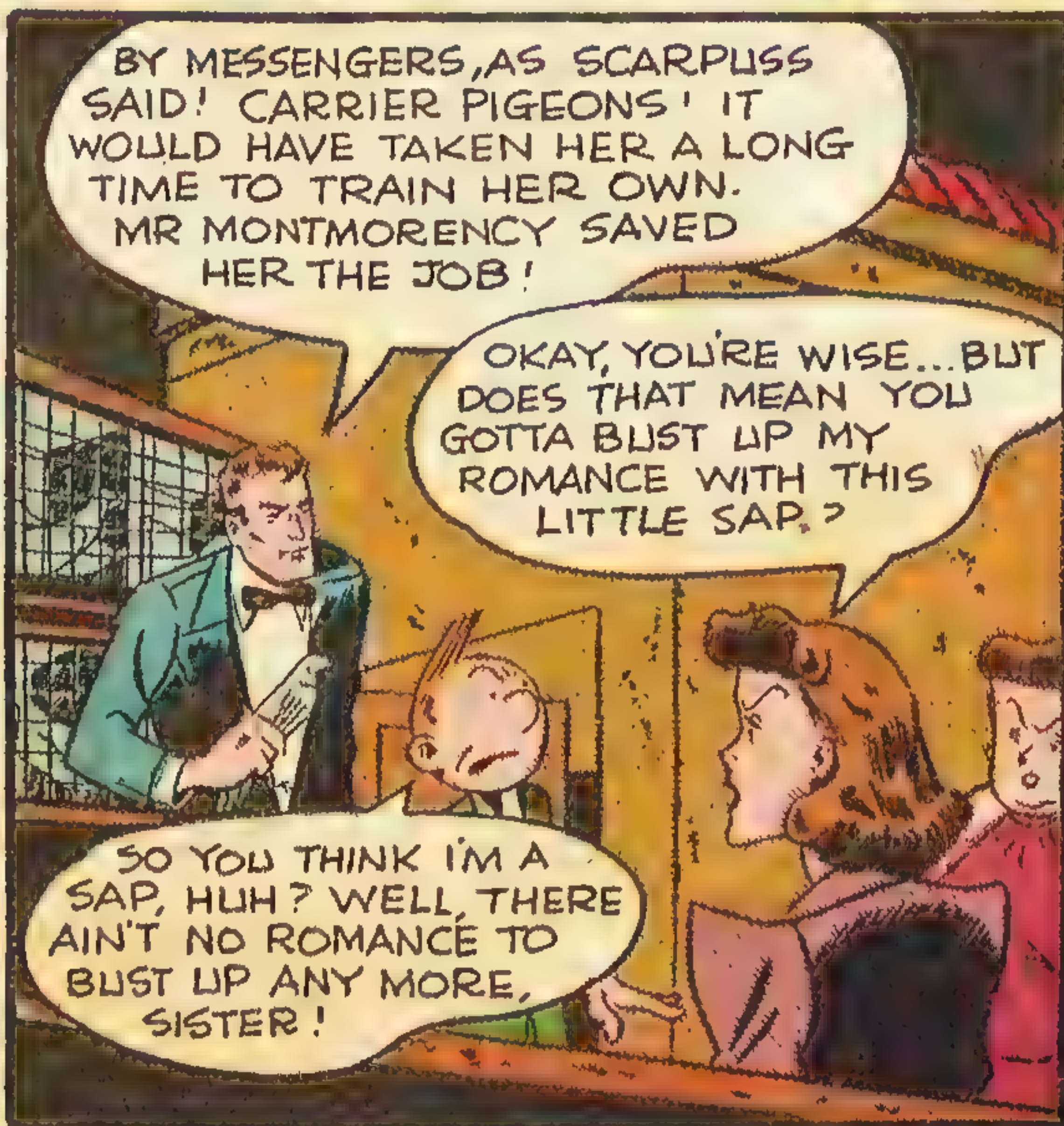
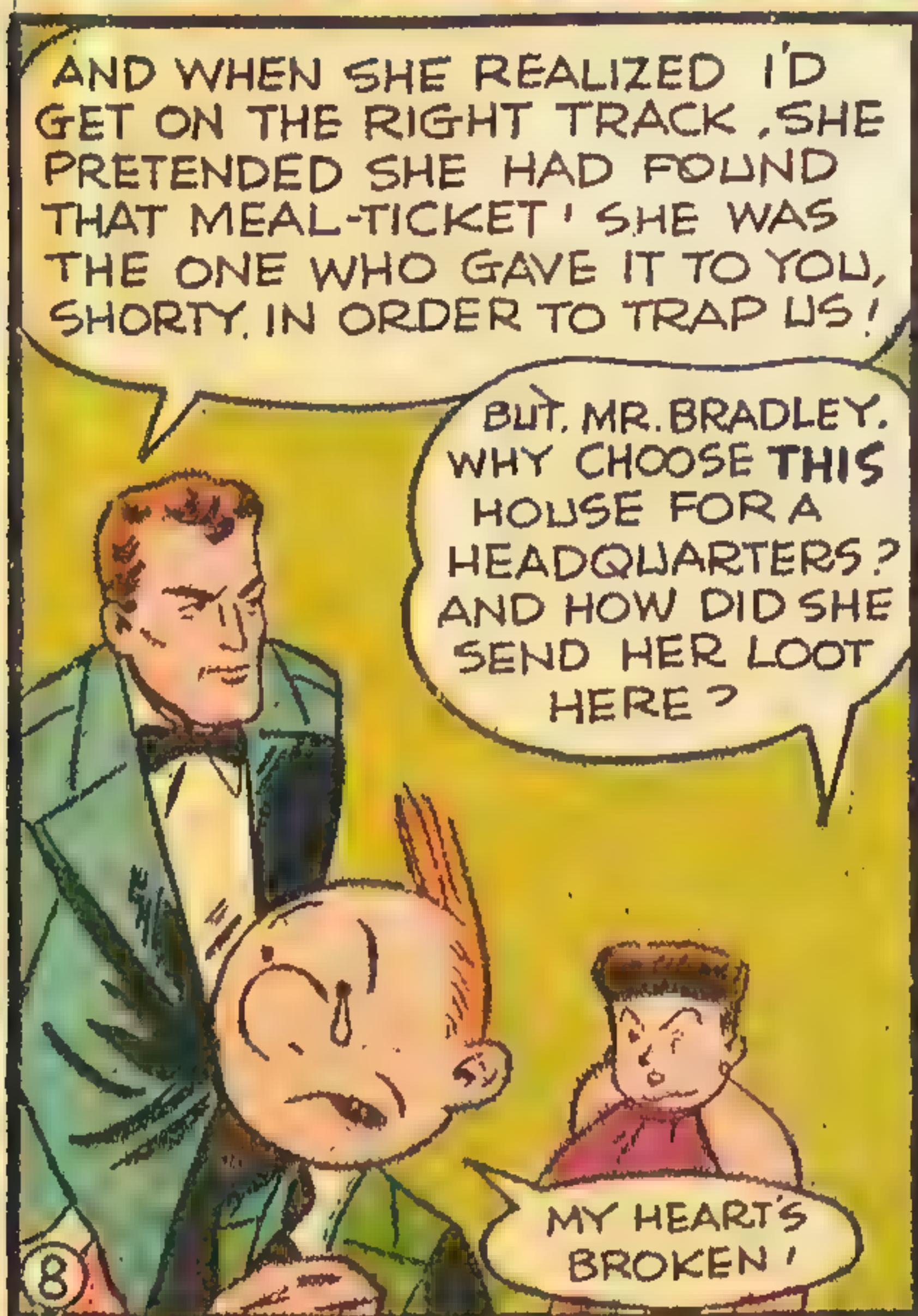
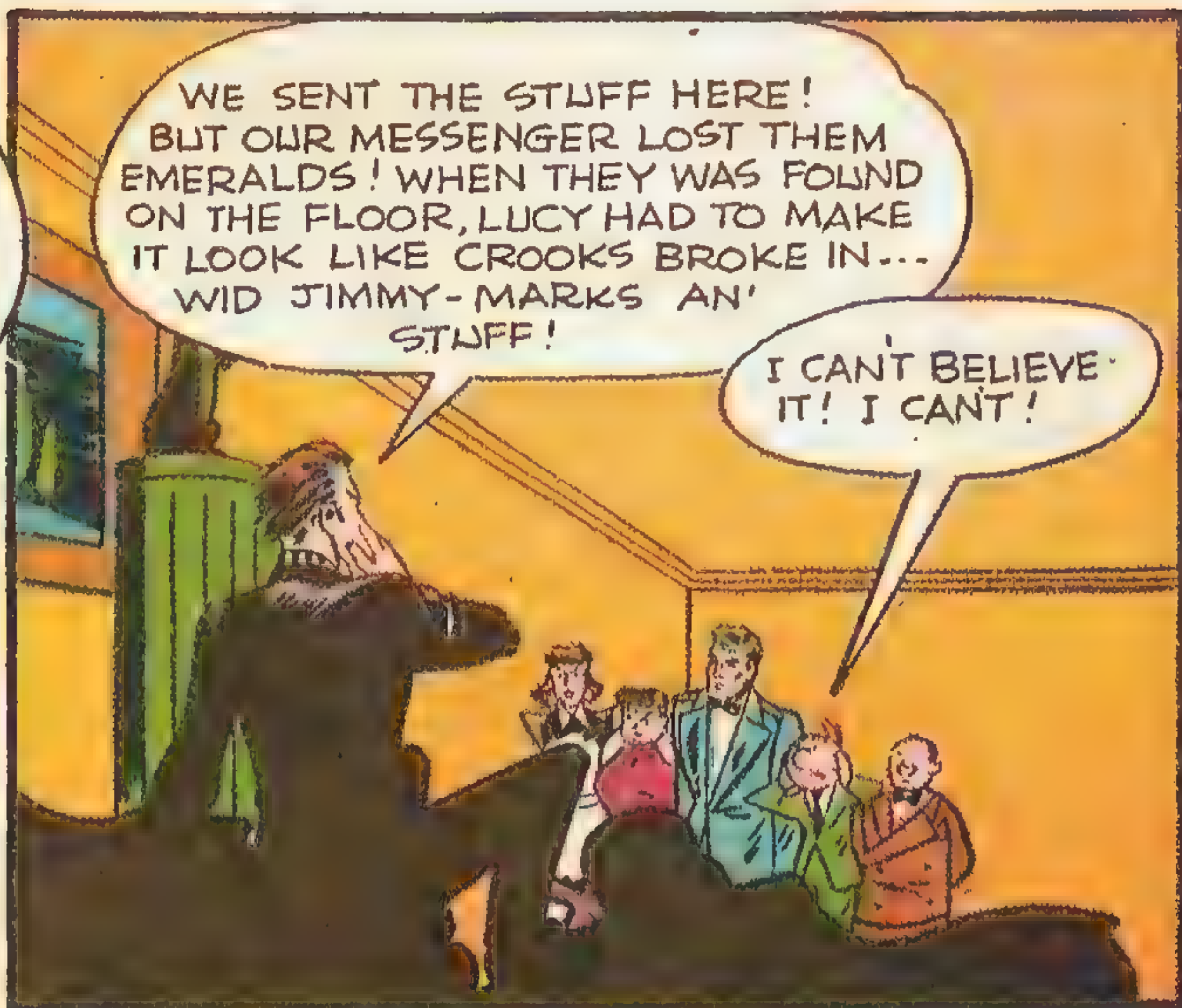
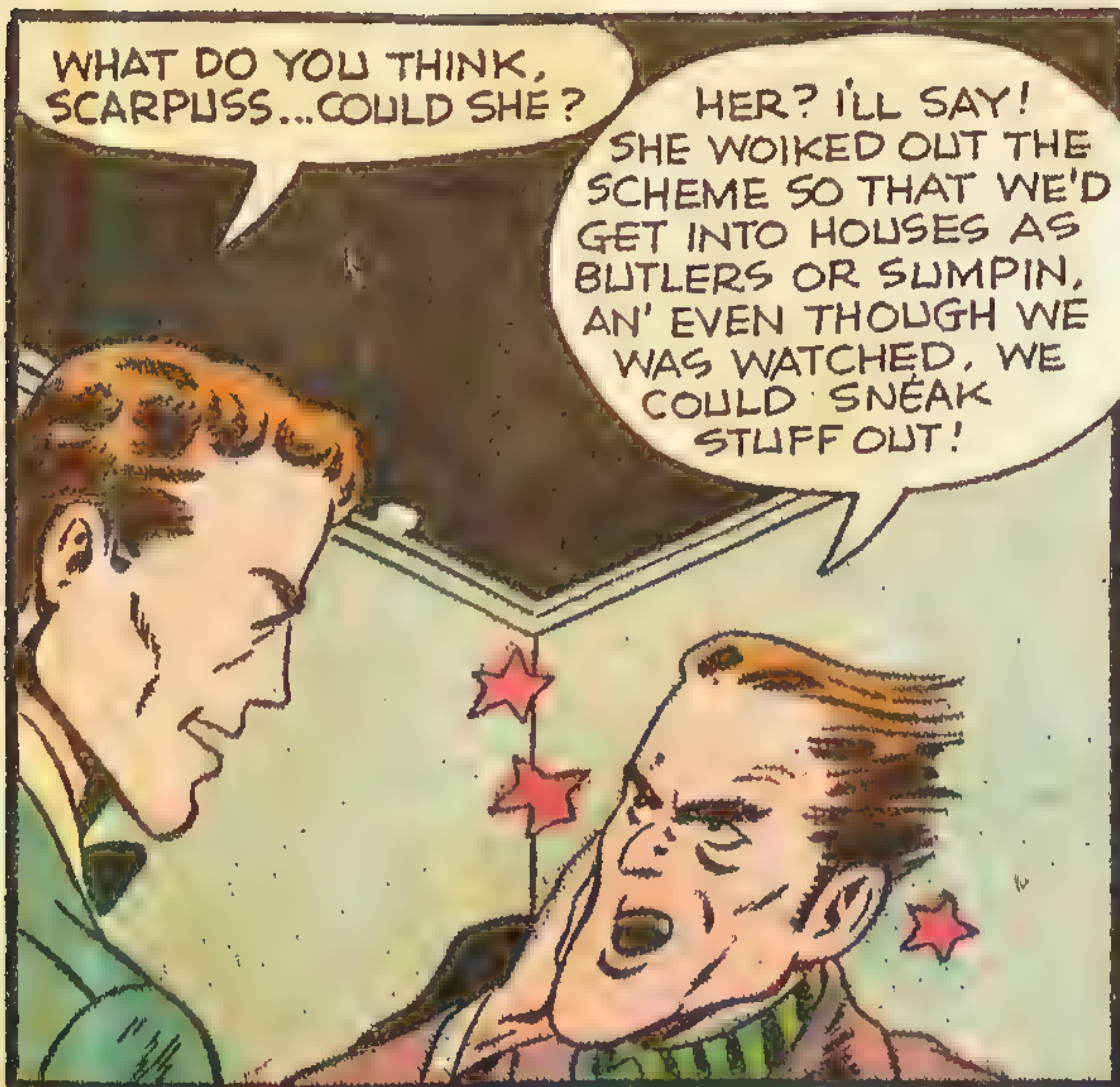
THAT WINDOW THE CROOKS WERE  
SUPPOSED TO HAVE USED WAS JIMMIED  
ALL RIGHT....BUT FROM THE INSIDE.....  
AND THERE WERE NO FOOTPRINTS IN  
THE SOFT EARTH OUTSIDE !

HUH..? YOU MEAN THE  
CROOKS DIDN'T COME IN  
THAT WAY ? THE WHOLE  
THING WAS AN INSIDE  
JOB ?









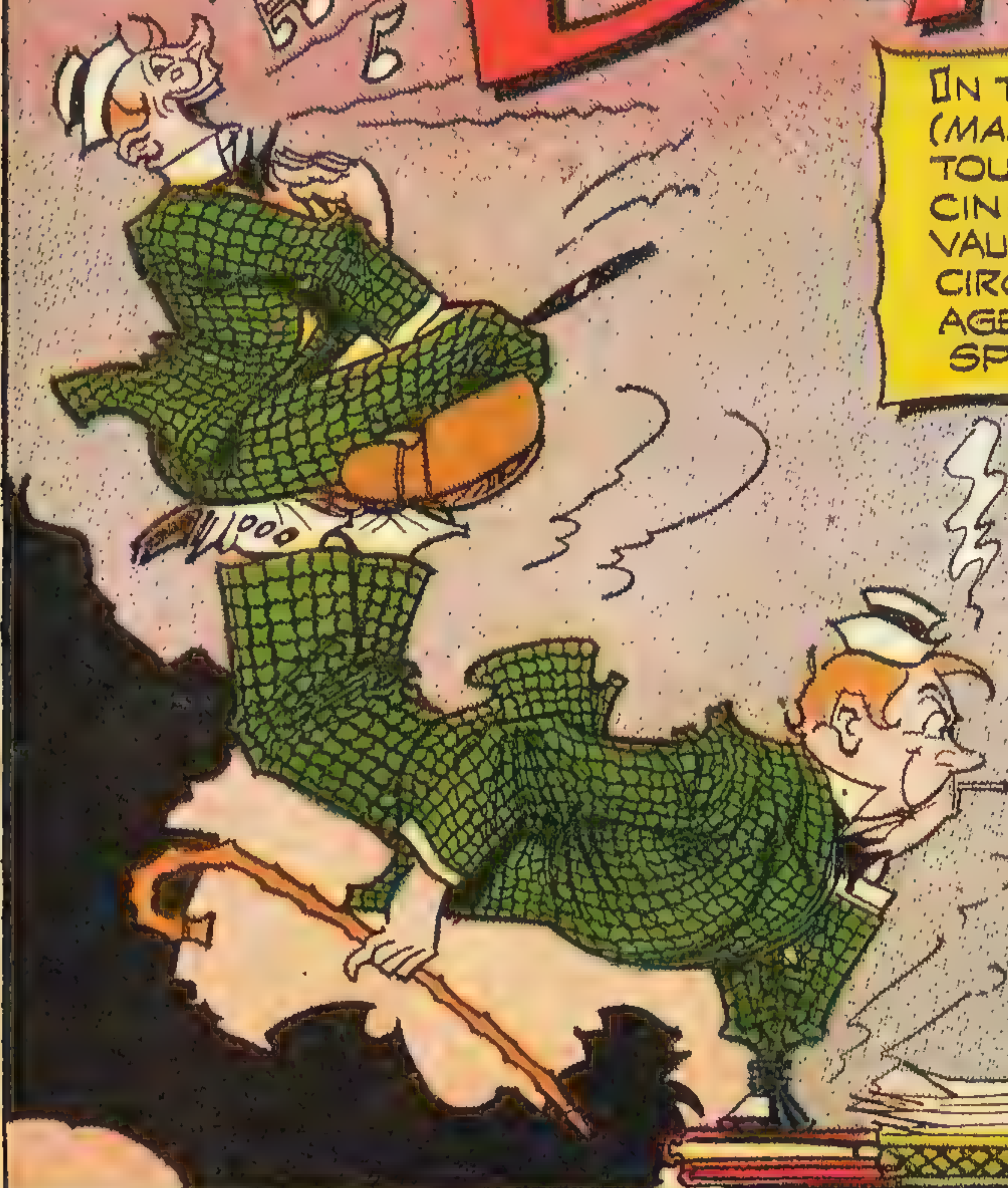


# THREE-RING BINKS-

IN THE SHOW BUSINESS FOR FORTY YEARS, (MAN AND BOY,) THE LOVABLE BINKS HAS TOURED WITH EVERYTHING FROM MEDICINE SHOWS TO CARNIVALS, ONE-NIGHT VALDEVILLE JUMPS, COUNTY FAIRS AND CIRCUSES. - HE IS NOW A BOOKING AGENT, WITH MANY A WIDE YARN TO SPIN, -- LET'S LISTEN...

WE DO A NEAT ACROBATIC ACT, WITH VOCALS, BINKS, - DO WE GET THE JOB?

SO YOU YOKELS THINK YOU'RE ACROBATS, EH? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU--



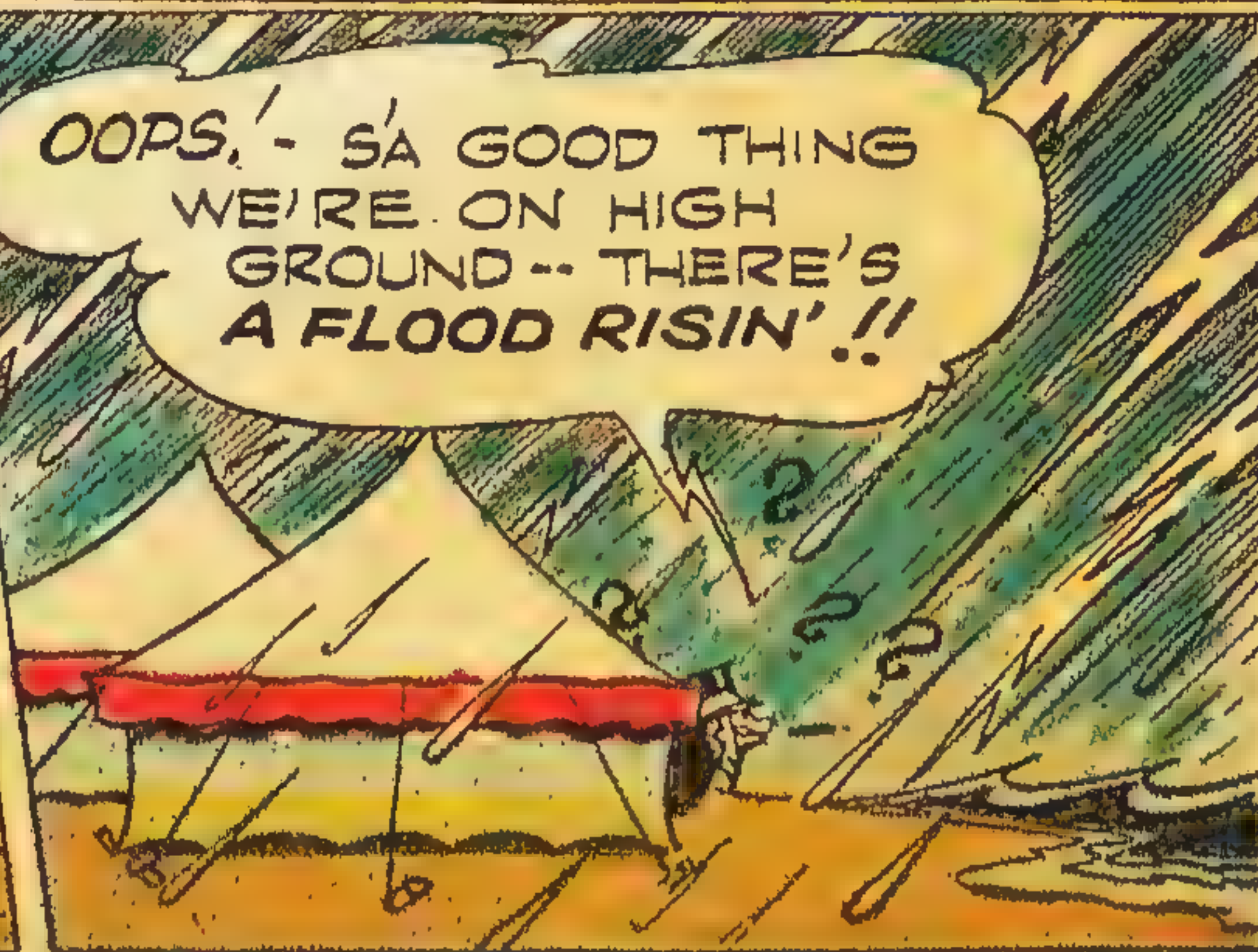
"--THIRTY-ODD YEAR AGO I WAS MANAGING A HOP-SKIP-AND JUMP CARNIVAL OUT IN THE CORN BELT, AND ONE NIGHT THREE ACROBATS DROPPED IN, LOOKING FOR WORK -- "

"-- WELL, THAT VERY NIGHT THE WORST STORM THAT EVER HIT THAT ENTIRE TERRITORY UNFOLDED ALL AROUND, OVER, AND ONTO US.!"

ALL-ROUND ACROBATS,--INCLUDING SLACK-WIRE WORK, EH? OKAY, BOYS, - PARK YOURSELVES IN FOR THE NIGHT, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A TRY-OUT IN THE MORNING!

THANKEE, SIR!

OOPS! - SA GOOD THING WE'RE ON HIGH GROUND -- THERE'S A FLOOD RISIN'!!





-- THE NEXT MORNING --

OOPS!--  
WE'RE  
MAROONED!!

-- AND THEN --

BINKS -- THAT OL'  
STORM DONE WASH  
OUT OUR ENTIRE COOK-  
TENT, - SO, FOR  
VITTLES WE UN'S HAVE  
NOW GOT A COMPLETE  
BILL-O-FARE OF *NOTHING!*

-- SOON EVERY LAST MAN ON  
THE GROUNDS BEGAN TO SING--

OH-H, WE'RE A-HOLDIN' MEETIN'S-  
'CAUSE WE HAFTA HAVE OUR  
EATIN'S--!!

-- SUDDENLY A BRIGHT  
IDEA STRUCK ME!--

THE ACROBATS?  
THASSA N'IDEA!--  
*HEY, BOYS!!*

WE SURE WANNA!

WE SURE CAN!

AND WE SURE WILL!

BZZ-Z!  
BZZ-Z!  
BZ-22!!

JUST A MATTER  
OF CHANGING  
OUR SHOES--MR.  
BINKS!!!





EVERYTHING DOWN BUT  
THE TELEGRAPH POLES—  
LET'S GO, BROTHERS!



NOW HERE'S  
WHERE --

-- WE REALLY --

GO TO TOWN!

"30 MINUTES LATER--"



WE DIDN'T PRACTISE  
TIGHT-ROPE WALKING ON  
THE SIDE FOR NOTHING!--  
CEREAL--HOT BISCUITS  
N' MARMALADE COMIN' UP!!

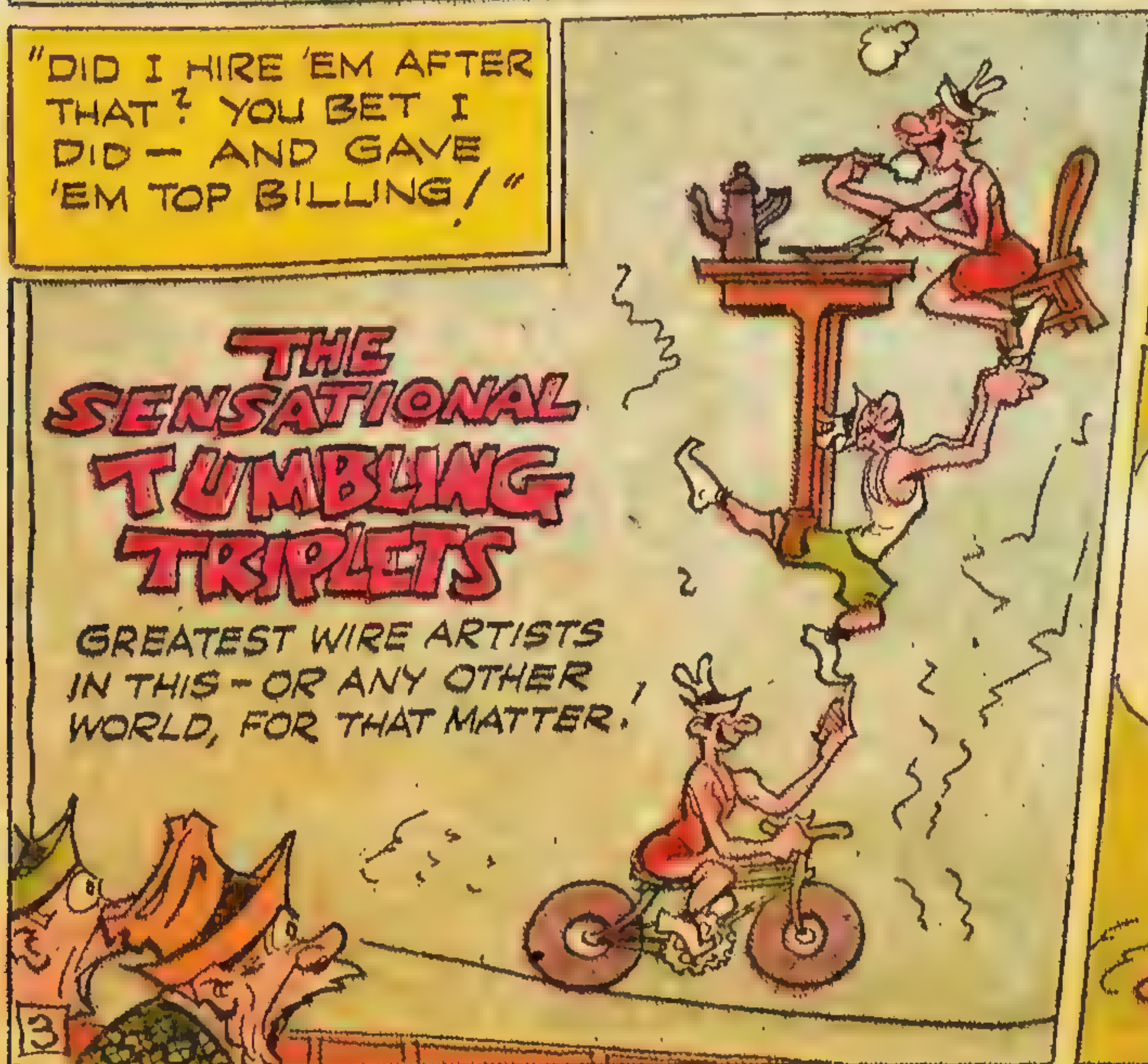
HOT HAM  
AN' EGGS,  
TO FOLLOW,--

WHAMMO!--  
AND  
PLENTY OF  
HOT  
COFFEE ..

"DID I HIRE 'EM AFTER  
THAT? YOU BET I  
DID-- AND GAVE  
'EM TOP BILLING!"

## THE SENSATIONAL TUMBLING TRIPLETS

GREATEST WIRE ARTISTS  
IN THIS--OR ANY OTHER  
WORLD, FOR THAT MATTER!



"BUT I HAD TROUBLE WITH 'EM  
RIGHT FROM THE START--  
THOSE TUMBLING TRIPLETS  
JUST WOULDN'T STAY  
ON THE GROUND!"

YOOHOO!  
PLEASE COME  
DOWN OFF'N THAT  
CLOTHESLINE, BOYS,  
-- THE SHOW'S  
STARTED!





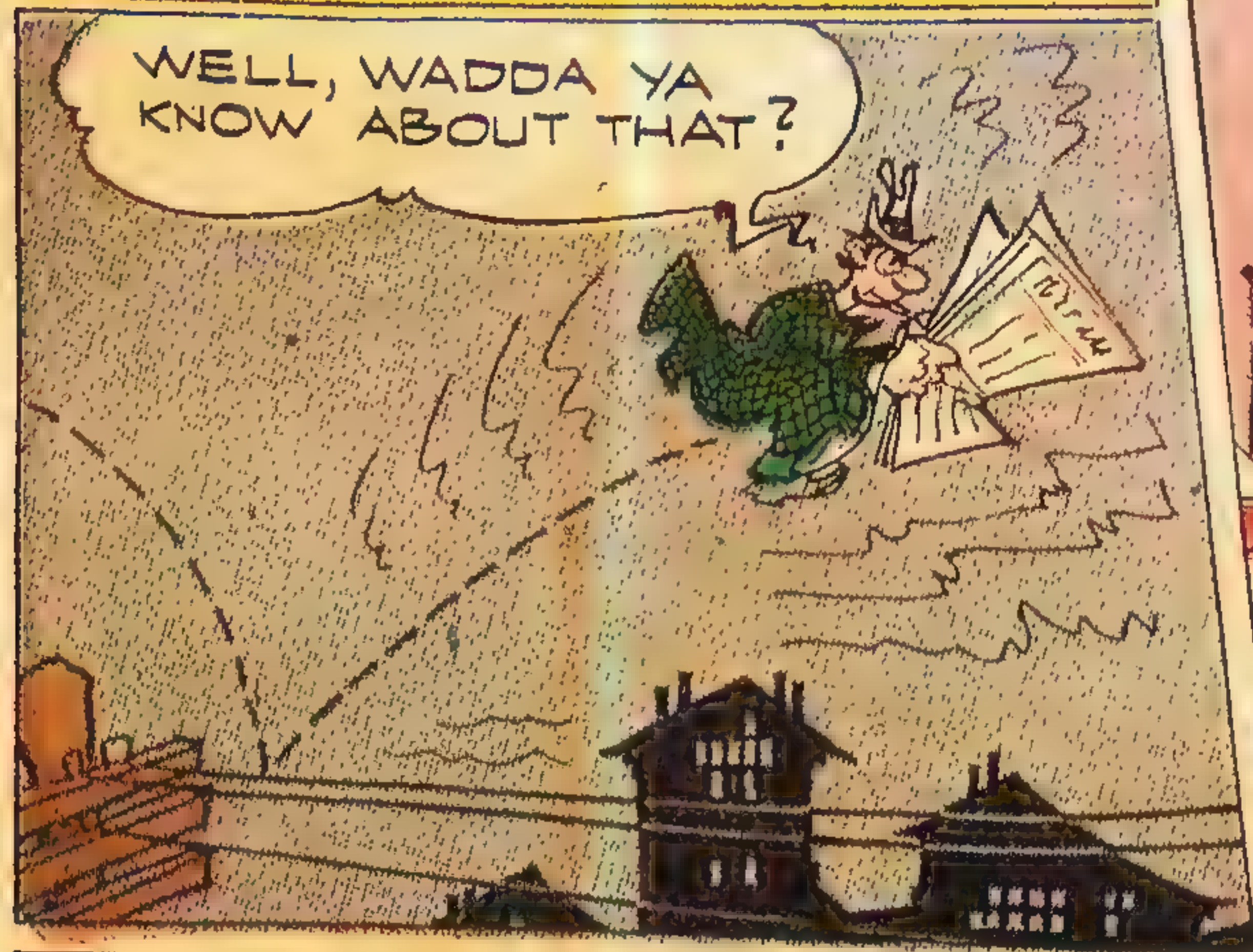
"'T WAS A PITY - THEY WERE SO GOOD... THE WAY ELMER COULD RUN AT TOP-SPEED ALONG A TELEPHONE WIRE WAS A CAUTION."/>



-- AND HOMER WAS EVEN BETTER,-- HE COULD DO FOUR RUNNING BACKFLIPS ON THE SAME WIRE AND LAND UPRIGHT! "



"BUT ALONZO - HE TOPPED BOTH OF THEM - ALONZO WAS SO KEEN THAT HE COULD ACTUALLY **BOUNCE** (WITH A RUNNING START) FROM TELEGRAPH POLE TO TELEGRAPH POLE WHILE READING A NEWSPAPER."/>

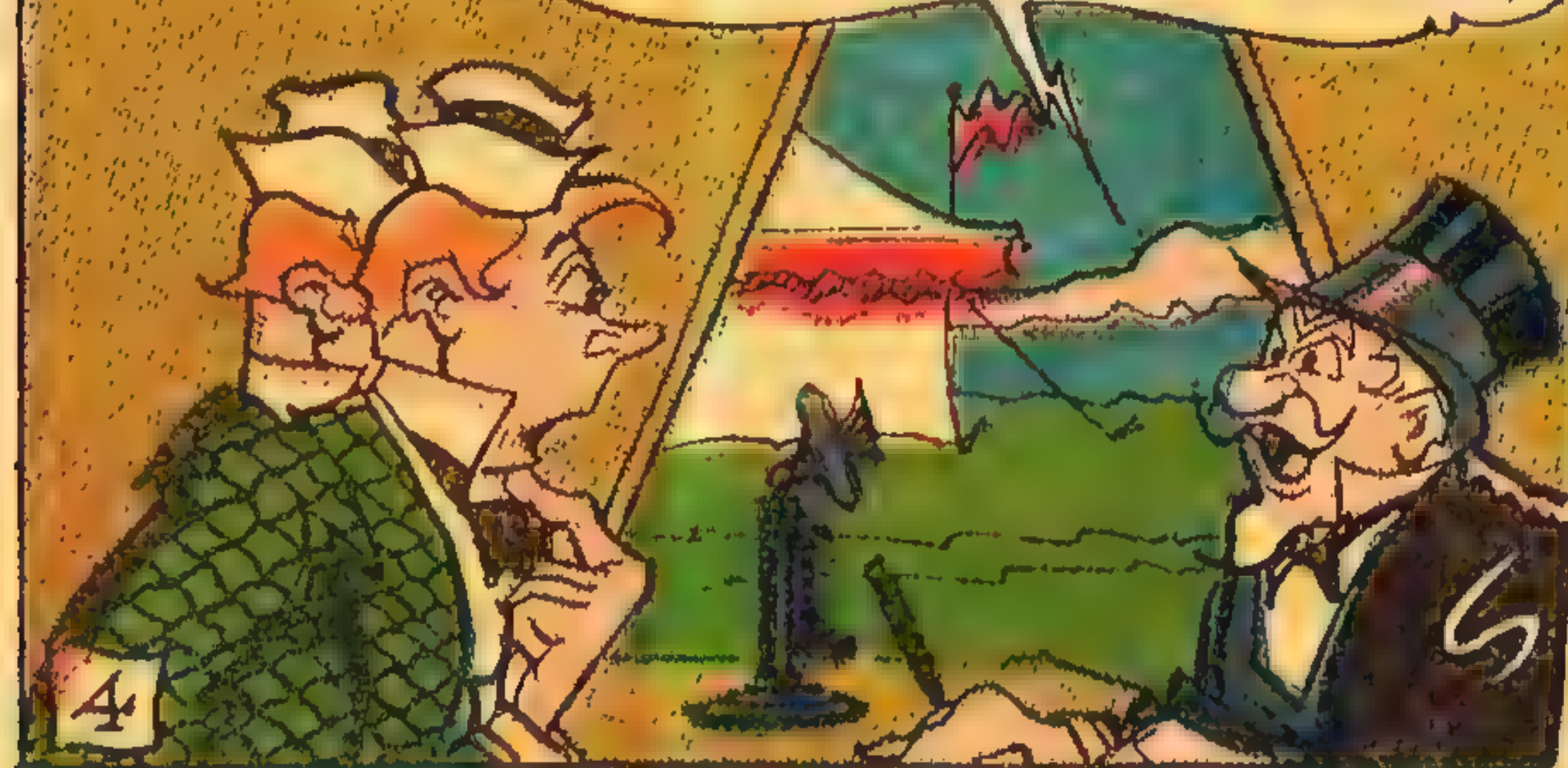


"FINALLY, HOWEVER, THEY GOT SO OUT OF HAND I HAD TO LET THEM GO - ALTHOUGH IT NEAR BROKE MY HEART TO DO IT."/>



AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, BINKS, IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO TELL US?

FROM THEN ON, FROM WHAT I HEAR - THEY WENT COMPLETELY ERRATIC -- HOPPING FROM ONE CARNIVAL TO ANOTHER - THEN -

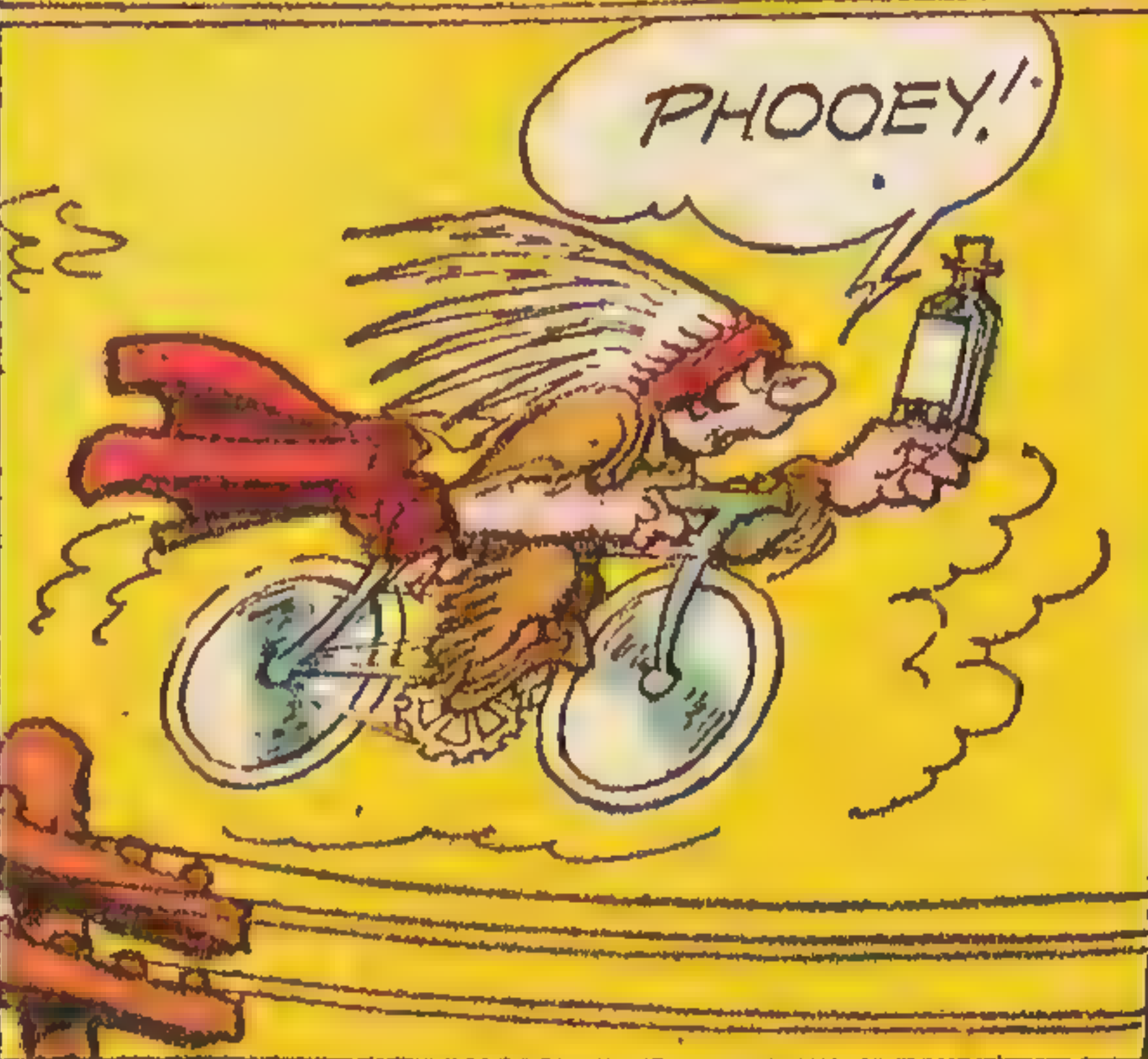


"THEY HITCHED UP WITH A WANDERING MEDICINE SHOW, -- DOING A BALLY-HOO ACT ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES TO ATTRACT THE CROWDS--"





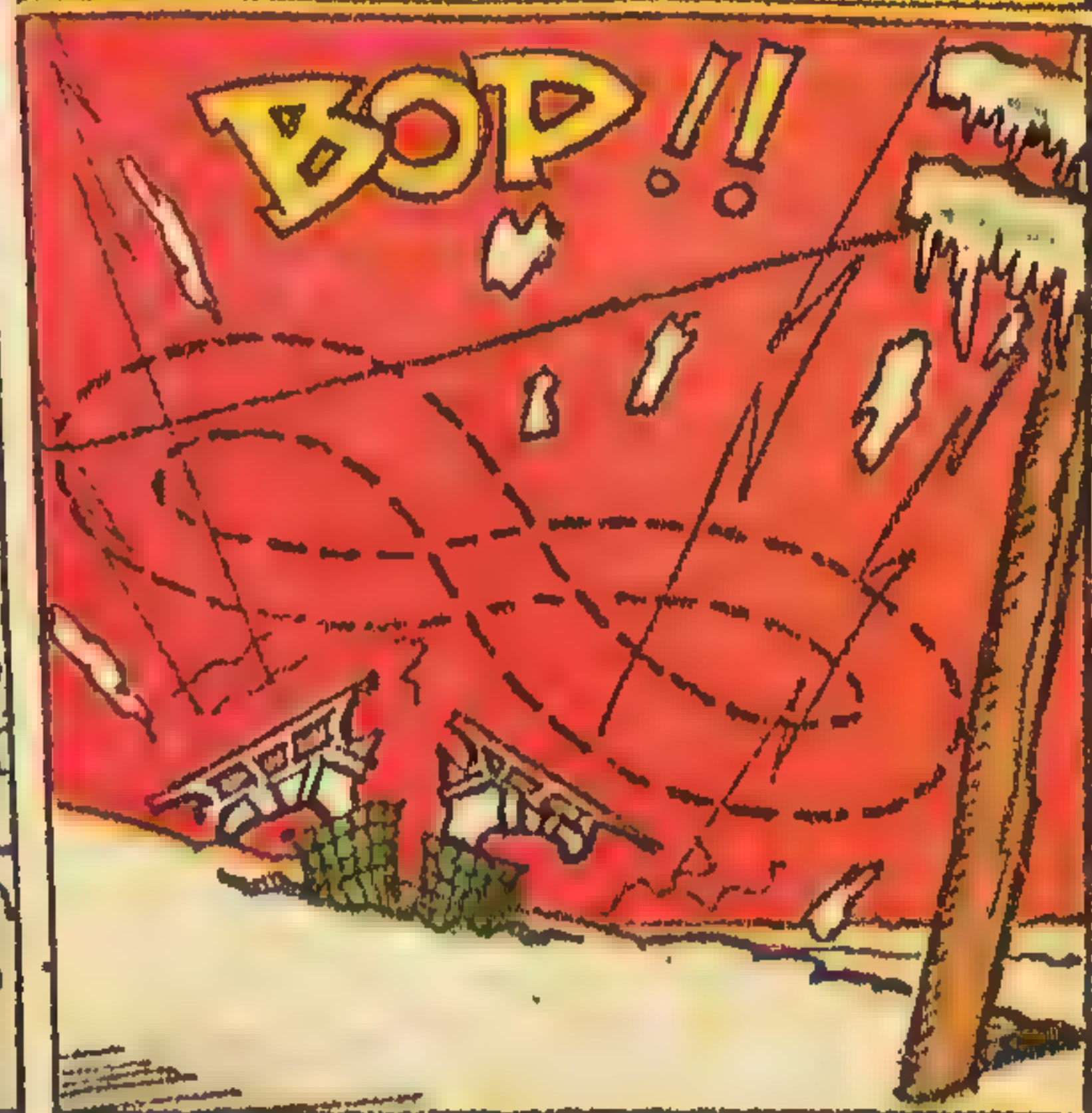
-- MOST OF THE ORDERS FOR THIS INDIAN FALLEN-ARCH, LUMBAGO, EARACHE SYRUP CAME IN BY PHONE, - SO THE BOYS WOULD HAVE TO STOP THEIR ACT IN THE MIDDLE AND MAKE DELIVERIES--



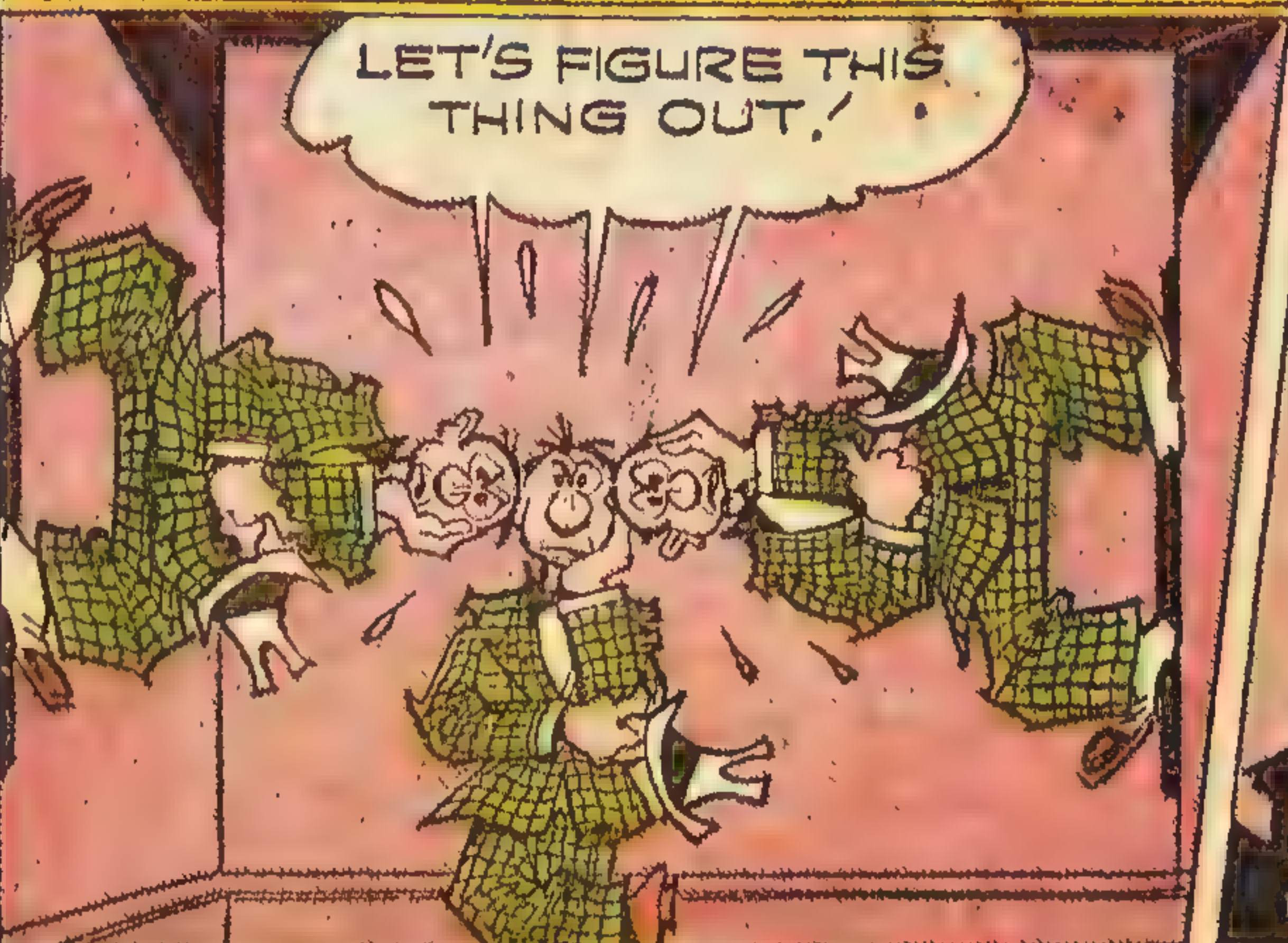
-- THEY WERE COINING MONEY AGAIN WHEN SUDDENLY WINTER SET IN, --- ICE SKATES SOON SOLVED THAT PROBLEM HOWEVER --"



-- UNTIL ONE DAY, ELMER GOT TOO FANCY AND TRIED TO CUT A 'FIGURE EIGHT' ON A SINGLE WIRE AND WOUND UP IN A 'STITCHES' BAZAAR--



" WHEN HE RECOVERED, THE BOYS REALIZED AT LONG LAST THAT THEY WERE FAST GETTING NOWHERE, SO THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER ... "



-- RADIO WAS JUST COMING IN ABOUT THAT TIME, SO WITH A FLASH OF GENIUS, THEY INVENTED THE VERY FIRST 'AIR-SHOW' RIGHT ON ANYONE'S PRIVATE HOME AERIAL -- FOR A VERY FANCY FIGURE . ! "



PHEW-W! BIG-TOP, THAT STOPS US FLAT IN OUR TRACKS BETWEEN THE LIGHTS,!! BUT BEFORE WE WALK OUT QUIETLY - HOW DID THAT TANTALIZIN' TRIO WIND UP -- AN' WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?



-- THEY WERE BROADCASTING A LAUNCHING ATOP A NEW SHIP'S AERIAL--THEIR PROGRAM RAN A LITTLE OVER TIME, THE SHIP HEADED FOR CHINA-- AND I RECKON THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE ! SO LONG NOW, --I'LL BE SEEIN' YA.!!"



MAMMY MAMMY MA-HAMMY!



# The 604 COMMANDOS

## "Never Say Die!"



### ORDER OF THE DAY

A specially selected Commando unit will pay a visit to General Yoko Yumasota's secret headquarters...

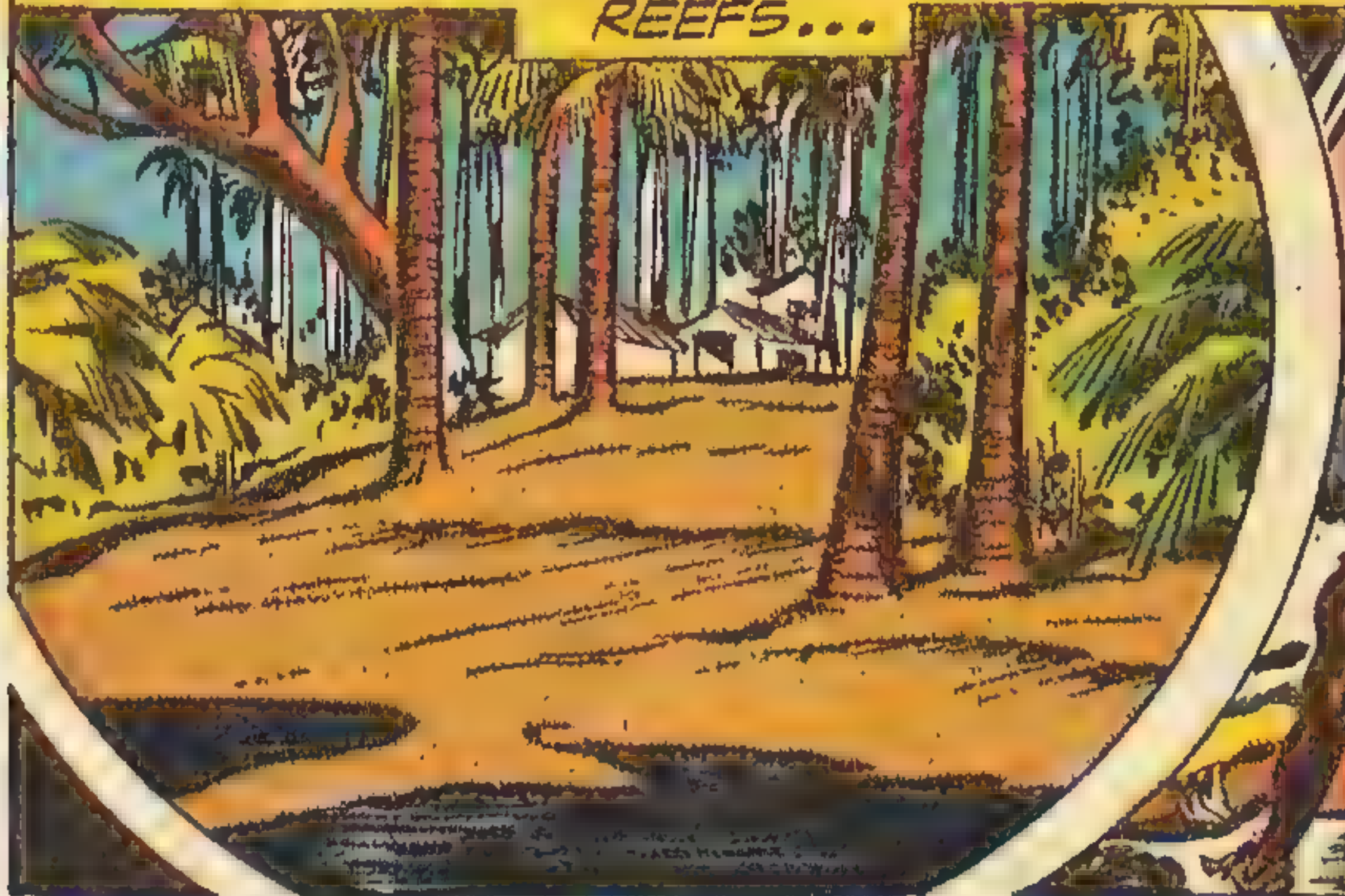
IN REGARD TO SOME YANK AVIATORS WHO NEVER RETURNED FROM TOKYO!

*Rip Carter...*  
CAPTAIN

**T**HE NAMES USED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS, AND ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS IS SHEER COINCIDENCE! BUT, IT IS DEFINITELY NO COINCIDENCE THAT JUST AS THE SUN MUST RISE, SO MUST THE RISING SUN SET—FOREVER!



ALUA, A ONCE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND IN THE MYSTERIOUS SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE MAIDENS DANCED IN THE MOONLIGHT AND HUSKY WARRIORS FISHED AND SWAM AROUND CORAL REEFS...



...BUT THAT WAS BEFORE MODERN WARS BEGAN CHANGING SCENERY—AND MAPS!



...AND BEFORE THE LITTLE MEN OF NIPPON BEGAN SLITHERING ACROSS THE ISLANDS THAT WERE STEPPING STONES TO CONQUEST!



ALAS! OUR ALUA IS NO LONGER OURS! THE LITTLE MEN WITH THE GRINNING FACES SAY THEY "HELP" US TO MODERNIZE IT!



THE ANCIENT TEMPLE NOW HOLDS COUNCILS OF WAR INSTEAD OF RELIGIOUS RITES! THE NOTORIOUS GENERAL YUMASOTA CALLS HIS COHORTS OF CRIME TOGETHER FOR A STAFF MEETING!

IT IS SIMPLE AS YANKEE A.B.C. WE BUILD GREAT AIR AND NAVAL BASES—THEN MAKE SURPRISE RAID ON AUSTRALIA!



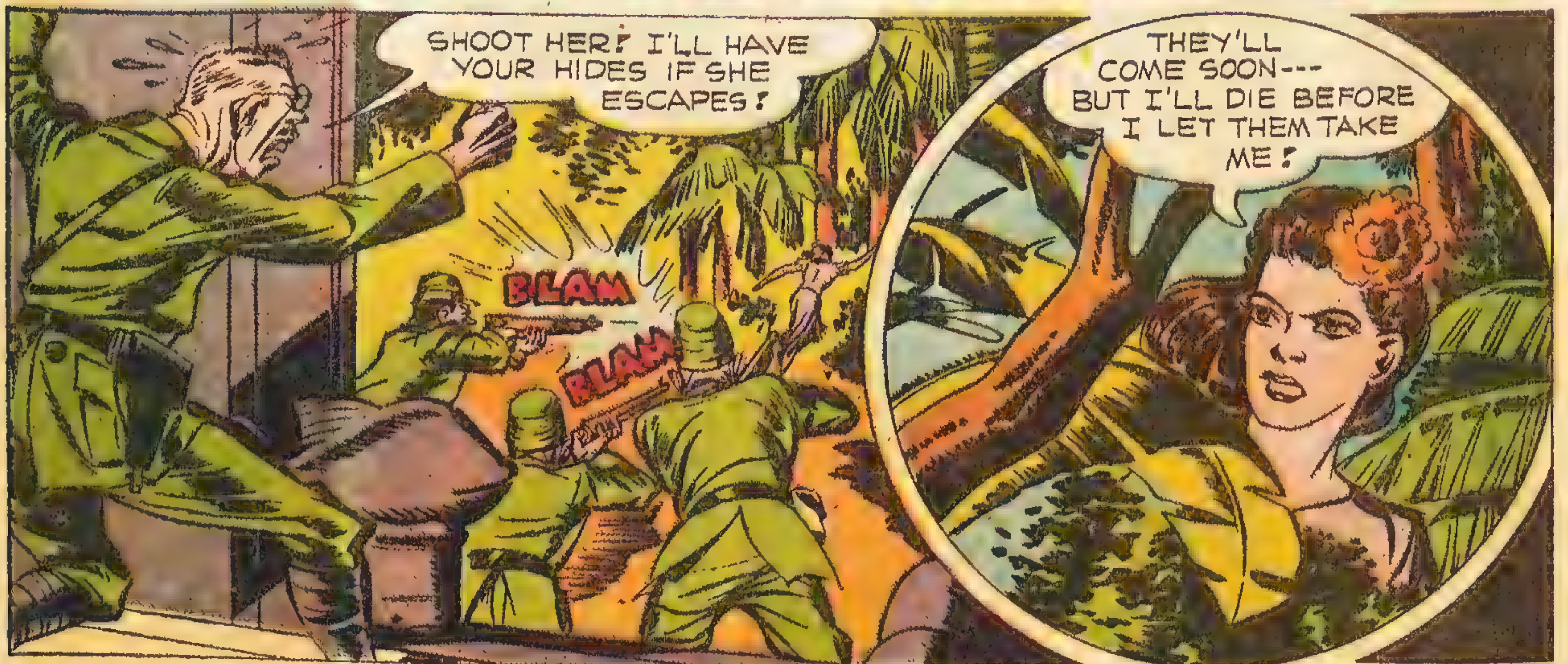
WE ARE SAFE FROM ACCURSED YANKEE SUBMARINES, AND THEIR AIR FORCES CAN'T FIND US! FROM ALUA, HONORABLE SONS OF NIPPON CAN MAKE INVASION THAT WILL BRING FINAL VICTORY!



AND NOW, MY FAIR ALETA...















WE RAN INTO THE NIPS---AND THEY CAME OUT SECOND BEST! WE PATROLLED THEIR STRONGHOLD--- AND WE'VE GOT THE LOCATION OF THEIR OBSERVATION POST! TONIGHT, WE STRIKE!

AS FOR YOU, ALETA, WE WANT YOU TO PASS WORD AMONG YOUR PEOPLE THAT WE ARE HERE...AND THAT THEY SHOULD AID US IN EVERY WAY! BROOKLYN WILL ACCOMPANY YOU!

I CAME OVERTA FIGHT--NOT TA ESCORT NO DAME!



THESE ARE ORDERS, BROOKLYN!

DO YOU HAPTA HOLD MY ARM?



WE'VE ONLY GOT AN HOUR BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN! EVERYBODY GET SET--- AND WE'LL RUN OVER LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS!



HERE'S THE OLD TEMPLE, HEADQUARTERS FOR GENERAL YUMASOTA! I'LL HANDLE HIM PERSONALLY! HERE ARE THE TELEPHONE OUTPOSTS!

LET'S GO!



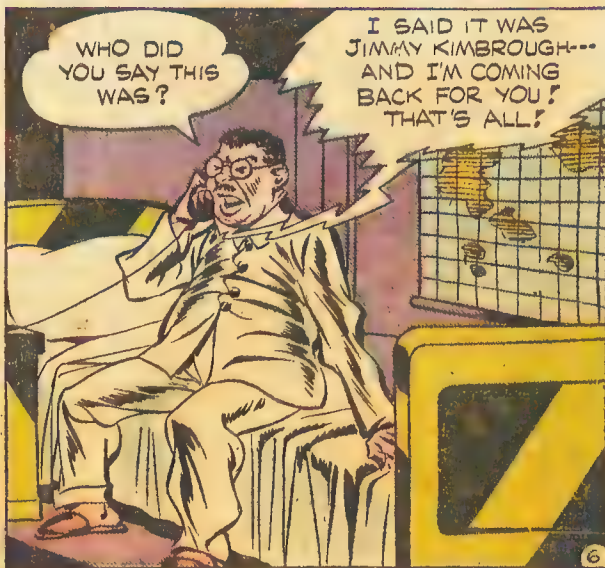
NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE TINY ISLAND...



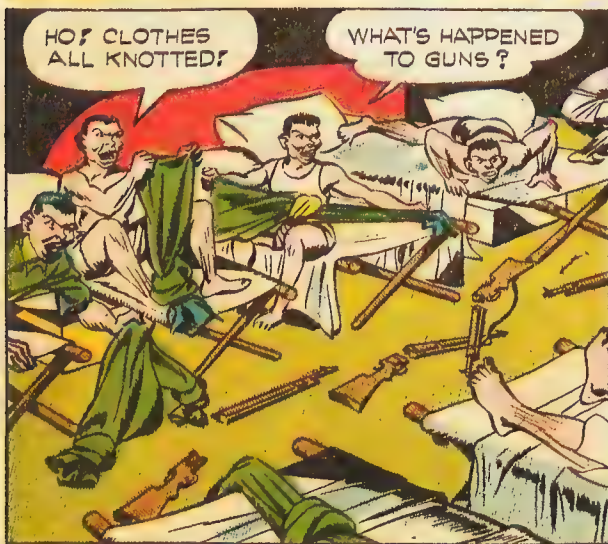
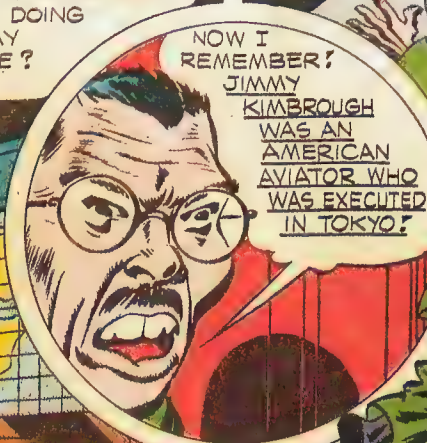
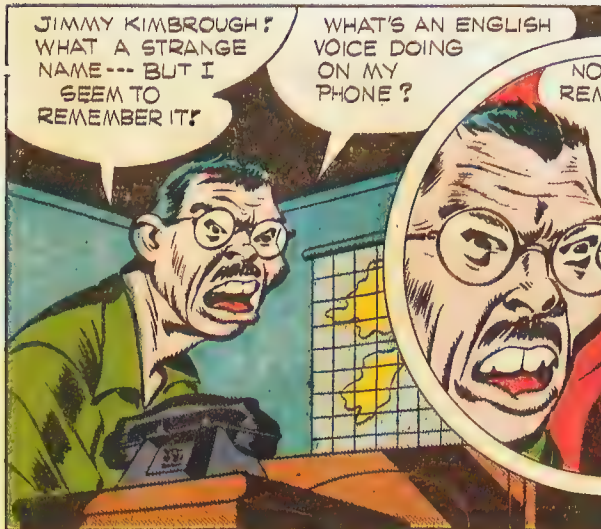
FOLLOW ME ... THE OUTPOST IS THIS WAY!















THE  
COMMANDOS  
ARE  
COMING!

WE'VE  
BEEN  
TRICKED!



QUICKLY, OR HONORABLE  
GENERAL WILL SEND US  
ALL TO FIGHT AGAINST  
THE YANKEES!

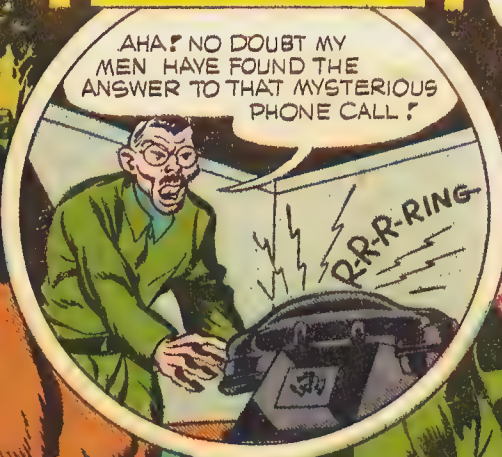
WE'VE GOT TO  
REACH THOSE  
TELEPHONES!

THAT SHOULD GIVE RIPTIME  
FOR ONE MORE PHONE  
CALL...

MEANWHILE, IN GENERAL  
YUMASOTA'S QUARTERS...



AHA! NO DOUBT MY  
MEN HAVE FOUND THE  
ANSWER TO THAT MYSTERIOUS  
PHONE CALL!



W-WHO  
I-IS  
T-THIS?

TOMMY  
MILLER,  
GENERAL!  
I'VE COME  
BACK TO GET  
YOU! THAT'S  
ALL---



BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
TOMMY MILLER IS  
THE NAME OF  
ANOTHER YANKEE  
PILOT WHO WAS  
EXECUTED! THIS  
IS TOO MUCH!



ROUND UP EVERY NATIVE ON THE  
ISLAND--- FOR MASS  
EXECUTION!











SEEING HELP NEAR AT HAND, THE NATIVES BREAK LOOSE AND TURN UPON THEIR CAPTORS!

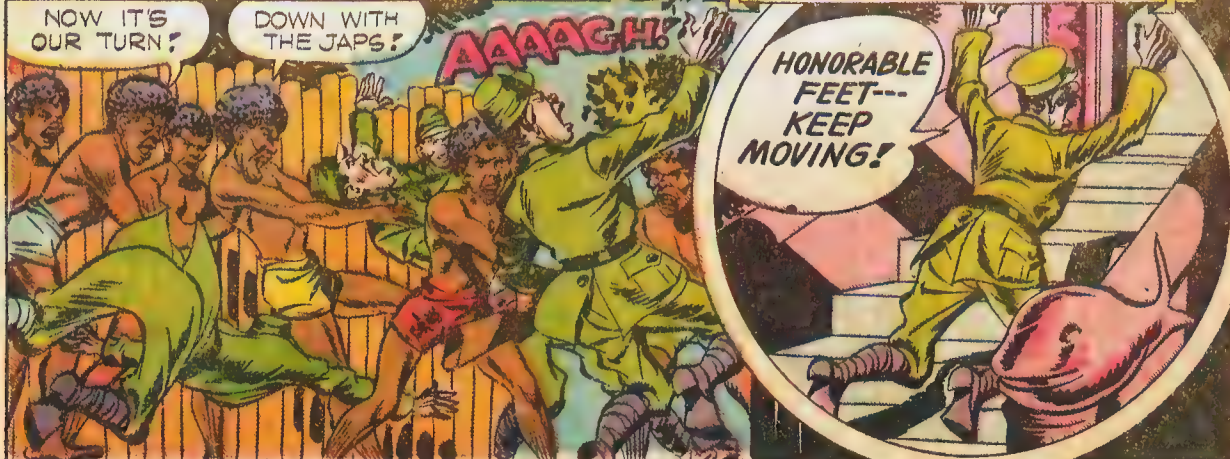
WHILE GENERAL YUMASOTA THINKS OF MORE HEALTHY PLACES TO BE!

NOW IT'S OUR TURN!

DOWN WITH THE JAPS!

AAAAGH!

HONORABLE FEET--- KEEP MOVING!



THERE GOES ZEE GENERAL, RIP! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

HES MY DISH BOYS!

FIRST TO BURN ALL MY PLANS... THEN TO ESCAPE TO ADMIRAL HUTSUO'S SHIP!

THERES NO ESCAPE FOR YOU, GENERAL YUMASOTA!

YOU---YOU! ANOTHER OF THEM! YOU DIED IN TOKYO! I SAW YOU! I WAS ON THE BOARD THAT HAD YOU EXECUTED FOR DROPPING BOMBS!

I KNOW THAT! AND THAT'S WHY I CAME BACK TO GET YOU---



I DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN, GENERAL! THERE WILL BE MORE PLANES, MORE PILOTS... MORE BOMBS! YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL BE WIPED FROM THE EARTH---BUT FIRST, YOU GO!

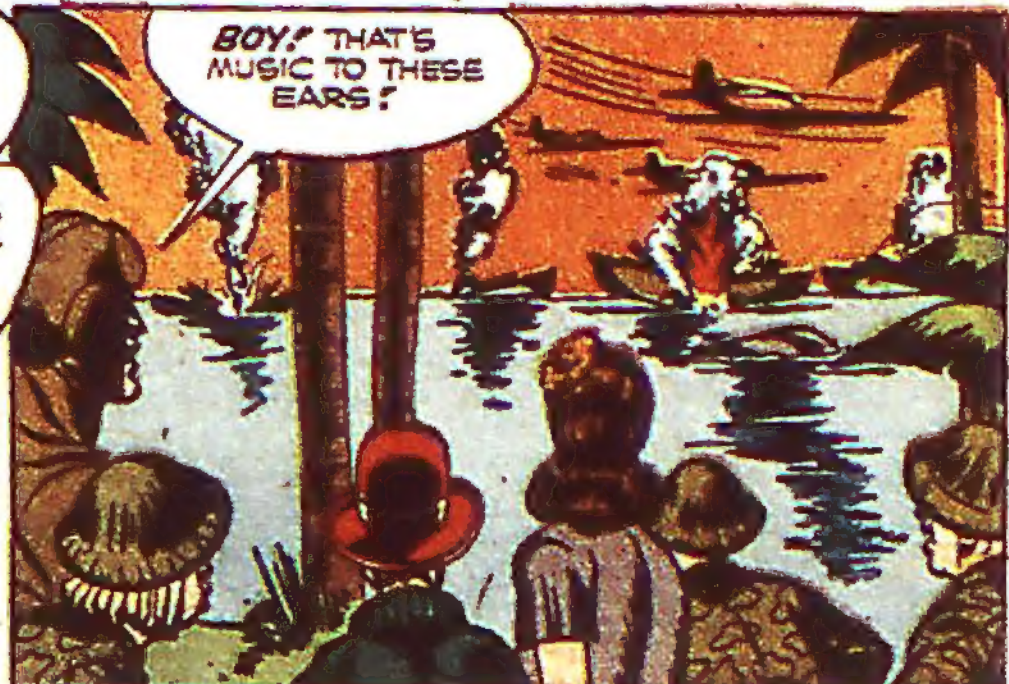
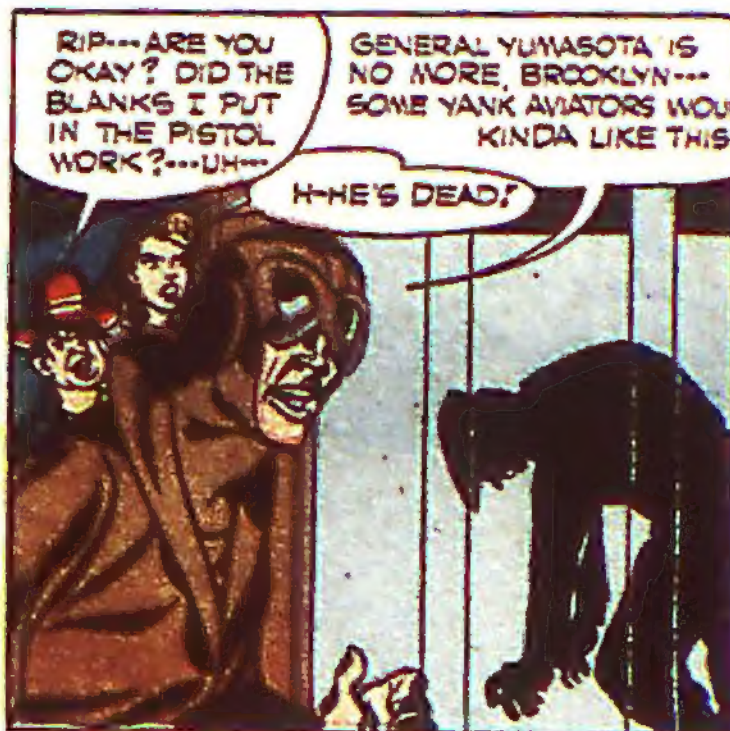
NO---YOU DIED ONCE! IT'S NOT FAIR! I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN---- AND AGAIN!

TAKE THAT--- AND THAT--- AND THAT---

BANG BANG









OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

# AMAZING FORECASTER

## PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE  
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE  
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER  
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

### IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of imitations.

### ALL WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in "fun". But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly — prices may rise.

## SEND NO MONEY

### Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.00 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't sure it's worth more dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.00 (U.S.D.). You must act now to secure this price.

## DOUBLE VALUE COUPON — MAIL TODAY

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23 East Madison Street,  
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once 1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.  
I Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.00. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name  (Please print plainly)

Address

City  State

**FREE**  
for Prompt  
Action

## GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

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AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT  
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your mouth placed in the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every month. The great plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows up for full and blossoms beautifully. The leaves may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of the leading Universities and is raising very high in plant evolution.

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"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly thank the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. L. S. Anderson, Ill.  
"These such a nice Weather House. I want to tell, sleep away upsets. They are wonderful."  
Mrs. J. E. Davis, Bay, Miss.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they told about it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. J. R. Chicago, Ill.  
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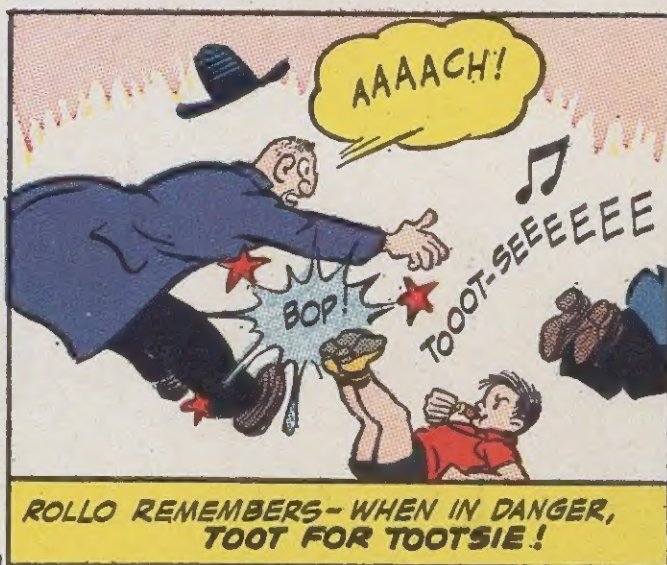
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# Captain Tootsie

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